


STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA



3 0144 00523794 6



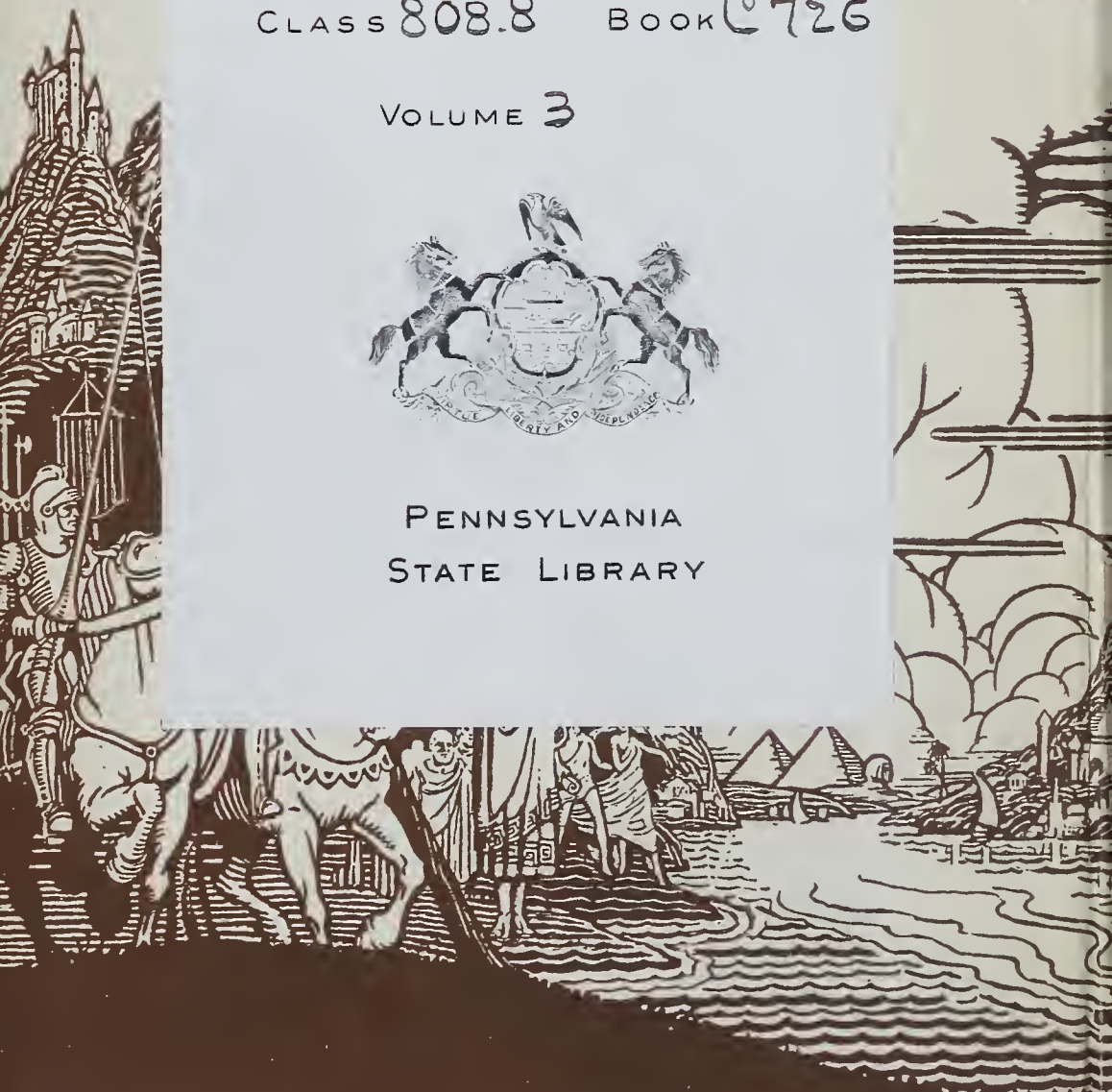


CLASS 808.8 BOOK C726

VOLUME 3



PENNSYLVANIA
STATE LIBRARY



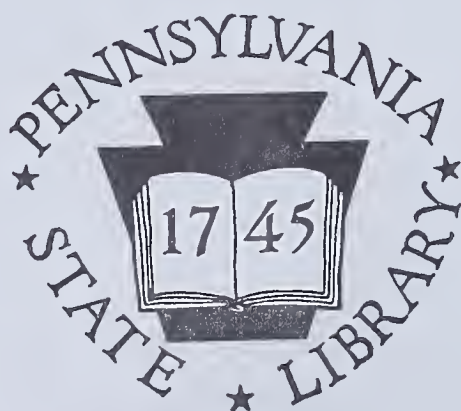


PLEASE

RETURN THIS BOOK ON OR BEFORE THE
DATE INDICATED

Form 45	
808.8	0 726
Colum. Univ. course in Lit. V 3	
Power of Rome	
28 88 98 29	228804
461 29 / 60 /	
28 88 98 29	

DO NOT REMOVE SLIPS FROM BOOKS.
A CHARGE IS MADE IF BOOKS ARE
LOST OR DAMAGED.



IDENTIFICATION OF BORROWERS IS REQUIRED

MORNINGSIDE EDITION

Volume 3

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY COURSE
IN LITERATURE

BASED ON
THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

THE BOARD OF EDITORS

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE
CHAIRMAN

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE
VICE CHAIRMAN

HARRY MORGAN AYRES

FRANKLIN T. BAKER

JOHN ERSKINE

DIXON RYAN FOX

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

A. SMILLIE NOAD
ASSISTANT EDITOR



THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

Painting by Max Klinger. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York

The
Columbia University Course
in
Literature



The Power of Rome



New York

Mcmxxviii

Columbia University Press

Copyright

1896, 1902, 1913, 1917 by *University Associates, Inc.*

1928 by *Columbia University Press*

Q13139
Columbia Univ. press

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME	I
CATO THE CENSOR, 234 (?)–150 (?) B.C.	
CRITICAL ESSAY	22
On Agriculture	24
From the 'Attic Nights' of Aulus Gellius	25
ENNIUS, 239–c. 170 B.C.	
CRITICAL ESSAY, by William Cranston Lawton	27
Book I	34
Book VI	35
Book VII	36
Book VIII	37
Book XIV	37
Book XVI	37
Unplaced Fragments	38
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS, 254 (?)–184 (?) B.C.	
CRITICAL ESSAY, by Gonzalez Lodge	39
From 'Miles Gloriosus' [The Braggart Soldier]	44
Prologue of 'Casina'	47
Prologue of 'Trinummus'	48
Epilogue of the 'Captives'	49
Epilogue of the 'Asinaria'	49
Busybodies	49
Unpopularity of Tragedy	49
Mixture of Greek and Roman Manners	50
Rewards of Heroism	50
Fishermen's Luck	51
TERENCE, 185 (?)–159 (?) B.C.	
CRITICAL ESSAY, by Thomas Bond Lindsay	52
From the 'Self-Tormentor'	60
MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, 106–43 B.C.	
CRITICAL ESSAY, by William Cranston Lawton	68
Of the Offices of Literature and Poetry	76

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Honors Proposed for the Dead Statesman Sulpicius	80
Old Friends Better than New	81
Honored Old Age	81
Death Is Welcome to the Old	83
Great Orators and Their Training	84
Cicero to Tiro	86
Cicero to Atticus	87
A Homesick Exile	87
Sulpicius Consoles Cicero after His Daughter Tullia's Death	88
Cicero's Reply to Sulpicius	91
Cicero's Vacillation in the Civil War	92
Cicero's Correspondents	94
Cæsar to Cicero	95
Cæsar to Cicero	95
Cælius in Rome to Cicero in Cilicia	96
Matius to Cicero	97
The Dream of Scipio	99

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, 100-44 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by J. H. Westcott	106
The Defeat of Ariovistus and the Germans	114
Of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Gauls and Germans	122
The Two Lieutenants	128
Epigram on Terentius	129

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS, 99-55 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Paul Shorey	130
Opening Lines of the 'Nature of Things'	137
Invocation to Venus	138
On the Evil of Superstition	139
The Foolishness of Luxury	139
The Nothingness of Death	140
The End of All	141

SALLUST (GAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS), 86-35 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY	142
Catiline and His Plot	144
Cataline's Address to His Soldiers before the Battle of Pistoria	146
A Numidian Defeat	147
Speech of Marius	151

CATULLUS, 84-54 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by J. W. Mackail	155
Dedication for a Volume of Lyrics	157

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
A Morning Call	158
Home to Sirmio	159
The Pinnacle	159
An Invitation to Dinner	161
A Brother's Grave	161
Farewell to His Fellow-Officers	162
Verses from an Epithalamium	162
Love Is All	164
Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow	164
"Fickle and Changeable Ever"	165
Two Chords	165
Last Word to Lesbia	165

VERGIL, 70-19 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by William Cranston Lawton	167
The First Eclogue	176
My Heart's Desire	179
The Fall of Troy	181
The Curse of Queen Dido	185
The Vision of the Future	186

HORACE (QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS), 65-8 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Harriet Waters Preston	191
To Leuconœ	198
To Thaliarchus	198
To the Ship of State	199
To Chloe	199
To Vergil	200
To Quintus Dellius	201
Ad Amphoram	202
To Phidyle	202
An Invitation to Mæcenat	203
Horrida Tempestas	204
The Bore	205
Horace's Farm	207
To His Book	208
The Art of Poetry	209

LIVY (TITUS LIVIUS), 59 B.C.-17 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by William Cranston Lawton	212
Horatius Cocles and Mucius Scævola	214
The Character of Hannibal	218
The Battle of Lake Trasimene	219

ALBIUS TIBULLUS, 54-19 B.C.

PAGE

CRITICAL ESSAY, by George M. Whicher	222
On the Pleasures of a Country Life	224
Written in Sickness at Corcyra	226
The Rural Deities	229
Love in the Country	230

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS, c. 51-15 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by George M. Whicher	232
Beauty Unadorned	234
To Tullus	235
To Cynthia	236
To Caius Cilnius Mæcenas	237
To the Muse	238
The Immortality of Genius	238
Cornelia	239

OVID (PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO), 43 B.C.-17 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Francis W. Kelsey	242
On the Death of Corinna's Parrot	248
From Sappho's Letter to Phaon	249
A Soldier's Bride (Laodamia)	250
The Creation	251
Baucis and Philemon	252
A Gruesome Lover	257
The Sun-God's Palace	260
A Transformation	261
Orpheus and Eurydice	261
The Poet's Fame	262

SENECA, 4 B.C.-65 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY	263
Time Wasted	266
Independence in Action	267
Praises of the Rival School in Philosophy	268
Inconsistency	268
On Leisure	269
The Wooing of Megara	273

PLINY THE ELDER (CAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS), 23-79

A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY	283
Introduction to Lithology	285

CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
Anecdotes of Artists	287
The Most Perfect Works of Nature	289

PERSIUS (AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS), 34-62 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY	292
The Author's Ambition	293
" We Twa "	294

QUINTILIAN, 35-95 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Harriet Waters Preston	295
On the Object and Scope of the Work	300
On the Early Practice of Composition	302
On Nature and Art in Oratory	303
On Embellishments of Style	304
On the Handling of Witnesses in Court	306
On Ancient Authors	309

STATIUS, 45-96 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by William Cranston Lawton	313
A Royal Banquet	316
To My Wife	318
To Sleep	321
Saturnalia	321

PETRONIUS ARBITER, 1st century, A.D.(?)

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Harriet Waters Preston	325
The Adventure of the Cloak	328
Trimalchio's Reminiscences	331
Laudator Temporis Acti	332
The Master of the Feast	333
On Dreams	334
Epitaph on a Favorite Hunting-Dog	335

MARTIAL (MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS), c. 39-c. 102

A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Caskie Harrison	336
The Unkindest Cut	339
Evolution	339
Vale of Tears	339
Sic Vos Non Vobis	339
Silence is Golden	340
So Near and Yet So Far	340
The Least of Evils	340

	PAGE
Thou Reason'st Well	340
Never Is, But Always to Be	341
Learning by Doing	341
Tertium Quid	341
Similia Similibus	341
Cannibalism	341
Equals Added to Equals	342
The Cook Well Done	342
A Diverting Scrape	342
Diamond Cut Diamond	342
The Cobbler's Last	343
But Little Here Below	343
E Pluribus Unum	343
Fine Frenzy	343
Live Without Dining	344
The Two Things Needful	344

TACITUS, c. 55-120 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Charles E. Bennett	345
The Training of Children	349
Donitian's Reign of Terror	350
Apostrophe to Agricola	351
Manners and Customs of the Germans	352
Scene of the Defeat of Varus	357
Servility of the Senate	358
Death and Character of Tiberius	358
The Great Fire at Rome, and Nero's Accusation of the Christians	359

JUVENAL, c. 60-140 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Thomas Bond Lindsay	362
Umbricius' Farewell to Rome	370
Terrors of Conscience	372
Parental Influence	374

PLINY THE YOUNGER (CAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIVS SECUNDUS), c. 62-c. 113 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY	375
Portrait of a Rival	377
To Minutius Fundanus: How Time Passes at Rome	378
To Socius Senecio: The Last Crop of Poets	379
To Nepos: Concerning Arria	380
To Marcellinus: Death of Fundanus' Daughter	382
To Calpurnia	383
To Tacitus: The Eruption of Vesuvius	383

CONTENTS

xi

	PAGE
To Calpurnia	386
To Maximus: Pliny's Success as an Author	386
To Fuscus: A Day in the Country	387
To the Emperor Trajan: On the Christians	388

SUETONIUS, fl. 100 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY	391
Caligula's Madness	391
Cowardice and Death of Nero	393
Vitellius	395

LUCIUS APULEIUS, c. 125-c. 200 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY	397
The Tale of Aristomenes, the Commercial Traveler	399
The Awakening of Cupid	406

AULUS GELLIUS, c. 130-c. 180 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY	410
From the 'Attic Nights'	411

ÆLIANUS CLAUDIUS, fl. 120 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY	415
Of Certain Notable Men That Made Themselves Play-Fellowes with Children	416
Of a Certaine Sicilian Whose Eyesight Was Wonderfull Sharpe and Quick	417
The Lawe of the Lacedæmonians against Covetousness	417
That Sleep Is the Brother of Death, and of Gorgias Drawing to His End	418
Of the Voluntary and Willing Death of Calanus	418
Of Delicate Dinners, Sumptuous Suppers, and Prodigall Banqueting	419
Of Bestowing Time, and How Walking Up and Downe Was Not Allowable among the Lacedæmonians	419
How Socrates Suppressed the Pryde and Hautinesse of Alcibiades	420
Of Certain Wastgoodes and Spendthrifts	420

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, 121-180 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by James Fraser Gluck	421
Excerpts from the 'Meditations'	427

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO, 354-430 A.D.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Samuel Hart	440
The Godly Sorrow That Worketh Repentance	442
Consolation	443
The Foes of the City	444
The Praise of God	444
A Prayer	445

ROMAN POETS OF THE LATER EMPIRE, by Harriet Waters		PAGE
Preston		447
ANNIUS FLORUS, fl. 120 A.D.		452
Roses		452
THE EMPEROR HADRIAN, 76-138 A.D.		452
To His Soul		452
AUTHOR UNKNOWN		453
From the 'Pervigilium Veneris'		453
CALPURNIUS SICULUS, 3rd Cent. A.D. (?)		454
The Rustic in the Amphitheater		454
DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS, 310-c. 396 A.D.		456
Idyl of the Roses		456
A Mother's Epitaph		457
CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS, c. 365-c. 410 A.D.		458
The Bereavement of Ceres		458
Invocation to Victory		458
CLAUDIUS RUTILIUS NUMATIANUS, fl. 417 A.D.		459
Prologue to the 'Itinerarium'		459
BOËTHIUS, c. 475-525 A.D.		
CRITICAL ESSAY		460
Of the Greatest Good		462
The Government of the World		466
The Hymn of Philosophy		467

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

AS ancient Greece is to the world today synonymous with a feeling for symmetry and beauty expressed in literature and art, so Rome may be said to stand for an equally original creative ability to organize and administer government. The successive attempts to unite Greece under one leadership had failed, owing to the selfish jealousy of the various states and their leaders. Even the vast empire of Alexander the Great had disintegrated as soon as the one unifying force that had formed it—the magnetic personality of its leader—had ceased to exist. Rome, however, starting from small beginnings, steadily trained herself, as her power increased, for the important part that she was destined to play as the mistress of the world. Let us glance briefly at her position in the very heart and center of Italy, and survey the early geographic and ethnic influences which were to shape her for her task.

The peninsula of Italy projects southward from Europe into the Mediterranean Sea just as does Greece to the east of it and Spain to the west. Like them it is of mountainous formation, but the mountains of Italy are less rugged than those of Greece and are more heavily wooded. Fertile valleys and plains abound, and intercourse between the different peoples inhabiting the peninsula was at all times easy. While Greece with its harbors and bays opened out to the east, Italy faced rather to the west. The Po valley in the north, however, and the bay of Tarentum in the south gave access to settlers from the east; and, as in the case of Greece, immigrants from the north, even as early as the Stone Age, made their way southward into Italy, tempted by its genial climate and fertile soil. These earliest invaders were of Indo-European stock and gradually coalesced with the native Mediterranean races.

In the first millennium B.C. the Greeks gradually but rapidly took possession of southern Italy, and the Etruscans, who probably came from Western Asia Minor, occupied the coast regions in the northwest and north. Of the Greek colonization we have very definite information in the works of the Greek writers of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., who were in the habit of referring to southern Italy as "Magna Græcia," but the Etruscans, though they made use of writing in inscriptions and in commerce, had no written literature and apparently no recorded history. Thousands of Etruscan inscriptions exist, but the language in which they are written is as yet one of the world's mysteries, although scholars assure us a solution will soon be found. We have, however, very extensive remains of this early civilization; foundations of houses, graves, and fortifications, especially in the region of

Caere and Corneto; utensils, tools, weapons, chariots, etc. From these we learn that the Etruscans were a race of piratical traders who built strongholds on the coasts, intermarried with the native peoples, and imposed on them their higher Oriental civilization. They cultivated the soil and raised stock, mined copper and iron, and made use of these metals in industry, brought pottery to a high degree of perfection, developed an art of their own which excelled in portrait painting, and through their representations of demons and monsters of the lower world exerted a direct influence on Roman and medieval art. Their athletic games, to judge from vase-paintings, were similar to those of the Greeks.

Of Greek influence on Roman civilization there is still clearer evidence. The Latin alphabet was borrowed from the Chalcidian Greeks of Cumæ, and Latin literature came into being comparatively late through contact with the Greeks in Italy. The traditional history of the Romans was largely an invention of later times made in order to connect them, through their mythical founder, Æneas, with Homer's Troy. As the Romans became a great people, they felt that they, too, must have a glorious ancestry and a history dating back to the founding of their city, a more or less arbitrary date (753 B.C.) from which they counted all subsequent events. The most reliable of these traditions indicate that during the first two or three centuries of Rome's existence it was ruled by kings, and that the original Sabine and Latin elements in the population were finally combined with a strong Etruscan element. This was expressed in the legend that the Tarquins, the last three of the seven kings of Rome, were Etruscans. As an external sign of this Etruscan influence, the two-headed axe which the settlers of Etruria had brought with them from the Ægean as a symbol of kingly power became the token of the royal *imperium*, and on the expulsion of the kings this was transferred to the consuls, who were preceded on all state occasions by *lictors* bearing an axe bound up with a bundle of rods as a sign of their power to punish the citizens even with death.

At about the time of the expulsion of the Tarquins the influence of the Etruscans throughout Italy began to wane. The Cisalpine Gauls had already begun to drive them out of northern Italy and a league of the more powerful Latin towns now succeeded in forcing them back out of Latium. Rome's assumption of the leadership of this league may be regarded as her first step toward acquiring control of Italy.

The internal history of Rome for the next two centuries deals largely with the steady aggression of the plebeian or poorer element in the population upon the rights and privileges of the patricians. In 494 B.C. as a protest against maltreatment by the patricians the plebs seceded to the Sacred Mount and threatened to found a new city unless they were given some part in the government. At that time they won officers of their own in the tribunes of the plebs who were at first, like the consuls, two in number, but were later

increased to ten. These tribunes could veto, within the limits of the city, any unjust action of a magistrate against a citizen. Perhaps the greatest step forward occurred forty years later (451-449 B.C.) when the plebeians succeeded in having the laws, which had hitherto been subject only to patrician interpretation, inscribed on twelve bronze tablets and set up in the Forum. The commission of decemvirs who drew up this code studied the laws of the Greek cities in Italy and even went to Athens to investigate the laws of Solon. These Twelve Tables were the foundation of the whole system of Roman law, which forms Rome's greatest contribution to the civilization of the world.

The Roman senate at this time consisted of about three hundred members. Its numbers were constantly recruited from those who had held the higher state offices or whose fathers before them had held such offices. Originally exclusively patrician, it now included many "new men" who through wealth or ability had risen to high office and position in the state. Through their permanence in tenure (they were senators for life), and through their power to initiate all legislation, as well as because of their being picked men, they were the virtual rulers of the Roman people, an oligarchy of her ablest and best citizens.

While these internal changes had been going on, and largely because of the co-operation of the plebs in the army, the Roman people were steadily advancing to the mastery over all Italy. The conquest of Veii in 396 B.C. gave them possession of southern Etruria. In 390 the Gauls captured and burned the city of Rome except for the citadel, but were apparently bribed to withdraw. Rome rose from her ashes mightier than ever. In the Samnite wars 327-290 B.C. she succeeded in subduing this warlike mountain folk, who had endeavored to extend their sway over the fertile plain of Campania and disputed her claim to the rich cities of Cumæ and Neapolis.

The other cities of Magna Græcia gradually submitted to Rome and finally Tarentum itself fell (272 B.C.) in spite of aid given her by Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus, a cousin of Alexander the Great. Pyrrhus brought over a huge army of twenty-five thousand mercenaries and a large number of fighting elephants, and though he won two victories his losses were so great that after the second battle he is said to have exclaimed, "Another such victory and I am lost!" His final defeat was ominous of the impending fate of Greece itself, for the Roman legionaries had proved themselves superior to the Greek hoplites.

The third century B.C. saw Rome's great commercial rival Carthage defeated in Sicily in the First Punic War (264-241 B.C.), and in Spain, Italy, and Africa in the Second Punic War (218-201 B.C.). With the western Mediterranean thus firmly in her grasp, Rome turned to the east. The Roman legions proved superior to the Macedonian phalanx at Cynocephalæ in Thessaly, and Greece and Asia Minor soon came under the suzerainty of

Rome. The year 146 B.C. was signalized by the fall of the wealthy and prosperous city of Corinth and by the final victory over Carthage, which was utterly destroyed at the close of the Third Punic War.

I have endeavored in this brief résumé of Rome's early history to suggest an answer to the question why Rome, after Greece had so signally failed in uniting the Greeks under a viable government, succeeded in organizing a powerful empire in Italy and then conquered the whole Mediterranean world. We have seen that intercourse between the city states in Greece was blocked by lofty mountain barriers while in Italy there was a far freer interchange of people, of ideas, and of customs. It was perhaps not so much that Roman character, even in early Republican times, was superior to Greek or Etruscan or Carthaginian; it was not even that their form of government was superior to others, though both of these factors played their part; it was rather the fact that the people of Rome, and indeed the Italian people generally, had developed an intensely practical nature that was receptive to foreign influences and ready not only to profit by the errors of other nations but also to feel their way forward empirically and learn from their own mistakes. Difficulties, obstacles, and surrounding enemies challenged them, trained them, and taught them, while the rigor of their life was all the time developing the sterling qualities of firmness, courage, stoical endurance and wise patience. Though not giants, they stood on the shoulders of the Greeks, a more gifted people than themselves, and thus achieved more lasting results than they in the fields of politics, government, and law. Their literature, too, though brought into being through contact with the masterly creations of Greek genius, is no servile imitation, but is everywhere made thoroughly Roman, touched with the light and fire of Roman patriotism, and permeated with Roman realistic views of life and politics and religion.

Those forms of literature which are specifically concerned with the political control of individuals, classes, and states made an especial appeal to the Roman mind and in these the Latin writers excelled. Thus social and political satire, as a distinct branch of literature, was originated by them; oratory, as a means of influencing public policy, was developed far beyond such use as the Greeks had made of it; and Rome's system of jurisprudence was so perfected and adapted to the empire's needs that it has continued to live as the basis of European law.

BEGINNINGS OF LATIN LITERATURE

The assured control of the western Mediterranean, and the great increase in national power and wealth resulting from the successful outcome of the Punic Wars created a leisure class at Rome that could interest itself in a cultivated literature like Greek, and encourage the translation of these masterpieces into Latin. The Scipios loved to associate with translators or adapters from the Greek and more original writers like Ennius and Accius,

in a life the charming friendliness of which is so well depicted by Cicero in his essays 'On Friendship' and 'On Old Age.' Ennius, however, the first epic poet of Rome, has left only fragments of his great 'Annales,' giving in hexameter verse the history of the nation up to his own times. For the common people the theater provided in comedy as well as in tragedy this same interesting and stimulating contact with the older world of Greece. As interest in the mythological personages of Greece paled before the engrossing interests of a greater Rome, comedy, a comedy of manners, grew in importance. The middle and new comedy of Greece had fallen heir to much that had characterized Euripidean tragedy, and this melodramatic element seemed to appeal particularly to the Romans.

Plautus (c. 254-184 B.C.) was as a youth a theatrical assistant; he then, for a while, tried his hand at trade and failing in this took to the writing of plays, his first production dating from about 224. His comedies were *palliatae*, i.e., the actors wore Greek costumes, and his plots were purely Greek. They were, however, thoroughly adapted to his Roman audience; quips and jests, slang and double meanings, horseplay, and clownishness are all distinctly Roman. The buffoonery and farcical nature of the old *Fescenninae* (rude and licentious folk-plays that had existed for centuries), when grafted on the more graceful plays of a Philemon or a Menander, would almost have kept these writers from recognizing their offspring in this foreign land. The types of the miserly parent, the sly and thievish slave, the greedy pander, the licentious young man, occur again and again. The maiden led astray usually turns out to be a long-lost daughter of a neighbor and friend, and the slave and parasite (the ancient prototype of our clown) are punished or rewarded according to their deserts.

Among the greatest of his twenty plays are the 'Captivi,' the 'Trinummus,' and the 'Menæchmi.' The last is a proximate source for Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors.' The 'Aulularia' [Pot of Gold] gave Molière his miserly Harpagon. The 'Miles Gloriosus' forms the type of a swashbuckling braggart, and the 'Rudens' is characterized by many passages that show a deep sympathy with the charm of the sea and the loveliness of nature. The language of Plautus is virile and vigorous, and his style racy and clever. From his writings we are enabled to get a clear conception of the language of the common people, which already differed strikingly from the language of literature, and we recognize that gift of quick repartee which is today so characteristic of all Latin peoples.

Cæcilius, an Insubrian who came to Rome about 200 B.C. and who formed one of the brilliant coterie of Ennius, bridges over the gap between Plautus and Terence. He seems to have stuck closer to his Greek originals, but to have been lacking in vigor and brilliance. The story goes that Terence (c. 185-159 B.C.), a young man of twenty-one, unknown and meanly dressed, obtained permission to read before Cæcilius his 'Andria,' and that the aged poet,

convinced of his talent, at once brought him forward as a playwright. Terence was a Carthaginian, but was adopted as a boy by Terentius Lucanus, in whose family he must have acquired his wonderful mastery over the delicacies of Latin construction and idiom. In his six plays he was satisfied to reproduce, in the most polished and finished Latin style for the Romans of the middle and upper classes, the character studies of the later Greek comedy. Even though his work shows no originality in conception or development of plot, it evidences the deepest sympathy with the fundamentals of human character and disposition, and renders these characteristics with a finished perfection that makes them for all time models of their kind. If what men write may be said to be literature only when a high ideal of artistic perfection is consciously held up for attainment, Terence may be said to have been the very first to show the Romans that they could have a literature worthy of the name and that the Latin language as it was could be the vehicle of that literature.

Latin prose at this time shows more character and originality than Latin poetry, for it had reached greater formal perfection before it came into contact with Greek. The language had long been used in formal speeches at funerals and family festivals, as well as publicly in connection with tribal and political meetings. Written laws, like the Twelve Tables (451-450), treaties inscribed on stone or brass, and genealogical inscriptions on tombs and monuments, must have settled its form and construction at a comparatively early date, and must have done much to crowd out the Oscan and Umbrian dialects and to impose Latin on the surrounding peoples of Italy. The first written speech that we know of is that of Appius Claudius Cæcus urging the Romans to reject the terms of peace offered by Pyrrhus in the war which he waged in behalf of the Greeks of southern Italy. Owing to the vogue of Greek and Greek literature, the earliest prose writers of the second century B.C., such as Q. Fabius Pictor and Publius Cornelius Scipio, the son of the elder Africanus, wrote in Greek. The upper classes at that time affected Greek dress, manners, speech, and ways of thinking much as in Athens today French is the prevalent affectation of the cultured Greeks. Among those who violently opposed this tendency was M. Porcius Cato, prominent in all the life of his time and patriotic to a degree. One hundred and fifty of his speeches were known to Cicero, but his chief work was the 'Origines,' the first prose history of Rome. In the latter part of this he gave his own achievements and his own speeches a prominent place. His treatise 'On Agriculture' is his only extant work. It was an attempt to call the Romans back to their old life, an early "back to the farm" movement. His style was pithy and pregnant, characterized by short sentences which frankly disregarded any attempt at grace or elegance.

THE LATE REPUBLICAN PERIOD

Though the period from the time of the Gracchi to the death of Cicero was pre-eminently an age of prose and particularly of oratory, since every public man was perforce an orator, it produced two poets that have never been surpassed in their respective spheres, Lucretius in philosophical poetry, and Catullus in the poetry of love and passion.

Lucretius (c. 99–55 B.C.) was a great philosopher as well as a great poet. His poem entitled 'On the Nature of Things' presents a virile philosophy as well as a rugged and vigorous poetry. It sharply decries and derides the prevailing superstitious beliefs in the many gods of Rome and Greece and advocates the Epicurean doctrine that pleasure is the chief good thing in life. He tells us that he chooses to put his gloomy and pessimistic doctrine in the form of poetry just as wise doctors wet the cup of bitter medicine with honey. The atomic theory of Democritus and Epicurus is here set forth and the theories of Heraclitus, Empedocles, and Anaxagoras are refuted; disbelief in the immortality of mind and soul (which Lucretius believes are material) is shown to be the only logical possibility; the beginnings of the universe and of our civilization are described in terms that show a surprising resemblance to the modern doctrine of evolution. The poem ends with a description of the plague at Athens clearly derived from Thucydides. Lucretius is probably imitative of Empedocles, whom he greatly admired. In the dignity and loftiness of his literary style, in his power to describe the titanic in nature, he resembles Æschylus, though the quieter and calmer beauties of nature, too, made a strong appeal to him and are winsomely set forth. At his best he sweeps us along as in some torrent that he himself so vividly describes, giving us a lightning view now of fierce battle, now of some storm-roused sea.

Catullus (c. 84–54 B.C.) was a poet of an entirely different nature. The cloying delights of love, the embittering disillusionment of unrequited or decaying passion, and the wild madness of exotic and perverted cravings Catullus describes so simply, with such bitter sweetness and such weird wildness that we may be sure the feelings are his own. Catullus has the heart and tongue of a Sappho, and is undoubtedly the greatest lyricist, if not the greatest poet, that Rome ever produced. The Greek culture of his time had on him its stimulating as well as corrupting influence. Aristocratic, wealthy, and charming, he fell under the fascination of the notorious Clodia, whom he has immortalized as Lesbia. His most passionate poems deal with his love for her. The familiarity of Catullus with the Alexandrian poets is shown by some of his longer poems such as the 'Epithalamia' or wedding songs, the 'Attis,' in which the orgiastic worship of Cybele is pictured, and the 'Lock of Berenice,' which is a translation from Callimachus. His ability to render closely the meter, rhythm, and even exact words of his Greek original

and at the same time to keep his poems unstilted, natural, and graceful, is something phenomenal. We see none of the playful or quizzical preciousness of Horace; in fact, if we did not know the Greek originals or know of them we should hardly be aware of his debt to them. His poems do not savor of translation; his is no baldly literal, verbatim rendering, but a great poet's singing in rivalry of another poet's song.

Although the sudden expansion of Rome's imperial power in the second century B.C. had brought with it great increase in wealth and material prosperity, this had chiefly benefited the upper classes, the so-called "optimates," composed of the wealthy generals, provincial officials, government contractors and landholders. The gulf between these and the "populares" had steadily widened and it was this that gave Marius, who had espoused the cause of the masses, the opportunity in the early part of the first century B.C. to carry out that reign of terror the severity of which was only equaled later by the vengeance which Sulla visited on the Marian party upon his return from his victories over Mithridates in Greece and Asia Minor. It was in quelling the remnants of the Marian party, still in revolt in Sicily, Africa, and Spain, that Pompey came into prominence. In Spain and Southern Gaul he boasted that he had forced the gates of more than eight hundred cities. Meanwhile Crassus had acquired similar prestige by his victories over Spartacus and the revolted gladiators. It was at this time that Cicero's early reputation was made by his brilliant oration attacking the criminal rapacity of Verres as propraetor of Sicily, by the oration 'On the Manilian Law' which advocated the entrusting of the Mithridatic war to Pompey, and even more than all perhaps by his success in discovering and suppressing the conspiracy of Catiline. The weakness of the state, thus shown, led naturally to the formation of the first triumvirate, which was a bartering and bargaining division of the power between Pompey, Crassus, and the rising Cæsar, who, though patrician-born, had taken up the cause of the democratic party and by lavish largesses and extravagant expenditures on the public games had won very great popularity. Cæsar was made consul, Pompey's veterans were rewarded by allotments of the public land, and on the expiration of Cæsar's consulship (58 B.C.) he undertook the administration of the Gallic provinces, where, in the next seven years, he gained a military and political power which permitted him, after Crassus had been slain in warfare with the Parthians, to gain the victory over his rival Pompey and to concentrate all the power in his own hands.

Cæsar's greatness as a general was surpassed by his wisdom and sagacity as a statesman. The colonies were put on a juster and more permanent basis, Roman citizenship was more widely conferred on the provincials, the calendar was reformed, extensive governmental surveys were undertaken, and plans were made for the codifying of the laws, a task which was finally executed by the Emperor Justinian long centuries later. Cæsar's death at the hands

of jealous conspirators, who saw in his vast plans only a subversion of the old Republic, occurred in 44 B.C.

The commanding figure in the literary world of this time is, of course, he from whom the period is often named, Marcus Tullius Cicero. In him Latin prose reaches its highest perfection. His style became and has remained the standard by which the Latin of all ages is tested. Can a term like "Ciceronian Latin" be found in any other language? At earlier periods in various literatures — witness for instance Dante in Italian and perhaps Chaucer in English — one man has shaped the early form of a language, but in no other case at a correspondingly late period has any one man exerted such a powerful and compelling force on the prose of his time. Well trained in law, and thoroughly versed in Greek rhetoric and philosophy, he became an able advocate and passed rapidly through the three important offices of *quæstor*, *ædile*, and *prætor*, and became consul in 63 B.C. In the trouble between Cæsar and Pompey, Cicero sided with the latter, whom he followed to Greece. On Pompey's death, he was allowed by Cæsar to return to Rome. Always intensely patriotic, he was a leader in the opposition to Antony after Cæsar's death, and delivered his fourteen so-called 'Philippics' against him. A little later he was put to death by Antony's soldiers and his head and hands were fastened up on the rostra in the forum. From the period of his greatest political power, in addition to the speeches mentioned above, comes the oration 'For Archias,' which is perhaps the ablest defense of literary pursuits ever written by a man whose life was at once a life of the greatest political activity and at the same time largely devoted to letters. The latter part of his life was devoted to writings on the theory and practice of oratory, to translations rendering into Latin the best in Greek philosophy, and to a voluminous and extremely varied correspondence with his many friends. It is our great good fortune to have had preserved to us a large part of Cicero's literary work. Throughout the Middle Ages, his philosophical works were the great thesaurus of Greek thought for cleric and scholar alike. His style in this purely literary writing is graceful, polished, and almost always interesting; in his orations it is characterized besides by a force and fire that are the result of a most intense personal conviction. Easily first among Latin orators, he knew how to appeal to the past dignity and greatness of Rome and to stir in the hearts of his hearers what still remained of the sturdy old Roman virtues of patriotism and self-sacrifice.

Cæsar, too, was one who combined literary pursuits with a life of the most tremendous political activities. His 'Commentaries' on his Gallic campaigns, summarily written as they are, show that his life may be described as "a word and a blow," with the blow coming first. Now here, now there, on this side of the Alps or that, balked by no difficulty, overriding all opposition, invading Britain and Germany, he imposed Rome on Gaul, and himself on Rome. In spite of a seeming suppression of himself in the account of his

successes in Gaul, which he undoubtedly intended as a political pamphlet, he approves himself to the popular party at Rome as the man of the hour. In this work, as in his history of the Civil War, Cæsar shows himself a writer of no mean order. For vivid narration, for ability to pick out the salient points in a military or political situation, and graphically to describe them, he is unexcelled. His style is simple and straightforward, with little embellishment apart from an occasional interesting incident or personal anecdote.

THE GOLDEN AGE

Vergil, who is universally regarded as the greatest of Roman poets, was the laureate of Rome at the time when the empire was at its greatest height. A man of remarkable charm, and a beloved and sympathetic friend to all who came into contact with him, he was, upon his introduction to Mæcnas and Augustus, at once admitted by them to the innermost circle of their friends. Vergil seems at an early age to have felt that Rome's past and present greatness was to be celebrated and rendered ever memorable by him. That its empire would last through the ages, he never doubted. Though he had steeped his soul in the great Greek literature of all periods, his works are by no means so Greek in spirit as are those of Terence, Catullus, and Propertius, for he was more of a Roman than they in the loyalty that he felt towards Augustus and the patriotic pride that he evinces in all his work. He was thoroughly persuaded that Rome transcended Greece, and he therefore wished to make use of the best in Greek literature to enhance the greatness of his own country. Born amid the beautiful scenery of northern Italy, he saw in what Theocritus had done to depict the charm of Sicily a challenge to glorify Italy, and in the 'Eclogues' he shows us transfer pictures that are bright with the greater freshness and fertility of the well-watered valleys of his home country. In the 'Georgics' he goes back to Hesiod's 'Works and Days' for his inspiration, but with what a loving hand does this western poet portray the Italian's fondness for his well-tilled upland farm with its bees and its flocks! The 'Georgics' have been called the most native of all Latin poems. Their obvious purpose was to glorify the rustic life of Italy, and to tempt men to respect more highly the life of the farmer. They breathe throughout the poet's deep love for the peace and joy and beauty of this country life, and may be said to be almost of the nature of propaganda in those times when the cityward movement of the population of Italy was fully under way.

But it is in the 'Æneid' that the glory of Rome's power flashes forth and the martial step of her imperious armies resounds. Vergil lived in the time when all the world rested under the shield and spear of the Emperor Augustus. After the second triumvirate had come to an end by the expulsion of Lepidus and the defeat of Antony at Actium, Octavius, profiting by the lesson taught him in Cæsar's death, had avoided taking the name of king, contenting himself

with the titles of *Imperator* and *Augustus*, but he had none the less surely concentrated all the power in his own hands while allowing the outward forms of the Republic to remain. The consolidation of what had seemed to be on the point of total disintegration into an empire which lasted five hundred years longer was, as Merrivale says, "the greatest political work that any human being ever wrought." He had been wise enough furthermore to encourage everything that brought glory to Rome and a sense of pride to her citizens. Architecture, art, and literature were especially fostered by him, and many an intellect and heart that might have rebelled against the new régime, or whose activities might have aroused others to such rebellion, was guided by Augustus and his able and wealthy minister *Mæcenas* into sharing in the honors of the court and extolling its glorious achievements. Vergil, then, in prophecies that were prophecies after the event, could safely cast back into the years that preceded the founding of Rome the seeds of those virtues that subsequently made Rome great. Thus the founding of Carthage, destined to be Rome's chief rival of the third and second centuries B.C., is described as *Æneas* visits it on his way from fallen Troy to the land where Rome was to rise. In the desertion of Queen *Dido* by *Æneas* to the end that Rome's great destiny may be fulfilled, we see a supposed cause for the Punic Wars that were to come. In his hero's visit to the lower world (in Book VI) the poet with true genius seizes the opportunity to tell of the meeting of *Æneas* with the great Romans of a later age, *Cæsar*, Augustus, and the young *Marcellus*, whose premature death had but recently (23 B.C.) been such a severe blow to Augustus. Throughout the poem, in all the dignity and pomp of the martial hexameter, in verses that lend themselves to declamation as few other Latin verses do, we listen to the tale of the grandeur that was Rome in the early and the later centuries.

Horace's nature was less retiring than Vergil's, and he entered fully into the social activities of the great city. His poems deal with every phase of its busy and interesting life. The feeling that at last a strong and stable government was in control, that servile revolt and civil strife were forever past, while it did not stimulate the creation of works of spontaneous genius, gave poets who were content to enjoy the present hour and to extol the efficient administration of the ruler a splendid opportunity for literary activity. The Epicurean doctrine that the present was to be enjoyed to the full suited a paternal government like that of Augustus, and a man of Horace's genial and happy temperament could effectively set forth this doctrine. The literary grace and finish that we see everywhere in his poems resulted naturally from the cultivated suavity and gentleness of the man. Though we can only here and there compare his poems with the Greek originals that suggested or inspired them, we feel that Horace's work, like Vergil's is, in the last analysis, truly Roman, that the feelings he describes or expresses, suit his own land and time.

Two elegiac poets, Tibullus and Propertius, grace the early part of Augustus' reign. Tibullus was a poet of a retiring, gentle, and kindly disposition, whose nature is reflected in his poems, as well as his love of the old quiet religious life of the country. His literary style is natural and direct but at the same time gracefully refined and polished.

Propertius differs greatly in style from Tibullus. He seems almost to aim at obscurity and, in fact, calls himself the Roman Callimachus. His poetry is full of learned allusions and imitations of the Alexandrians, and his language is often vague and indirect. When he is at his best, however, his power of imagination and the vigor of his thought and imagery are far greater than those of Tibullus. Like Tibullus, Vergil, and Horace, he suffered the loss of his property under the second triumvirate, but was later compensated for this by the friendship of Mæcenas and Augustus.

Ovid (43 B.C.—17 A.D.), though younger than Tibullus and Propertius, was intimate with them both and with Messala, the former's patron. Mæcenas he never mentions. Since he was born in the year after Cæsar's death and died shortly after the death of Augustus, his work falls within the limits of this emperor's reign, and it shows many clear signs of the social and moral degeneracy that was increasingly prevalent at this time. As we of today go to Europe to study art and foreign languages and literature, so Cicero, Horace, Catullus, Vergil, and Ovid visited the cities of Greece and Asia Minor and became thoroughly familiar with the language and literature and art of that older civilization. The decadent vices of Greece and the Orient, in spite of Augustus' attempt to stem their tide, were then affecting not only the life but the literature of Rome. Sensual gratification and the pursuit of pleasure were almost the only objects for which the wealthy classes of the time lived, and Ovid not only voices this spirit but caters to its demands. This is particularly true of his earlier works, the 'Amores,' which tells of his love for his mistress Corinna, the 'Medicamina Formæ,' a treatise on the use of cosmetics, and the 'Ars Amatoria,' on the art of making love. On finding that public opinion as well as the imperial government had been shocked by the cynical indecency of this last work, he published a recantation which he entitled the 'Remedia Amoris.'

The works on which his reputation will forever rest are the 'Metamorphoses' and the 'Fasti.' These were to the writers of the Italian Renaissance, and later to Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, an inexhaustible treasure-house of Greek fancy, poetry, and myth, for Ovid was in those times read and admired even more than Vergil himself.

The evil reputation of his 'Ars Amatoria,' combined with some indiscretion which he himself belittles but which seems to have involved the Emperor's grand-daughter Julia, resulted ten years after the poem appeared in his being banished to Tomi, on the shores of the Black Sea, where he spent the last years of his life. There he wrote his 'Tristia' and the 'Letters from Pontus'

which carried his laments for lost happiness, and the tale of his woes as an exile, to his friends in Rome.

The Augustan age produced only one great prose writer, the historian Livy (59 B.C.—17 A.D.), whose work may almost be called an epic in prose. Like Vergil, he took as his theme the greatness of Rome, though it was the greatness of the Roman Republic that he most fully appreciated and extolled. Livy was well-born and highly educated and therefore easily and gracefully accepted the rule of Augustus, without feeling himself obliged to flatter the Emperor or to become one of his immediate courtiers, and Augustus was glad to have a historian, who, living under his reign, served to connect it with the glorious past of Republican times. His history, to which he devoted at least forty years, covered the time up to the death of Drusus (9 B.C.) and consisted of 142 books, of which all but thirty-five disappeared in the course of the Middle Ages, though we have epitomes that tell us of what they treated. With him as with almost all the Romans, a piece of literature was not an artistic creation which came into being through the desire of its creator for self-expression, but simply a means to an end, to extol and increase the greatness of Rome.

THE SILVER AGE

Among the writers of the Silver Age, Seneca was the earliest and exerted perhaps the greatest influence on his successors. An artificial, stilted, and declamatory style which sacrificed almost everything to external form had begun to prevail in all types of literature. Rhetorical figures of speech, florid adornment of all kinds, brilliant apothegms and studied pithy and concise gnomic sayings characterize his work and much of that of his contemporaries. His tragedies exemplify the faults of his literary style in the highest degree. Hardly anything has ever been written that surpasses the bombastic verbosity and preciosity of these renderings of old Greek plays. His orations and some early scientific work have perished, though we have seven books of investigations in natural history. In his 'Dialogues,' and other books of essays, the ordinary events of life are made the subjects of little sermons in the form of conversations on conduct and morals. Modern ethical discussions are often surprisingly anticipated in these writings of nearly two thousand years ago, and many of the altruistic doctrines of Christianity seem to have suggested themselves independently to the Stoics as a result of their belief in the brotherhood of all mankind. Seneca vindicated the Stoic's belief in the right to commit suicide by killing himself in 65 A.D., after Nero, whose teacher he had been, and whom he had faithfully served in various political offices, had become alienated from him and was about to seize him and punish him for his supposed part in a conspiracy against him.

Whether Petronius the author is the notorious Gaius Petronius the courtier, of whom Tacitus speaks as living under Nero's reign, is doubtful. Certain

moral and social indications seem, however, to point to the identity of the two. The satires form a medley of prose and poetry dealing in story form with ordinary life, and made humorously piquant by risqué scenes and situations. Conversations about literature, education, and life in general are introduced more or less dramatically and afford interesting pictures of the time. Many of the tales interspersed herein have become classics as "short stories." While Petronius' literary art and taste are perfect, his brutal cynicism and heartlessness make his writings seem, if not inhuman, at least unhuman.

Among the critical and encyclopedic writers of this age, Pliny the Elder is for many reasons pre-eminent. His varied learning and his industry have seldom been excelled. While in the bath, when riding, and even while being borne in his litter, he was always reading or being read to, or jotting down notes. He was, in fact, too busy to do much thinking, so that we find little originality in his work. His history of the German wars is referred to with respect by Tacitus, but was superseded by the latter's 'Germania.' Like Cicero, whom he strove to imitate, he was an advocate, and like him, learned in the principles of philosophy and rhetoric. He wrote voluminous works on these subjects and a history of his own times, but we possess only his 'Natural History' in thirty-seven books. It treats of geology, geography, anthropology, zoölogy, botany, and, in particular, mineralogy. Pliny was in charge of the Roman fleet stationed near Vesuvius when the great eruption that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii took place. How his scientific zeal tempted him too near and how he lost his life are vividly described in one of the younger Pliny's letters to Tacitus.

Quintilian was an orator and pleader of some repute, but was above all else a writer on oratory and literature, and professor of rhetoric. While engaged in writing his 'Institutio Oratoria' [The Training of an Orator], he was the teacher of the two grand-nephews of Domitian. Greek ideals had by this time given place to Latin, and Quintilian emphasizes the need of character building, and the development of the greatest patience in fundamental detail. The orator who was to enter public life should, according to him, have the widest and soundest culture; there could be no rapid and royal road to public oratory. As a literary critic of his Greek and Latin predecessors, he is without a rival.

Statius (45-96) was the son of a poet of good family but of no great wealth, and like his father took part in and was often victorious in the poetical contests that were common in his time. His work falls into two classes: epics, of which we possess a 'Thebais' in twelve books and a fragment of an 'Achilleis,' and a collection of poems on various themes called by him 'Silvæ.' The former made his reputation, but are now seldom read; in the latter he shows himself a poet of great natural talent, a ready writer and improviser with the virtues that usually attend these gifts, rapidity, fluency, and freshness of style.

Juvenal (60-140) in his famous satires gives us a vivid and somber picture of the corruption of Roman society under the harsh rule of Domitian, whom Juvenal dreaded and hated, withholding his satires from publication for fear of untoward consequences to his life or liberty. That his fears were well founded seems indicated by his subsequent banishment, though this may not have lasted very long, for his references to contemporary persons and events are intimate and extend over a long period of time. Both Juvenal and Tacitus are possessed with that "sæva indignatio" which characterizes their literary style. Juvenal feels that the old Roman virility and vigor are forever gone, while Tacitus thinks that under a new régime there may be hope. Juvenal is more of a rhetorical declaimer than a great poet, but his power to depict character in a few striking words is very remarkable.

Tacitus, the famous historian, lived through the reigns of the nine emperors from Nero to Trajan, and gives us a clear and accurate picture of their acts and of their characters. It is as a moralist that he chiefly impresses us, and in emperors like Nero and Domitian on the one hand and Vespasian and Trajan on the other he found fit subjects to point a moral and adorn a tale. The 'Histories' covered the reigns of Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian (69-97), and the 'Annals,' the earlier emperors from Tiberius to Nero. The faults of his style, a certain crabbed compression resulting from a conscious rhetorical effort to pack each clause and phrase with all the meaning that it can carry, have made his works difficult reading, but they are masterpieces in their kind.

Pliny the Younger rivaled his uncle in industry and, like him, was a man of affairs and an advocate. He was a public-spirited citizen of his native town Comum, where he built a library, a school, and public baths, mentioned in an inscription which is still extant in part. His literary style as an orator seems to have been too highly ornate and rhetorical, and this quality appears at times in his letters, though these, as a rule, are of studied simplicity. We are forced to believe that they were all written for publication, for only once does he say anything derogatory of anybody, though he lived under the notorious Domitian. One of the most interesting parts of his correspondence with Trajan is that in which he consults the Emperor with regard to the degree of severity or toleration that should be used in dealing with the increasing number of Christians in Bithynia. His letters are gems of graceful and finished writing, dealing with some one subject in particular and coming as near in spirit and tone to our modern essays as does anything ancient that is preserved to our time.

Contemporary with the younger Pliny and Tacitus was the historian Suetonius, whose chief extant work is the 'Lives of the Cæsars.' His information was derived partly from documents to which, as Hadrian's secretary, he must have had free access and partly from the gossip and court talk with which he was in constant touch. His history casts great light on the

Emperors' private lives and has always been much read. Its style is simple and direct and its anecdotal character makes it very interesting reading.

Of the later Roman writers, Apuleius (born c. 125 A.D.) has won fame as a story-teller, and Claudian, often called the last of the Roman poets, had literary ability, but in both rhetoric had the upper hand.

St. Augustine, the most famous of the four great Fathers of the Church, was a theologian and dialectician rather than a man of letters, but his 'Confessions' is one of the most celebrated specimens of psychological autobiography ever written. His most constructive work entitled 'The City of God' ('De Civitate Dei') is a defense of Christianity and the Church.

In Boëthius or Boëtius, who lived at the close of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth century A.D., we have the last of the genuinely Roman writers. He was a learned philosopher and statesman (being consul in 510), but fell under the displeasure of Theodoric and was put to death in 524. During the Middle Ages he was the great interpreter of Aristotle to the schools of Europe. His most famous work, 'De Consolatione Philosophiæ,' is an allegorical portrayal of the blessings that philosophy brings to men, and was translated by Chaucer, who held him in high esteem.

THE VALUE OF LATIN TODAY

Rome's cultural influence has been felt throughout the ages. Her language has developed into the modern vernaculars of Italy, Spain, and France; her literature has exerted a direct influence on theirs, and many of her customs and habits of thought are perpetuated in the life of these countries today. England, too, partly through immediate contact with Latin literature but in an even larger degree through the indirect influence of Italian, Spanish, and French writers, has profited by Rome's institutional contribution to the world's progress, and everywhere in her language and literature she shows traces of Latin influence. The majority of English words that have to do with any but the simplest and most elemental relations of human life have come into the language through Norman-French or Latin-French channels.

If we wish, then, to trace back to their sources the currents of modern thought and action, or to study their manifestations in the literatures in which they have found or are today finding expression, we shall discover that nearly all of them lead back to Rome.

There is still another reason why we should study Latin literature, and this is that the influence of Greece on the medieval and modern world was first exerted through the medium of Latin. The Romans were the first to appreciate and to interpret to a barbarian world the beauties of Greek art and literature. It was in a Latin dress, and through a Latin glass, darkly, that our progenitors during many ages saw the old Greeks from Homer to Aristotle. These worthies we moderns, ever since the Renaissance at least, have

been able to see more clearly, and, as it were, face to face, in their original garb and setting, the ancient Greek language. As a matter of fact we owe the very preservation of our old Greek manuscripts to that powerful Later Roman Empire in Byzantium, which, in its rich libraries and monasteries, guarded these treasures of a bygone age until the fall of Constantinople in 1453 A.D. In the earlier times, however, when Italian, French, and English were coming into being, this influence was exerted solely through the medium of the Latin writers, in a translated and modified form that made it more practically assimilable and more adapted to the conditions of life at that time.

It is, however, in no antiquarian or purely historical spirit that we should approach this literature, for it is in itself worthy of most sympathetic study. The spirit of Rome was peculiarly akin to our own. Achievement and the steady holding of ground won is written large on every page of the history of the Roman people. The Romans were by no means devoid of literary feeling or capacity, and one of the most striking results of their victory over Greece was their desire to make the glorious literature of Greece their own, and thus to achieve greatness in the world of letters and art, as well as in the more material spheres of military and political conquest. This is indeed but another illustration of the Roman's indomitable will to overcome difficulties. Under the Roman Empire this culture, which had in it so much that was Greek, was either imposed on subjugated peoples or voluntarily adopted by them.

We enter into our heritage in this civilization, this language and literature, more easily and naturally than into the stranger but more fascinating Greek world. Greece, as I have stated, faces the east with its bays and its ports; it has rubbed shoulders with the Orient for ages, and has been both buffer and coupler to that strange, romantically mysterious life of Asia and Africa, while Italy and Rome open out rather to the west. Today, as of old, Italy's influence in art, in music, and in literature is exerted over western Europe. The historian Mommsen has said that "the deepest and ultimate reason of the diversity between the two nations lies beyond doubt in the fact that Latium did not, and that Hellas did, during the season of growth, come into contact with the East."

One of the most marked differences between the Greek and the Roman literatures is that Greek literature grew and developed contemporaneously with the language, or rather the language was continually developing so as to keep pace with an internal impulse toward adequate expression, whereas with the Romans, the desire for literary expression came after the language had attained an almost stereotyped form, after it had, in fact, been subjected to processes similar to those de-individualizing and organizing processes which, in the political sphere, made each Roman, each Latin, and each Italian subordinate himself to the greatness of Rome. In other words, the literature came later in the language-history of the people, and, taking this fact into

account, the Romans were amazingly successful in adapting their hard unyielding speech, which demanded such faultlessly correct and logical composition, to the rendering of the more graceful beauties of Greek literature. We see the marks of the literary file too plainly at times, and we detect all too frequently that essentially inartistic aiming at effect, which is so conspicuously lacking in almost all Greek literature. On the other hand, in the use of poetry for political and social purposes (even the 'Æneid' of Vergil is really a piece of imperialistic propaganda), in declamation and in political oratory where the audience is ever before the writer's mind, and where the formal marshaling of fact and argument in order to force conviction plays such a large part, the Roman is unexcelled. Here his common-sense keeps him from bombast, his desire to attain his end directly prevents padding and tautology, and his unimaginative mind keeps him from fanciful imagery and metaphor. The English writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries came under the influence of this showy and rhetorical element in the Latin writers, made especially effective by its satirical and somewhat cynical note, but they had not the Roman sense of propriety and proportion in its use. In a language which is subject to such stringently logical grammatical rules we cannot expect spontaneous invention and individuality. While every Greek writer of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. is recognizable in almost every line that is extant by little or great peculiarities of style, this cannot be said of the Romans in anything like the same degree. Literary form is here under the constraint of the language itself, and this results in greater stylistic uniformity than we find in the Greek and in the suppression of originality in expression. Emphasis is laid upon the thought itself rather than upon its artistic presentation.

HISTORICAL EVENTS

LITERARY DATES

- 1000 B.C. Iron Age in Italy
 814 Carthage founded
 c. 800-700 The Etruscans in Italy
 753 B.C. Traditional date for founding of Rome
 509 Roman Republic established
 451 First decemvirs elected and law code published
 390 Sack of Rome by Gauls
 272 Tarentum taken; war with Pyrrhus ends
 264-241 First Punic War

 218-201 Second Punic War
 216 Hannibal defeats Romans at Cannæ
 201 Battle of Zama; Hannibal crushed
 197 Battle of Cynocephalæ

 146 Third Punic War ends with destruction of Carthage; Corinth captured
 133 Tiberius Gracchus tribune
 123-122 Gaius Gracchus tribune
 107-100 Marius consul

 89-85 First Mithridatic War
 88-82 Civil wars between Marius and Sulla

 82-79 Sulla's dictatorship

 74-63 Second Mithridatic War

 63 Conspiracy of Catiline

254 (?) - 184 (?) Plautus

185 (?) - 159 (?) Terence
 150 (?) Cato the Censor died

106-43 Cicero
 100-44 Cæsar
 99-55 Lucretius

86-35 Sallust
 84-54 Catullus

80 Cicero, *Pro Roscio*

70-19 Vergil
 65-8 Horace

62 Cicero, *Pro Archia*

HISTORICAL EVENTS

- 60 First Triumvirate formed.
- 58-51 Cæsar conquers Gaul and invades Britain
- 48 Battle of Pharsalus
- 46 Cæsar dictator; battle of Thapsus
- 44 Cæsar assassinated
- 43 Second Triumvirate formed
- 42 Battle of Philippi
- 31 Battle of Actium; Octavius becomes emperor

LITERARY DATES

- 59-17 A.D. Livy
- 54-19 Tibullus
- 51 B.C. Cæsar, *Commentaries*
- 45-44 Cicero, *De Senectute*
- 43 Cicero slain
- 43-17 A.D. Ovid

THE ROMAN EMPERORS TO MARCUS AURELIUS

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 31 B.C.-14 A.D. Augustus | 69-79 Vespasian |
| 14-37 Tiberius | 79-81 Titus |
| 37-41 Caligula | 81-96 Domitian |
| 41-54 Claudius | 96-98 Nerva |
| 54-68 Nero | 98-117 Trajan |
| 68-69 Galba | 117-138 Hadrian |
| 69 Otho | 138-161 Antoninus Pius |
| 69 Vitellius | 161-180 Marcus Aurelius |
| | 30-23 Horace, first three books of <i>Odes</i> |
| | 30 B.C. Vergil completes <i>Georgics</i> |
| | 30-15 Propertius <i>fl.</i> |
| 27 Octavius assumes title of Augustus | 20-19 Horace, first book of <i>Epistles</i> |
| | 19 B.C. Vergil leaves <i>Æneid</i> without final revision |
| | 4 B.C.-65 A.D. Seneca |
| 9 A.D. Germans defeat Varus | 9 A.D. Ovid exiled |
| 19 Germanicus dies in Syria | 23-79 Pliny the Elder |
| 31 Fall of Sejanus | 34-62 Persius |

HISTORICAL EVENTS

- 51 Caractacus the Briton captured
by Romans
- 63 Romans defeat Parthians
- 70 Capture of Jerusalem
- 78 Agricola subdues Britain
- 79 Eruption of Vesuvius; Pompeii
destroyed
- 101-106 Trajan conquers Dacia
- 161-166 Parthian War
- 180-192 Commodus
- 211-217 Caracalla
- 250-257 Persecutions of Christians
- 259 Emperor Valerian captured by
Persians
- 270 Claudius Gothicus; Romans
evacuate Dacia
- 284-305 Diocletian emperor
- 313 Free practice of Christianity
permitted
- 325 Council of Nicæa
- 327-337 Constantine
- 330 Constantinople founded
- 361-363 Julian the Apostate em-
peror
- 378 Emperor Valens defeated and
killed by Goths
- 404 Gaul invaded by barbarians
- 410 Rome taken by Alaric
- 451 Aëtius defeats Huns under
Attila at Châlons
- 455 Rome sacked by Vandals

LITERARY DATES

- 35-95 Quintilian
- c. 39-c. 102 Martial
- 45-96 Statius
- c. 55-120 Tacitus
- c. 60-140 Juvenal
- c. 100 Suetonius *fl.*
- c. 125-c. 200 Apuleius
- 130-180 Aulus Gellius
- 174 Marcus Aurelius begins *Meditations*
- 310-396 Ausonius
- 354-430 St. Augustine of Hippo
- 475-525 Boëthius
- 529 Justinian's *Codex* promulgated

CATO THE CENSOR

IN its earliest beginnings Roman literature has nothing in any way comparable to the finished perfection of the Homeric Epic. This, though it is the earliest manifestation of Greek genius that we have, was the culmination of several centuries of gradual development. In Rome we see the crude beginnings themselves.

For many reasons Cato "the Censor" cannot be ignored in any general view of Latin literature. If we look to survival as a test of worth, his practical book on Agriculture is the oldest volume of Latin prose extant; though we can hardly speak of it as still existing in the form given it by Cato. It appears to have been cruelly "modernized" about the time of Augustus. Further, the sturdy old supporter of Roman simplicity was the first Italian to publish a collection of orations. A hundred and fifty of his speeches were known to Cicero. Fragments of eighty still survive, though represented chiefly by citations in some late grammarian, quoted to prove the existence of some rare word or antiquated form. Again, the 'Origines' of Cato, if preserved, would not only have afforded us welcome light upon the beginnings of Rome and many other Italian cities, but would have given us a political and military history, brought down to Cato's own day, and especially valuable for its fearless treatment of recent events. Indeed, his own speeches were taken up into the history, and one of them, preserved by Aulus Gellius, furnishes the best example we have of the straightforward unadorned oratory of early Rome. There is even reason to believe that Cato left what we may call an encyclopedia — dedicated to, and compiled for, his son. At any rate he wrote largely on eloquence, medicine, the military art, and so on.

The only work of Cato's which, to judge from its title, might seem to have had a poetic form was the 'Carmen de Moribus.' It was probably a eulogy upon old Roman simplicity. Not only are the extant fragments in the most prosaic of prose, but the most famous of them declares, with evident regret over his own days of degeneracy: "Their custom was to be dressed in public respectably, at home so much as was needful. They paid more for horses than for cooks. The poet's art was in no honor. *If a man was devoted to this or applied himself to conviviality, he was called a vagabond!*"

Indeed, Cato's chief end and aim in writing was to resist the incoming tide of Greek philosophy and refinement; he is the very type of Horace's "laudator temporis acti," "the eulogist of a bygone time": that rude heroic time when Dentatus, hero of three triumphs, ate boiled turnips in his chimney-corner, and had no use for Macedonian gold.

Whether there was any important mass of national Roman literature in that elder day has been much debated. There is every indication that the practical, unimaginative Latin plowmen and spearmen received the very alphabet of all their arts from vanquished Hellas. Much of this debate has turned on a fragment from Cato quoted by Cicero: — "In his 'Origines' Cato said that it had been a custom of the forefathers for those who reclined at banquet to sing to the flute the praises and merits of illustrious heroes." The combination of conviviality and song in this passage tempts us to compare it with the scornful words from Cato's own 'Carmen,' already cited! Cato was half right, no doubt. The simple charm and rustic vigor of Latium were threatened; Greek vice and Oriental luxury were dangerous gifts: but his resistance was as hopeless as Canute's protest to the waves. That this resistance was offered even to Greek literature itself, is unquestionable:

"I will speak of those Greeks in a suitable place, son Marcus, telling what I learned at Athens, and what benefit it is to look into their books — not to master them. I shall prove them a most worthless and unteachable race. Believe that this is uttered by a prophet: whenever that folk imparts its literature, it will corrupt everything."

Cato's harsh, intolerant nature is far removed from the scholarly or literary temper. Even his respectful biographer Plutarch indignantly protests against his thrifty advice to sell off slaves who had grown old in service. Indeed, most of Cato's sayings remind us of some canny Scot or hard-headed Yankee, living out the precepts of Poor Richard's philosophy.

("Grip the subject: words will follow," is his chief contribution to rhetoric. Another maxim has, however, more of Quintilian's flavor: "An orator, son Marcus, is a good man skilled in speaking." But Cato is most at home upon his farm, preaching such familiar economies as "Buy not what you need, but what you must have: what you do not need is dear at a penny." His nearest approach to wit is a sarcastic consciousness of human weakness, like that expressed in the saying "Praise large farms, but till a small one"; the form of which is strikingly like the advice given long before by a kindred spirit, the Ascræan farmer Hesiod: —

Praise thou a little vessel, and store thy freight in a large one!

Even the kindness of Cato has a bitter flavor peculiarly Roman. When the Greek historian Polybius and his fellow-exiles were finally permitted to return to their native land, Cato turned the scale toward mercy in the Senate with the haughty words, "As though we had nothing to do, we sit here discussing whether a few old Greeks shall be carried to their graves here or in Achaia!" There was a touch of real humor in his retort when Polybius asked in addition for the restoration of civic honors held in Greece seventeen years ago. "Polybius," he said, with a smile, "wishes to venture again into the Cyclops'

cave, because he has forgotten his cap and belt." A few touches like this cause us to like, as well as to admire, this grim and harsh specimen of the old simplicity.

Whether "Cato learned Greek at eighty" as a grudging concession to the spirit of the age, or to obtain weapons from the foe's own armory wherewith to combat his influence, we need not decide. At all events his studies at that time were probably only a revival of "what he had learned at Athens" many years earlier.

There is, however, a supreme touch of irony in the fact that Cato rendered, doubtless unconsciously, a greater service to Hellenistic culture in Rome than did even his illustrious younger contemporary Scipio Æmilianus, the patron of Terence and the generous friend of Polybius; for it was he who brought in his train from Sardinia the gallant soldier afterward known as the poet Ennius — the creator of the Latin hexameter and of the artistic Roman epic, and the man who more than any other made Greek poetry and Greek philosophy known and respected among all educated Romans.

Cato is chiefly known to us through Plutarch, whose sketch shows that writer's tolerance toward the savage enemy of Hellenism. The charming central figure of Cicero's dialogue on 'Old Age' takes little save his name from the bitter, crabbed octogenarian, who was still adding to his vote on any and all subjects, "Moreover, Senators, Carthage must be destroyed." All the world admires stubborn courage in a hopeless cause. We, the most progressive and democratic of peoples, especially admire the despairing stand of a conservative that had outlived his day and generation. The peculiar virtues of the stock were repeated in his great-grandson, Cato of Utica, and have made the name a synonym forever of unbending stoicism. The phrase applied by a later Roman poet to the younger Cato may be quoted no less fittingly as the epitaph of his ancestor: —

The gods preferred the victor's cause, but Cato that of the vanquished;

for in spite of him, the Latin literature which has come down to us may be most truly characterized as "the bridge over which Hellenism reaches the modern world."

ON AGRICULTURE

From 'De Agricultura'

[The following extract gives a vivid glimpse of the life on a farm in Latium. The Roman gentleman may be regarded as an "absentee landlord," giving advice to his agent. The "family" is, of course, made up of slaves.]

THESE shall be the bailiff's duties. He shall keep up good discipline. The holidays must be observed. He shall keep his hands from other people's property, and take good care of his own. He shall act as umpire for disputes in the family. If anyone is guilty of mischief, he shall exact return in good measure for the harm done. The family is not to suffer, to be cold, to be hungry. He is to keep it busy, as thus he will more easily restrain it from mischief and thieving. If the bailiff does not consent to evil-doing there will be none. If he does allow it, the master must not let it go unpunished. For kindness he is to show gratitude, so that the same one may be glad to do right in other matters. The bailiff must not be a saunterer; he must always be sober; he musn't go out to dinner. He must keep the family busy; must see to it that the master's commands are carried out. He musn't think he knows more than the master. The master's friends he must count as his own. He is to pay no attention to anyone, unless so bidden. He is not to act as priest except at the Compitalia or at the hearthside. He is to give no one credit save at the master's orders. When the master gives credit he must exact payment. Seed-corn, kitchen utensils, barley, wine, oil, he must lend to no one. He may have two or three families from whom he borrows, and to whom he lends, but no more. He must square accounts with his master often. The mechanic, the hireling, the sharpener of tools, he must never keep more than a day. He mustn't buy anything without the master's knowledge, nor hide anything from the master, nor have any hanger-on. He should never consult a soothsayer, prophet, priest, or Chaldean. . . . He should know how to do every farm task and should do it often, without exhausting himself. If he does this, he will know what is in the minds of the family and they will work more contentedly. Besides, if he works he will have less desire to stroll about, and be healthier, and sleep better. He should be the first to get up and the last to go to bed; should see that the country house is locked up, that each one is sleeping where he belongs, and that the cattle are fed.

FROM THE 'ATTIC NIGHTS' OF AULUS GELLIUS

[The extract given below is quoted for the most part not from Cato but from Aulus Gellius. However, the practice of Gellius on other occasions where we are able to compare his text with the original, indicates that he merely modernized Cato's phraseology. In many cases such changes probably make no difference at all in the modern rendering.]

MARCUS CATO, in his book of 'Origins,' has recorded an act of Quintus Cædicius, a military tribune, really illustrious, and worthy of being celebrated with the solemnity of Grecian eloquence. It is nearly to this effect: The Carthaginian general in Sicily, in

the First Punic War, advancing to meet the Roman army, first occupied some hills and convenient situations. The Romans, as it happened, got into a spot open to surprise, and very dangerous. The tribune came to the consul, pointing out the danger from the inconvenience of the spot, and the surrounding enemy. "I think," says he, "if you would save us, you must immediately order certain four hundred to advance to yonder wart" (for thus Cato indicated a rugged and elevated place) "and command them to take possession of it; when the enemy shall see this, every one among them that is brave and ardent will be intent on attacking and frightening them, and will be occupied by this business alone, and these four hundred men will doubtless all be slain;—you, whilst the enemy shall be engaged in slaughter, will have an opportunity of withdrawing the army from this place: there is no other possible method of escape."

The consul replied that the advice appeared wise and good. "But whom," says he, "shall I find, that will lead these four hundred men to that spot against the battalions of the enemy?"—"If," answered the tribune, "you find no one else, employ me in this dangerous enterprise; I offer my life to you and my country."

The consul thanked and praised him. The tribune, with his four hundred men, advanced to death. The enemy, astonished at their boldness, waited to see where they were going; but when it appeared that they were marching to take possession of the hill, the Carthaginian general sent against them the ablest men of his army, both horse and foot. The Roman soldiers were surrounded, and being surrounded, fought; the contest was long doubtful, but numbers at length prevailed; the four hundred, to a man, were either slain with the sword or buried under missile weapons. The consul, in the interval of the engagement, withdrew his troops to a spot high and secure, but the event which happened to this tribune who commanded the four hundred, I shall subjoin, not in my own but Cato's words: "The immortal gods gave the military tribune a fortune suitable to his valor: for thus it happened, when he was wounded in every other part, his head alone was unhurt, and when they distinguished him amongst the dead, exhausted with wounds, and breathing with difficulty from loss of blood, they bore him off. He recovered, and often afterwards performed bold and eminent services to his country; and this exploit of his detaching these troops preserved the remainder of the army. But the place where the deed is done is also of great importance. Leonidas of Lacedæmon, whose conduct was the same at Thermopylæ, is extolled; on account of his virtues all Greece celebrated his glory, and raised his name to the highest degree of eminence, testifying their gratitude for his exploit by monuments, trophies, statues, panegyrics, histories, and other similar means. But to this tribune of the people, who did the same thing, and saved his country, small praise has been assigned."

ENNIUS

D OUBTLESS every Aryan clan has felt the need of lyric utterance. The marriage song, the funeral chant, the warriors' march, the hymn of thanksgiving must have been heard even in early Latium. Yet this Latin peasant soldier was as unimaginative a type of man as ever rose to self-conscious civilized life. His folk-song must have been heavy, crude, and monotonous. Macaulay's Lays still stir the boyish heart, though Matthew Arnold declared that he who enjoyed the barbaric clash of their doggerel could never hope to appreciate true poetry at all. But good or bad, they are Macaulay's own invention. No audible strain has come down, even of those funeral ballads and festive lays whose existence is asserted by Cato and by Varro.

At the threshold of Hellenic literature stand the Iliad and Odyssey, the two epics whose imaginative splendor is still unrivaled. The first figure in Roman letters, seven centuries later, is a Greek slave, or freedman, Livius Andronicus, who translated these epics into barbarous Saturnian verse and rendered almost as crudely many a famous Greek tragedy. Next Nævius sang, in those same rough Saturnians, the victory of Rome in the Punic Wars. Then Plautus, fun-maker for the Roman populace, "turned barbarously" into the vulgar speech plays good and bad, of the Middle and New Attic Comedy. The more serious of these dramas, like the 'Captivi,' seem like a charcoal reproduction upon a barn door of some delicate line engraving, whose loss we must still regret. Yet much of the real fun in Plautus is Roman, and doubtless his own. Moreover, he and his Greek masters knew how to make a comedy go in one unpausing rush of dramatic action, from the lowering to the raising of the curtain. But to true creative literature these versions of Menander and Philemon bear about the same relation as would adaptations of Sardou and Dumas, with local allusions and "gags," in Plattdeutsch, for the Hamburg theater.

The next figure is Ennius, who like nearly all the early authors is no Roman nor even a Latin at all. Born (239 B.C.) in the village of Rudia in far-off Calabria, he heard in his cottage home the rough Oscan speech of the peasants. Greek was the ordinary speech of the market-place; Latin the official language of the rulers. The boy Ennius seems to have been educated in the Hellenic city of Tarentum. Even there, he may not have spoken Latin. Cicero in the 'Archias' (62 B.C.) admits that Latin had even in his time made no headway "beyond the narrow boundaries" of Latium. In Magna Græcia, Ennius often heard classic Greek tragedy acted, as Vergil intimates he did in his time.

We have referred elsewhere to the fact that Cato the Elder brought in his train from Sardinia the man who, more than all others, was to establish in Rome that Hellenic art so much dreaded by the great Censor. Cato was the younger of the two. Ennius was just "midway upon the journey of our life." He was then a *centurion* in rank; that is, he had fought his way, no doubt with many scars, to the proud place at the head of his company. This was at the close of Rome's second and decisive struggle with Carthage, so long the queen of the Western Mediterranean. Ennius lived on, chiefly in Rome, as many years longer; his death nearly coinciding with the equally decisive downfall of Macedonia (168 B.C.). His life, then, spans the greatest exploits of early Roman arms. This was also the age in which the national character reached its culmination — and began to decay.

Of this victorious generation the Scipios are probably the highest type. Its chief recorder was their friend and protégé, the Calabrian peasant and soldier. Of all the missing works in the Latin language not even the lost books of Livy would be so eagerly welcomed as the 'Annals' of Ennius, in eighteen books, which followed the whole current of Roman tradition, from Æneas and Romulus down to the writer's own day. And this work was, too, the first large experiment in writing hexameters in the Latin speech! So true is it, that the Hellenic Muse was present at the birth of Roman literature. Though no work of Ennius survives save in tantalizing fragments, he is the most virile figure in the early history of Latin letters.

Gellius preserves a saying of Ennius, that in his three mother tongues he had three hearts. But his fatherland had long before cordially accepted in good faith the supremacy of Rome. His love for the imperial city quite equaled that of any native. He became a citizen through the kindness of his noble friend Fulvius, who as one of the triumvirs appointed to found *Potentia*, enrolled Ennius among the "colonists" (184 B.C.).

Romans we now are become, who before this day were Rudini!

is his exultant cry, in a line of the 'Annals.'

Some years earlier one of the Fulvii had taken Ennius with him on a campaign in Greece (189 B.C.); but evidently not as a centurion. It is of this Fulvius that Cicero says in the 'Archias,' "He did not hesitate to consecrate to the Muses memorials of Mars." The alliteration suggests a poetic epigram; and Cato is known to have complained in a public oration that Fulvius "had led poets with him into his province." Ennius may have been useful also as an interpreter and as a secretary.

One of the longest fragments of the 'Annals' describes such a friend of a Roman general. Gellius, who preserves the lines, quotes early authority for considering them as a self-portraiture by Ennius.

PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR

So having spoken, he called for a man, with whom often and gladly
 Table he shared, and talk, and all his burden of duties,
 When with debate all day on important affairs he was wearied,
 Whether perchance in the forum wide, or the reverend Senate;
 One with whom he could frankly speak of his serious matters —
 Trifles also, and jests — could pour out freely together
 Pleasant or bitter words, and know they were uttered in safety.
 Many the joys and the griefs he had shared, whether public or secret!

This was a man in whom no impulse prompted to evil,
 Whether of folly or malice. A scholarly man and a loyal,
 Graceful, ready of speech, with his own contented and happy;
 Tactful, speaking in season, yet courteous, never loquacious.
 Vast was the buried and antique lore that was his, for the foretime
 Made him master of earlier customs, as well as of newer.
 Versed in the laws was he of the ancients, men or immortals.
 Wisely he knew both when he should talk and when to be silent. —
 So unto him Servilius spoke, in the midst of the fighting . . .

Though a friend of the wealthiest, Ennius, we are told, lived simply in a small house, attended by one servant only. This same handmaid takes part in a little comedy, which in the arid waste of Roman gravity may almost count as funny:

"When Scipio Nasica once came to call on the poet Ennius, and asked for him at the door, the maid said Ennius was not at home. Now Nasica perceived that this was said at the master's bidding, and that he really was within. A few days later Ennius came to Nasica's house, in his turn, and called for his friend, who bawled out that he was 'not at home.' 'What! don't I know your voice?' said Ennius. — 'You're a shameless fellow!' came the response. 'When I asked for you, I took your maid's word for it that you were out. You don't believe me myself?'"

Scipio's resentment does not seem very deep. He may have realized that two callers were already with Ennius, both unsocial dames — Podagra (gout) and Calliope; for however ill it agrees with the poet's pleasing picture of simplicity and contentment, we have his own statement that:

Only when housed with the gout am I a maker of verses.

That very disease, the Nemesis of good living, is reputed to have carried off this austere and contented poet at threescore and ten (in 170 B.C.). Perhaps

the hospitality of the Scipios and Fulvii must bear the blame. Horace too loved his "mess of watercress" at home, but dined by preference with Mæcenas! At any rate, Ennius had no prolonged last illness nor dotage. Says Gellius: "Ennius tells us in the *twelfth* book of his 'Annals' that he is in his sixty-seventh year when composing it." The completion of eighteen books is made certain by many quotations.

The total amount of these citations by later authors is about six hundred hexameters, perhaps a twentieth of the whole poem. Many are half-lines or single verses, quoted by a grammarian for a rare word, or by a literary critic to illustrate Vergil's method of graceful borrowing. The ancients seem to have felt there was one right way to say anything. If they found a block, large or small, shaped to their hand, they tried to set it where it might be even more effective than where its maker put it! Often the open transfer was a loyal courtesy.

Muses, ye who beneath your feet tread mighty Olympus

were the first words of the 'Annals.' Other early fragments are:

Fettered in slumber gentle and placid —

Seemed to approach me Homer the poet —

This opening vision may be connected with the assertion attributed to Ennius, that the soul of Homer had transmigrated into his own body.

The tale of Rome began, it would seem, as with Vergil, in the Troad,

Where in Pelasgian battle the ancient Priam had fallen.

Romulus appeared as the child of *Æneas' daughter* Rhea Silvia. It was apparently Cato who, first among Romans, noted the gap of some four centuries between the traditional time of Troy's downfall and the accepted Roman founder's date, and so caused the shadowy kings of Alba to defile in long uneventful line, like Banquo's descendants, across the legendary stage. Cato may have published his discovery as a savage criticism upon this very poem.

However diversified in treatment, the entire history of Rome constituted a subject hopelessly beyond the limits of epic unity. The sections of the long poem must have fallen apart, like those of all later rhythmical chronicles. Yet we may well believe that the energy of the manly singer, his patriotic spirit, his faith in Rome's high mission, never flagged nor failed.

The tenderest passage extant seems modeled on a still briefer sketch in Io's account of her own sorrows, in *Æschylus' 'Prometheus.'* The Vestal Rhea Silvia has been startled by a prophetic dream: —

RHEA SILVIA'S DREAM

This is the tale she affrighted relates, when roused from her slumber: —
 "Daughter of Eurydice, by our father dearly beloved,
 Force and life are wholly from out my body departed!
 Ay, for it seemed that a goodly man amid beautiful willows
 Bore me by banks of rivers and unknown places. Thereafter,
 Sister mine, in solitude — so I fancied — I wandered:
 Slowly I sought thee, with wistful heart, but could not descry thee,
 Tracing thy feet; for nowhere a pathway guided my footsteps.
 Then in these words, and aloud, methought my father addressed me:
 'O my daughter, for thee is first great sorrow appointed:
 Then in turn shall fortune revisit thee, out of the river.'
 Such were my father's words, O sister, and then he departed,
 Suddenly, nor was he seen by me, though heartily longed for:
 Not though often my hands to the azure expanses of heaven
 I with tears held forth, and in loving accents addressed him:
 Then, with pain, from my weary heart had slumber departed."

We cannot doubt, however, that the poem reached its highest level in describing the struggle of Rome against Pyrrhus, and later against Hannibal. Pyrrhus impressed his Italian foemen as a gallant and chivalric figure. One fine speech of his yet remains, and Ennius must have had much of that "stern joy that warriors feel" when he laid such noble words upon the lips of the Epirote king.

PYRRHUS' SPEECH

Gold for myself I crave not; ye need not proffer a ransom.
 Not as hucksters might, let us wage our war, but as soldiers:
 Not with gold, but the sword. Our lives we will set on the issue.
 Whether your rule or mine be Fortune's pleasure — our mistress —
 Let us by valor decide. And to this word hearken ye also:
 Every valorous man who is spared by the fortune of battle,
 Fully determined am I his freedom as well to accord him.
 Count it a gift. At the wish of the gods in heaven I grant it.

From that more prolonged and dubious struggle with the greatest of Carthaginians, wherein Ennius himself had played a manly part, no such effective passage is quotable. There are, however, three lines in praise of the great Fabius, which we might apply to our own Washington or Lincoln: —

CHARACTER OF FABIUS

Simply by biding his time, one man has rescued a nation.
 Not for the praises of men did he care, but alone for our safety.
 Therefore greater and greater his fame shall wax in the future.

The Greek element in this monument of Roman patriotism was large. Numerous passages yet remain which can be profitably compared with their Hellenic originals. Indeed, upon his formal side Ennius may have been as far from independence as Vergil himself. Like most Roman poets, he is interesting less as a creative artist than as a vigorous patriot, endowed with robust good sense and familiar with good literary models. His own character is at least as attractive as his work.

For these reasons we regret less the loss of his tragedies, which were based almost wholly upon Greek originals. Mere translations they were not, as the copious fragments of his 'Medea' suffice to show when set beside Euripides' play. In any case, it would be unfair to hold him responsible for sentiments uttered by his dramatic characters; e.g.: —

I have said, and still will say, a race of heavenly gods exists:
 But I do not think they care for what concerns the human race:
 If they cared, the good were happy, bad men wretched. 'Tis not so!

Of course, whoever said this may have had as prompt cause for remorse as Sophocles' Jocasta. There was, however, in Rome a prevailing conviction that the dramatic stage should offer only manly and elevating types of character. Excessive lamentation over physical or mental woes was sternly condemned, and largely eliminated from the Latin versions of Attic dramas. One play of the best Roman period, like Ennius' 'Medea,' would give us fuller knowledge on all such questions; but we can hardly hope that any have been preserved, even in Egyptian papyrus rolls.

In many other ways Ennius took a leading part in enabling "vanquished Greece to conquer her victors." In the list of comic poets, indeed (quoted by Gellius, xv, 24), Ennius has but the tenth and last place, even this being granted him merely "*causa antiquitatis*." In truth, humor was the one gift almost wholly denied to Ennius, as to another sturdy patriot-poet, John Milton. He translated a Greek work on gastronomy, a subject with which he may have been only too familiar. In his 'Epicharmus' the old Sicilian poet appeared to him in a dream: —

For it seemed to me that I was lying dead upon my couch. . . .
 Some are truthful visions, yet it need not be that all are so. . . .
 'Tis the soul perceives and hearkens: all things else are deaf and blind.

The purport of the vision was a material explanation of the universe, based upon the four elements of Empedocles. Ennius hit upon a recondite truth, in attempting to explain away the very gods of the Roman Pantheon: —

That I mean as Jupiter which among Greeks is known as air.

These may well have seemed bold words to publish in Rome, though the refined circle about the Scipios had doubtless as little belief in the popular mythology as the men of the world — and of letters — who met two centuries later around Mæcenas' board. Ennius even translated Euhemerus, who has given his name to the theory that makes the divine legends mere distorted reminiscences of real men and women, living many generations earlier.

This brings us to the last form of Ennius' poetic activity — his epitaphs. On Scipio Africanus he wrote an elegiac couplet, expressing the favorite eulogy of the ancients upon a successful soldierly life. Xenophon, for instance, records a prayer of the younger Cyrus to quite the same effect.

EPITAPH ON SCIPIO

Here is he laid unto whom no man, whether foeman or comrade,
Ever was able to give recompense worthy his deeds.

In the companion inscription intended for himself, Ennius brings two familiar thoughts into rather striking association: —

EPITAPH ON ENNIUS

No one may honor my funeral rites with tears or lamenting.
Why? Because still do I pass, living, from lip unto lip.

An iambic couplet, quoted from "Ennius, in the third book of his *Satires*," may be echoed thus: —

Hail, Ennius the poet, who for mortal men
Thy flaming verses pourest from thy marrow forth!

Perhaps in these same 'Satires' (Miscellanies) occurred another eulogistic couplet upon his illustrious friend: —

EPITAPH ON SCIPIO

How great a statue shall the folk of Rome to thee upraise,
How tall a column, Scipio, that thy deeds may duly praise?

This friendship of Ennius with the elder Africanus was famous. The younger bearer of the name, Æmilianus, showed similar appreciation of the

noble Greek exile Polybius. It was the general belief of later antiquity, that a bust of Ennius had an honored place in the tomb of the great Scipio family. This does not appear to have been verified, however, when the crypt was discovered in modern times.

We have already indicated that Ennius' work was very far from justifying his claim to rank with Homer. He may in fact deserve no place among the great masters of creative imagination. But at least, by his vigorous manly character, his wide studies, his good taste, and his lifelong industry, he does claim a position as an apostle of culture and the founder of Roman literature.

Most of the longer passages preserved from the 'Annals' have already been cited. A few more of these fragments may aid in giving the impression of manly vigor, martial courage, and sturdy patriotism which evidently characterized the entire chronicle.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

BOOK I

DUST TO DUST

THE earth,
That gave his body, takes it to herself,
And makes no instant of delay thereby.

THE POET'S BOAST

Throughout the widespread nations shall my deeds
And poems be renowned.

ASCANIUS' PRAYER

O venerable Venus, unto thee,
My father's mother, from the sky, I pray,
Look on me for a moment favoringly.

RIVALS IN AUGURY

So Romulus and Remus, augurs both,
With anxious care and equal eagerness
Thro' auspices and augury alike
Strive for the crown. Here Remus gives himself
To observing birds, and craves their favoring signs.

There — on the Aventine — fair Romulus
 Questioning watches the high-flying tribes.
 If Rome or Remora be the city's name,
 This is their strife. And all men ask, no less,
 Which of the twain shall be their overlord.
 They wait as — when the consul is prepared
 To give the signal — at the race-course' start
 All stand, in eagerness, where presently
 The pictured gates shall speed the chariots forth.
 So stands the folk, and asks in anxious doubt
 On which the boon of kingship is bestowed.

Meantime the pallid nightly sun hath set,
 And the white light of day shoots forth its rays.
 Then from on high one glorious swift bird
 Flew to the left. Next rose the golden sun,
 When a full dozen holy shapes of birds
 Dropped from the sky, and found fair resting-place.

Then Romulus sees the nobler sign is his,
 The throne and realm by augury assured.

FAREWELL TO ROMULUS

A tender longing fills their hearts: at once
 They cry: "O Romulus, Romulus divine,
 How fair a guardian of the fatherland
 The gods begat in thee! O father, sire,
 O blood from gods derived, unto the shores
 Of light 'tis thou hast led us on the way."

BOOK VI

GRIEF IN THE FOREST

Men stride among the forest-groves, and hew
 With axes. Noble oak trees they lay low,
 The ilex is cut down, the beech o'erthrown,
 The lofty fir lies prostrate. Stately pines
 They overturn. So all the wood resounds
 With lamentations of the leafy trees.

BRIEF FRAGMENTS

With all its mighty constellations now
The sky revolves.

Whom none with gold or iron could overcome.

The agony within his side is death's
Most certain messenger.

Burrus [*i. e.*, Pyrrhus] his name, and sprang,
'Tis said, from the most lofty race of Jove.

Dull is the race of the Æacidæ;
Potent in war, more than in wisdom strong.

Across the plain the dusky column goes.

These men, who were unconquered heretofore,
I in the fray have overthrown, and am
Vanquished by them as well.

BOOK VII

EARLIER RIVALS

Others have told the tale
In verses such as fauns or bards had sung
Of old, when none the Muses' crags had scaled
Nor won as yet the mastery of style.

DISPRAISE OF FOES

The Carthaginians were wont
To sacrifice their children to the gods.

BOOK VIII

MANNERS IN WARTIME

If war be once proclaimed,
Wisdom is put to flight, force works his will.
Scorned is the gentle orator, beloved
The savage soldier. Not with clever words
But curses they who differ meet and strive:
Nor is the hand laid on in legal form,
But by the sword doth each reclaim his own,
And proves his right of way by violence.

BOOK XIV

HONOR EITHER WAY

Now is it a day
When loftiest fame offers herself to us,
Whether we live or perish.

BOOK XVI

A ROMAN FIGHTER

From every side upon the tribune fall
The javelins in a shower. They pierce his targe.
Its brazen boss re-echoes to the shafts,
The helmet's bronze resounds. Yet never one
Who strives may scathe his body with the steel.
Still he shakes off and breaks the billowy spears,
Sweating and spent with toil is all his frame,
No chance for breath the wingèd missiles leave.

TERMINUS

Hereafter 'twill be burdensome
To undertake in age the author's toil.
. . . Here, as a valiant steed
That at the finish won the Olympic race
Full often, now forespent with age he rests.

UNPLACED FRAGMENTS

ALLITERATION

Against the walls
Many a mighty machine in menace moves.

A VAUNTING BOAST

Valiant the Romans as the heavens are high.

AN HOMERIC SIMILE

Then as a wellfed horse in lordly pride
Breaking his halter from the stable darts,
Rushes across the joyous azure fields
With an exultant heart, oft shakes his mane,
While by the eager breath from his hot breast
The white foam far is flung.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS, Rome's greatest comic poet, died in 184 B.C. According to the meager tradition recorded by Gellius, he was born at Sarsina in Umbria, but came as a young man to Rome. There he worked in a subordinate capacity with a theatrical troupe, and accumulated some money. He then engaged in foreign trade, but was unsuccessful, and therefore returned to Rome and worked in a mill. Here he produced three plays which were accepted by the ædiles; and from this time on he devoted himself, with the greatest success, to writing.

The number of his plays has been a matter of discussion since shortly after his death. His great popularity caused the work of other writers to be ascribed to him. Hence in Cicero's time, the great antiquarian Varro found it necessary to make a careful examination of the plays then circulating under the name of Plautus — one hundred and thirty in number, according to some authorities. He found that twenty-one were acknowledged by all critics as genuine; and he himself decided that nineteen others were probably so. At the revival of learning, but eight comedies were known. Later, however, other manuscripts were discovered, giving twenty more or less complete plays; finally, in 1815, an important palimpsest of the fourth century A.D. was found, which showed fragments of still another. Hence it has generally been assumed that we have the twenty-one undisputed dramas referred to by Varro.

The most striking peculiarity of these plays is, that though written for Romans and in Latin, the plot and character are generally Attic, and the scene is usually Athens. This was due to the literary conditions at Rome. Until after the First Punic War, the life of Rome had been one long succession of wars for existence, during the latter period of which the Romans came into contact with Greek culture and civilization in Sicily and lower Italy. There had been no opportunity for a native literature to develop. That there were at hand the elements of one, which under normal circumstances might soon have shown a sturdy growth, we have abundant evidence; but when the Romans found time to turn their attention to literature, it was much easier to transfer the finished products of Greek culture to Rome, than to develop the native product to suit a taste already grown critical from foreign contact.

The bloom of the New Comedy was just past in Greece, and the stage in Greek lands was still held by the masters of this school — Menander, Philemon, and others. They portrayed with greater or less accuracy the rather ignoble social life of the period, sometimes descending to the coarseness of burlesque. Plautus had probably become familiar with such plays during his wandering

youth, and he naturally turned to them for the inspiration of his maturer years.

Accordingly we cannot expect to find in Plautus' comedies a representation of the Roman life of the time. Their originals were Greek; and however much worked over, they remained Greek. Roman allusions and jokes, and some purely Roman features, were introduced, probably to lessen the jar on Roman sensibility: but these were of minor importance; for it must be remembered that any criticism of the public life of Rome was vigorously repressed by a strict censorship, and that only such allusions would be tolerated as would cause laughter without ill-feeling. How far the plays as thus recast were still untrue to Roman life, we cannot decide; but they were probably much less realistic to the Romans than are French plays to us.

The chief interest centers about the young men. There are two principal types, which may be roughly called the good and the bad; but there are numerous variations in the individual characters. The minority are represented as brave, high-minded, cultured in manners, prudent and economical in habits; the majority are audacious or vacillating spendthrifts, moody and dissipated, living from hand to mouth. Frequently the contrast between the two types is made more striking by their juxtaposition in the same play. Almost all are in love, but are hindered from gaining possession of their loved ones by lack of money. Being still under the control of their fathers, they are without resources; and their expedients to raise money, and their success or misfortune in this pursuit of their loves, form the subject of the play. They are themselves more or less passive, the brunt of the work falling upon their slaves; but they are keenly interested in the slave's efforts, and follow his actions with the liveliest emotions. When the outlook is gloomy they threaten to leave home forever, or to destroy themselves; supplicating the slaves most abjectly, or threatening them with the direst punishments. When success seems assured they break out into violent transports, calling their slaves by the most endearing names, and often showing their gratitude by freeing them. At other times they testify to the strength of their passion by lackadaisical soliloquies, and are in general "very hard to endure."

Opposed to these young men, we have in several plays the braggart soldier. He is usually the rival most feared by the young men, for he has the money of which they are in such urgent need. He is usually portrayed with the bearing of a lion but the courage of a hare, always boasting of his prowess but ready to yield to the slightest display of force — the type immortalized once for all in Falstaff. He is the victim of all the intrigues, and is invariably cheated out of both his money and his mistress.

The inamoratas of the young men are usually slave girls, who were originally free-born, but were either exposed or stolen in infancy, and have been brought up in low surroundings for immoral purposes. There is usually a genuine attachment between them and the young men; the desire of both is

matrimony, which the young men hope to accomplish by purchasing the girls and manumitting them. Frequently their origin is discovered; they are acknowledged by delighted parents, who hasten to betroth them to their happy lovers. Sometimes, however, the women are much more debased, and the plays too coarse to be at all enjoyable.

The most important rôle is that of the slaves. These usually stand shoulder to shoulder with their young masters, and give them their loyal and constant support. Naturally they fall into two classes — the honest and the dishonest. The former are few in number; and are either old slaves who have grown up in the family, and perhaps served as tutors for the children, or stupid country clowns, coarse in speech and habit, who serve mainly as foils to their unscrupulous fellows. The dishonest slaves are the life of the play, and ancient critics regarded their rôles as the most important. Their chief characteristics are an extraordinary boldness and skill in invention and trickery, with the most utter shamelessness in carrying out their plans. They help their young masters out of their difficulties, supply the necessary money, and at the same time furnish the broad humor so essential to comedy. Running the risk of the most condign punishment from the fathers, or others whom they have deceived, they preserve a careless coolness in the most trying circumstances, and almost always manage to secure a full and complete pardon, and often manumission at the end.

The lovers and their assisting slaves are often opposed by stern fathers. These are sordid and miserly elders, who have either accumulated a competence by severe toil or have married for money. In their youth they were dissipated, but they have no sympathy with their sons when they follow a similar course. They are therefore the objects of attack by the slaves, and are usually cheated out of the money needed. Their feeling toward their wives is one of aversion and contempt, and they take delight in deceiving them. The wives in their turn are usually depicted as shrewish and unlovely, which may be purely for comic effect. The other class of fathers is more attractive. These are genial and mild, prudent and wise in council. They have frequently gained their wealth in foreign trade, and settled down to enjoy a quiet and dignified old age. They are their sons' confidants instead of enemies, and look kindly upon their youthful follies out of remembrance of their own youth.

Peculiar to Comedy are the Parasites. These are decayed gentlemen who live by their wits. They often attach themselves to some family, or young man, and assist the latter in his love intrigues. They are perpetually hungry, and during the most serious discussions their minds run continually upon the prospects of a dinner. They endure the most scornful snubs if they can get but the lowest seats at the feast. They are the perpetual objects of mockery, and their exaltation or depression when they are invited to a dinner or cheated of it furnish some of the liveliest scenes. The plots in which these and minor characters appear are somewhat stereotyped, and the motives are few and simple. But the most of the plays may be grouped roughly in four classes:

those in which some particular type of character is portrayed; those which turn upon the recovery of children lost or stolen in infancy; plays of simple intrigue; and those which turn upon the impersonation of an individual by another.

The best of the first class is the 'Aulularia,' which gives us the fortunes and misfortunes of a miser who has discovered a pot of gold in his house, and imagines that everyone knows it and has designs upon it. The 'Miles Gloriosus' portrays the braggart soldier, who is always boasting of his glorious deeds in war, and trying his fortune with the ladies — with indifferent success. The most interesting example of the second class is the 'Rudens'; which, though faulty in construction, shows Plautus at his best, and is really of a high order. Of a lower order are the 'Curculio' and the 'Epidicus'; the latter of which, as Plautus tells us in another comedy, was his favorite drama. In these plays, opportunity is given for the liveliest play of feeling, and some of the scenes where the child is recognized are very pathetic. The most interesting example of the third class is the 'Trinummus.' An old man going abroad on a business venture has committed to the care of a faithful friend a sum of money, which in case of necessity shall be used to preserve his family, a son and daughter, from the excesses of the profligate son. The play records the devices of the friend to employ some of it as a dower for the daughter, without allowing the son to know that he has it in his possession. A parasite is accordingly hired for three nummi (shillings) to act as messenger from the absent father; and he gives his name to the play. To the fourth class belong the three most important comedies: the 'Captives' and the 'Menæchmi,' abstracts of which follow; and the 'Amphitruo,' a tragicomedy which is interesting as showing some tendency to burlesque the religious myths of the people. The play gives the story of how Jupiter and Mercury personated Amphitruo and his slave Sosia, for the purpose of beguiling Amphitruo's wife Alcmena.

Two of the best plays may be sketched in outline. We place first the 'Captives,' though the plot hardly justifies Lessing's extravagant praise of it as the best ever devised. At the outset we are informed that Philopolemus, only son of a certain Hegio, was some time previously captured in battle and made a slave in Elis; since which time Hegio has been buying war captives, with the hope that he might finally secure some Elean of quality with whom to effect an exchange for his son. The stage represents Hegio's courtyard. He, entering, informs us that he has recently made a purchase of important captives, two of whom he thinks may serve his purpose. After he retires, the two captives, Philocrates and his slave Tyndarus, are brought in, guarded, and lamenting their fate. They plan to personate each other, with the hope that Philocrates, if looked upon as the slave, may the easier escape. In the next scene Hegio learns from them that his son is actually in bondage to Philocrates' father, and the supposed Tyndarus (really the master, Philocrates) is sent away to negotiate an exchange. Subsequently Hegio brings in another captive, Aristophontes,

who claims to have known Philocrates in Elis. He being brought face to face with the supposed Philocrates, immediately discloses the true state of affairs; and Hegio in a fury orders the now discovered Tyndarus to punishment. Later, Philocrates returns with Philopolemus; and in the ensuing explanation Tyndarus is discovered to be a long-lost son of Hegio, who was stolen when he was but four years old.

In the 'Menæchmi,' the prologue states that an old Syracusan merchant had two sons. Once on a business trip to Tarentum he took with him one of the boys, who strayed away in the crowd and was stolen. On his return the father was shipwrecked and drowned. The grandfather bestowed the name of the lost boy, Menæchmus, upon the surviving son at home. Long afterwards the son set out in search of his brother; and in the course of his travels arrived at Epidamnus, where the play opens. The first scene is an interview between a parasite and Menæchmus I (the lost one), who gleefully explains how he has stolen his wife's cloak, and is going to bestow it upon Erotium, a courtesan. On the appearance of Erotium he presents the cloak, and bespeaks a dinner for himself and the parasite. In the next scene Menæchmus II and his servant Messenio appear. Then follow two amusing scenes, first with the cook who is to prepare the dinner, and later with Erotium; both think they are talking with Menæchmus I: finally Menæchmus II goes in with Erotium to dinner. Later the parasite appears, complaining that he has been detained and is afraid he has lost his dinner. Menæchmus II comes out of Erotium's house with the cloak, which he is to take to a cleaner's to be cleaned. The parasite, thinking that he is Menæchmus I, attacks him for not waiting for him, and finally, in high dudgeon departs to inform the wife of her husband's doings. After Menæchmus II leaves the stage, Menæchmus I appears and is met by his angry wife, whom he tries to pacify by promising to return the cloak. After his departure Menæchmus II enters with the cloak. He has an amusing discussion with the wife, and later with the wife's father, whom she has summoned in desperation. He finally gets rid of them by feigning madness; and the old man goes in search of a physician, while Menæchmus II hurries away. Then Menæchmus I enters, and is pounced upon by the physician and his attendants. He is rescued by Messenio, who has just entered in search of his master, Menæchmus II. In the final scene the two Menæchmi are brought face to face; and the kinship of the long-separated brothers is explained by Messenio, who is given his freedom for his services.

Certain of the plays were performed occasionally down to the close of the Republic, or even later. Indeed, Plautus remained a much appreciated author from the time of Varro and Cicero until the dark ages. The Christian fathers, especially Jerome, were very fond of him. At the Renaissance the newly discovered plays were eagerly caught up in Italy, and later in France and Germany. Translations were made; and great authors wrote plays based upon those of Plautus, of which a few may be mentioned: Molière's 'Amphitryon'

was based upon the 'Amphitruo,' and the two together inspired Dryden's 'Amphitryon.' Molière's 'L'Avare' was an imitation of the 'Aulularia,' and it in turn inspired Shadwell's 'Miser' and Fielding's 'Miser.' The 'Captivi' was the basis of Ariosto's 'Suppositi' and of Rotrou's 'Les Captifs.' Ben Jonson's 'The Case is Altered' has scenes from the 'Aulularia' and 'Captivi.' To the Menæchmi must be referred Cecchi's 'Le Moglie,' Goldoni's 'I due Gemelli,' Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors,' and many others. The 'Miles Gloriosus' formed a favorite type; and we find traces of it in Dolce's 'Il Capitano,' Corneille's 'L'Illusion Comique,' Udall's 'Ralph Roister Doister,' and others.

GONZALEZ LODGE

FROM 'MILES GLORIOSUS' [THE BRAGGART SOLDIER]

[The soldier himself opens the play, coming forth from his house, which, with a neighbor's, forms the back of the scene. He is attended by his Falstaffian retinue, and also by his especial flatterer and shadow Artotrogus — "Bread-eater." The pompous veteran has the first word.]

PYRGOPOLINICES. See to it that more splendid be my shield
 Than the sun's rays are when the day is bright;
 So when there's need, in battle's close array
 Its sheen may blind the eyes of enemies.
 And this my cutlass I would comfort too,
 That it be not downhearted, nor lament
 That it is worn so long in idleness,
 Though sadly bent on massacre of foes! —
 But where is Artotrogus?

Artotrogus [*promptly*]. Here, beside
 The man so valiant, kingly, fortunate,
 Mars might not such a warrior call himself,
 Nor dare to match your valor with his own!

Pyrgopolinices. That one I saved on the Curculionian plains,
 When Búmbomáchides Clýtomestóridysárchides,
 Grandson of Neptune, was commander-in-chief —

Artotrogus. I remember. He, you mean, in arms of gold,
 Whose legions with your breath you puffed away.
 As wind doth leaves and rushes good for thatch.

Pyrgopolinices. Why, that is nothing!

[And the complacent warrior goes striding, with nodding helmet-plumes and waving locks, up and down the stage; so that the weary flatterer, begin-

ning his return compliment, presently has an instant to tell *us* of the audience — behind his hand — something of his real opinions.]

Artotrogus. So forsooth it is,
To deeds I'll tell — [*Aside*] which you did never do!
If you can find a more mendacious man,
Or one more boastful than this fellow is,
Take me and hold me for your chattel, then!
Just one thing: olive salad he *can* bolt!

Pyrgopolinices [*turning*].
Where are you?

[The parasite pretends he has been all the time cataloguing the hero's exploits: —]

Artotrogus. Here! — Then, there's that elephant:
How with a fisticuff you broke his arm!
Pyrgopolinices. What's that? his arm?
Artotrogus. His thigh I meant, of course.

Pyrgopolinices. I didn't try to strike.
Artotrogus. No! If you had,
With effort, through the creature's hide and heart
And through his bones your arm had made its way.

Pyrgopolinices [*modestly*].
That doesn't matter.

Artotrogus. No, 'tis not worth while
For me to tell, who know your valorous deeds.
[*Aside*]
My belly makes this misery; and my ears
Must hearken, lest my teeth have naught to do.
To every lie he tells I must assent!

Pyrgopolinices. What am I saying?

Artotrogus. I know what you would say:
I remember, it happened.

Pyrgopolinices. What?

Artotrogus [*rather wearily*]. Whatever it is

Pyrgopolinices [*more sharply*]. You remember — ?

Artotrogus [*rapidly*]. Yes, a hundred in Cilicia,
And fifty, a hundred in Scytholatronia,
Thirty from Sardis, sixty Macedonians —
All of them in a single day you slew.

Pyrgopolinices. What is the grand sum total?

Artotrogus. Seven thousand!

Pyrgopolinices [*complacently*].

- So many 'should it be. You reckon well.
Artotrogus. I have no records — I remember it so.
Pyrgopolinices. Your memory's good.
Artotrogus. The tidbits prompt me aright!
Pyrgopolinices. While you shall play your part as you do now,
 Table companion will I hold you still.
Artotrogus. What! In Cappadocia, at a single blow
 You had slain five hundred! But — your sword was dull.
Pyrgopolinices. Poor wretched infantry, I let them live.
Artotrogus. Why say what all men know, that on the earth
 You only, *Pyrgopolinices*, live
 In valor, beauty, deeds, unconqueredest?
 All women love you — and good reason too,
 You are *so* handsome. Like those yesterday
 That plucked my cloak.
Pyrgopolinices [*eagerly*]. What did they say to you?
Artotrogus. They asked me: "Is this Achilles?" so said one.
 "Yes, 'tis his brother," said I. Then the other:
 "Well, he *is* handsome, surely," so she said,
 "And noble. See how well his hair becomes him!
 Happy the women are with whom he wives!"
Pyrgopolinices. Did they say so?
Artotrogus. Why, yes! Both made me swear
 Today I'd bring you in procession by.
Pyrgopolinices [*pensively*].
 To be *too* handsome is a piteous thing!
Artotrogus. It bores *me*! For they pray and crowd and beg,
 So that I cannot get your business done.

[A movement of the soldier at this word "business" gives the quick-witted flatterer his cue.]

- Pyrgopolinices*. Have you —
Artotrogus. You mean your tablets? Yes, and pen.
Pyrgopolinices. You give your mind to mine right wittily.
Artotrogus. 'Tis fit that I should know your nature well,
 And try to scent out that which you desire.
Pyrgopolinices. 'Tis time, methinks, to hasten to the Forum;
 For there must I bestow their wage upon
 The hirelings I enlisted yesterday.
 For King Seleucus begged me earnestly,
 To gather and enroll him mercenaries.
Artotrogus. Why, then, let's go.

Pyrgopolinices.

Attendants, follow me!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

[The prologue, rather singularly, is now spoken, at the opening of the second act. It may be interesting to cite a few lines, though its literary merit is small.]

Palæstrio [*a slave, appearing from the soldier's house, as Prologue*].

This argument I'll tell you courteously,
If you to listen will be mannerly.
Who will not listen, let him up and go,
So making room for one disposed to hear.
This comedy we are about to play,
For sake of which you sit so festive there —
Its argument and name I'll tell to you.
'Alazon' is the drama's name in Greek,
And Braggadocio is our word for it. . . .
This's Ephesus. Yon soldier is my master,
Who went thence townward; boastful, insolent,
Filthy, and full of crapulence and lies.
He says the women chase him all unsought.
A laughing-stock he is, where he appears.
So, while with mocking lips they lead him on,
Most of the girls you'll see with mouths awry!

[The last line is perhaps a random jest aimed at the extravagant comic masks. If so, it is an indication of post-Plautine date. One of the most interesting prologues, that of the 'Casina,' was certainly composed for a late revival of a remarkably coarse and brutal play. A few examples of these prologues may be instructive.]

PROLOGUE OF 'CASINA'

THE men who drink old wine I count as wise,
And those that gladly hear an ancient play.
Since antique words and phrases please you well,
An old-time drama should delight you more.
For the new comedies that now appear
Are even more debased than these new coins.
Now we have hearkened to the people's cry,
That you desire to hear the Plautine plays,
And so bring out this ancient comedy,

Which you approved; — that is, you elder men:
 The younger sort, I am sure, have known it not;
 But that you may, we earnestly shall strive.
 All dramas it surpassed, when acted first.
 The flower of poets still were living then,
 Though now departed whither all must pass —
 In absence helpful still to those that are.
 And with full earnestness we beg you all
 Kindly to give attention to our troop.
 Cast from your minds your cares and debts away.
 Let no one stand in terror of his dun.
 'Tis holiday. The banks keep holiday.
 'Tis peace! The forum has its halcyon days.

PROLOGUE OF 'TRINUMMUS'

Enter Two Women

MOTHER. Follow, my daughter, to fulfil your task.
Daughter. I follow, ignorant what the end may be.
Mother. 'Tis here: lo, yonder house; go straightway in.
[Exit daughter.]

[To the audience] —

Now, lest you err, I'll give you guidance brief —
 At least if you will promise to attend.
 Who then I am, and she who passed from here
 Within, if you but hearken, I will tell.
 First, Plautus made my name Extravagance,
 And called my daughter yonder, Poverty.
 But why impelled by me she entered there,
 Hearken and lend your ears while I explain.
 A certain youth, who in that house abides,
 Has squandered, with my aid, his heritage.
 And seeing he can no longer nourish me,
 I have given my daughter to abide with him —
 Do not expect the argument of our play.
 The old men coming yonder will make clear
 The story. In Greek, 'Thesaurus' was it called.
 Philemon wrote it. Plautus rendering it
 In barbarous speech, called it 'Trinummus': now
 He begs the drama may retain the name.
 That's all. Farewell. In silence now attend.

EPILOGUE OF THE 'CAPTIVES'

THIS our comedy, spectators, is for honest morals made.
 No love-making is there in it, nor a love intrigue at all.
 No false fathering of children, nor embezzlement of money.
 Rarely do the poets fashion such a comedy as this,
 Where the good are rendered better. . . .

EPILOGUE OF THE 'ASINARIA'

IF behind his goodwife's back this old man had a little fun,
 Nothing new or strange he did, nor different from the common run!
 If you wish to beg him off and save him from his cudgeling,
 This by loud applause you'll have no trouble in accomplishing.

[A few miscellaneous passages will indicate the various tones struck in these rollicking comedies. Of course we rarely know how much is translation from the Greek, how much original invention.]

BUSYBODIES

WHO, knowing nothing, claim to know it all.
 What each intends, or will intend, they know.
 What in the queen's ear the king said, they know.
 They know what Juno chatted of with Jove.
 What never was or is — they know it, though!

UNPOPULARITY OF TRAGEDY

Mercury speaks, in the Prologue of the 'Amphitruo'

THE plot of this our tragedy next I'll tell —
 Why did you knit your brows? Because I said
 'Twould be a tragedy? I'm a god, I'll change it.
 From tragedy I'll make it, if you will,
 A comedy — with every verse the same.
 Will you, or not? — Why, stupid that I am,
 As if, a god, I knew not your desire!
 Upon this point I understand your minds.
 I'll make a mixture, tragicomedy.

MIXTURE OF GREEK AND ROMAN MANNERS

From Prologue to 'Casina'

SOME here, methinks, will say among themselves,
 "Prithee, what's this? A wedding among slaves?
 A strange thing this to play, that's nowhere done!"
 I say, in Carthage this is done, and Greece,
 And of our country, in Apulia too.
 Yes, servile marriages more carefully
 Are celebrated than a freeman's there.

REWARDS OF HEROISM

[From the 'Captives.' Tyndarus, a slave, captured in war with the young master who has been his lifelong comrade, exchanges name and station with him, and the supposed slave has been sent off to secure the ransom. The trick has just been discovered and acknowledged.]

HEGIO. To your own utter misery this was done.
Tyndarus. Since for no sin I fall, little I reck.
 If he who promised comes not, and I die,

This will be counted honor still, in death,
 That I from servitude and hostile hands
 Restored my master to his home and father;
 And here I rather chose to put my life
 In peril, than that he should be destroyed.

Hegio. Enjoy that glory, then, in Acheron!

Tyndarus. I saved my lord; I exult that he is free,
 Whom my old master trusted to my charge:
 This you account ill done?

Hegio. Most wickedly.

Tyndarus. But I, opposing you, say — righteously:
 Bethink you, if a slave of yours had wrought
 For *your* son this, what thanks you'd render him.
 Would you release him from his servitude?
 Would he be in your eyes a slave most dear?
 Answer.

Hegio. I think so.

Tyndarus. Why then wroth at me?

[In one note of sad defiance we seem to hear an echo of Antigone's voice: it occurs a little later in the same scene.]

Beyond my death no ill have I to fear.
And though I live to utmost age, the time
Of suffering what you threaten still is brief.

FISHERMEN'S LUCK

[This passage is of unique interest as the one notable choral ode in Plautus. Its dramatic purpose is not very evident; and indeed, the fishermen do little more than add "local color" to the scene of shipwreck.]

MOST wretched in every way is the life of men that are poverty-stricken;
And especially those who have learnt no trade, who are destitute of employment.

Whatever they happen to have in the house, they perforce therewith are contented.

But as for ourselves, how wealthy we are you may judge pretty well from our costume.

These hooks that you see, and bamboo poles, are our means for attaining a living;

And every day from the city we come to secure a subsistence hither.

Instead of gymnastics and boyish games, this toil is our exercise only.

Sea-urchins and limpets we strive to secure, with oysters and scallops and cockles;

The nettles as well, in the sea that dwell, and the striped crabs and the mussels.

And among the rocks after that with our hooks and lines we go a-fishing,

To capture our food from out of the sea. But if no luck is our portion,

And we catch no fish, then, salted ourselves, well drenched in the briny water,

To our homes we go, and slink out of sight, and to bed without any supper.

And unless we have eaten the cockles we caught, our dinner has been no better.

[Lastly, we may echo the epitaph, in rather awkward hexameters, which is said to have been composed by Plautus on himself. Gellius, who transmits it, evidently doubts its authenticity, but cites it on the high authority of Varro: —]

SINCE he has passed to the grave, for Plautus Comedy sorrows;
Now is the stage deserted; and Play, and Jest, and Laughter
Dirges, though written in numbers yet numberless, join in lamenting.

Translations by William C. Lawton

TERENCE

THE form of literature which we call the Comedy of Manners, and to this the work of Terence belongs, represents in general the life of a people in its superficial aspect; the state of society which it depicts changes rapidly, and the comedy itself often loses interest except to the student of past forms of social development. The English comedies of this class that have retained popular favor, owe their continued existence rather to power of presentation than to subject-matter. Where, however, the life of a particular community has strongly affected the succeeding history of the world, the case is different: the life of such a people becomes of cosmopolitan importance. In estimating, then, the permanent value of the comedies of Terence, we must consider both the subject of his work and the skill of the workman. No amount of artistic subtlety can produce an enduring monument from perishable material; a marble statue is not formed from clay, nor are noble thoughts evolved from trivial platitudes. On the other hand, the unskilful fashioner may make the marble valueless as clay itself, and sink men's highest aspirations to the level of the street-boy's slang. The influence of Greek life and thought upon modern Europe is as remarkable as it is undisputed. The power of Terence to represent this life, as it was in the fourth century before Christ, will appear as we proceed. Suffice it for the present to suggest that his treatment of it was cosmopolitan, natural, and formally almost perfect. It was cosmopolitan, because as an African slave, writing at Rome and in the Roman speech, of the life of the Greeks, he had that perspective which in some form or other — local, chronological, or temperamental — is essential to the appreciation of relative values. It was natural, because he had the facts before him in the works of the Greek writers whom he followed, because he was young, and because he was an artist. It was formally almost perfect, because he used with masterly skill a speech form that had put off the crudities of his literary predecessors, and had become a very perfect medium for the expression of thought.

Roman comedy, as it has come down to us, is almost entirely founded on Greek models. Of the indigenous Latin comedy which preceded the translations from the Greek, made by Nævius (who died 204 B.C.), we know very little. The bantering and rustic raillery at the vintage season, and at other festivals, gave rise to the Fescennine verses, which were probably modified by Etruscan influence and developed into the 'Saturæ' — dramatic medleys with some musical accompaniment, upon which the later literary 'Saturæ' of Lucilius, and his successors Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, were based.

Among the Oscans in southern Italy there arose a form of comedy called

the 'Fabula Atellana.' This seems to have contained a large pantomimic element, and produced the stock characters of Macco the stupid, Bucco the glutton, Pappus the vain old man, and Dossennus the wily rascal. The Romans possessed — in common with all Italians, both ancient and modern — a keen sense of the ridiculous, a talent for repartee, a gift of improvisation, and an art of mimicry, that might well have formed a really national comedy from these rude beginnings, had they not come into competition with the finer forms of Greek dramatic art. As a matter of fact, however, the influence of this national drama upon the literature of Rome was insignificant; and so far as extant writings are concerned, Roman comedy means the works of Plautus and Terence. Both these men found their models in the new Attic comedy — a form that differed essentially from the Attic comedy of Aristophanes: the latter was distinctly political in tone, and was marked externally by the presence of the chorus; while its successor, represented by Menander, dealt almost without exception with private life, thus corresponding very closely with the society comedy of modern times, and had eliminated the chorus altogether.

The picture of Greek life furnished by Menander and the other comedy-writers of his time assumed two quite different forms as represented in the earlier period by Plautus and in the later period by Terence. The times themselves had changed. When Plautus wrote, the Roman people was practically homogeneous: filled with a national, almost provincial spirit, contemptuous of foreigners and foreign ways, uncritical, careless of literary form, ready to be amused, looking to the stage for strong points and palpable hits rather than for discriminating character studies and subtle suggestions of humorous situations. The audiences of Plautus were more ready to laugh than to smile, more affected by wit than by humor. The temporary theater was the gathering-place of the whole community — restless, impatient, eager to see something done rather than to hear something said; to be amused rather than to be instructed. The years that intervened before the production of the first of Terence's plays brought many important changes. The earlier rude brutality of strength had been modified to a calmer consciousness of power; the stern stoicism of the elder Cato had been softened by the finer elements of the Epicurean system; and more than all, the influence of Greek art and Greek culture had begun to permeate the nation, and to form an educated literary class, distinct from the body of the people. In the former generation there had been men who recognized the value of the Greek spirit: such men as Scipio the Elder, and Fulvius Nobilior, both friends of the poet Ennius. But the men of the younger generation had made this Greek culture their own; had not only recognized its value but actually assimilated it.

Terence came into intimate contact with the leading men of this movement, the so-called Scipionic circle; Scipio Æmilianus, Lælius, and Furius Philo received him into such cordial intimacy that he was even suspected

of giving out, as his own, works that were in reality the product of their minds. This charge has never been refuted. In fact, Terence refers to it in the prologue to the 'Adelphi,' in such a way as to make it highly probable that he rather admitted than disclaimed the aid with which his enemies reproached him. Thus, while the earlier writers, including the dramatists, had appealed to the general public, Terence and his successors looked to the literary class for approbation and encouragement.

In spite of the fact that the life of Terence — written by Suetonius during the early part of the second century A.D. — is extant, there is doubt as to many of the facts concerning his career. He was probably born in 185 B.C., and came to Rome from Carthage when very young. He was a slave in the family of Terentius Lucanus, from whom his name is derived. He was educated with great care, and came early into contact with the young men of the best Roman families, with whom he kept up an intimate friendship until his death. The fact that such a friendship could exist between an emancipated slave and men of the old Roman nobility causes less surprise when we remember that the slaves in Rome were frequently men of excellent education; and that the fortune of war might easily bring a man of noble birth and high rank into that position. There is indeed no parallel between the slavery of ancient times and that which formerly existed, for instance, in America.

Terence's first play — the 'Andria' — was brought out in 166 B.C. There is a story that he carried the manuscript to Cæcilius, who was the recognized successor of Plautus, and the arbiter of dramatic success at this time; and that the great man bade the youth in his shabby clothes sit down upon a stool at the foot of his couch, and read to him while he continued the dinner which the coming of Terence had interrupted. After listening to a few lines from the opening scene, which Cicero often referred to as a model of narrative style, Cæcilius indicated his admiration by placing the young poet beside him at the table. The other five comedies of Terence were put upon the stage during the next five years; and soon after the production of the 'Adelphi' in 160 B.C., Terence set sail for Greece, whence he never returned. He died in the following year, but the circumstances of his death are variously related. It was said that he was returning with a large number of manuscripts when the ship that carried him was wrecked. It seems to have been more commonly believed, however, that grief at the loss of these manuscripts, which he had sent home before him, caused his death.

The 'Andria,' which was the earliest of Terence's works, is so called from the fact that the heroine, Glycerium, came to Athens from the island of Andros, where she had been shipwrecked with her uncle Phania, to whom she had been intrusted by her father Chremes, an Athenian, on the occasion of a journey into Asia. Upon the death of her uncle, she is adopted by an Andrian, and brought up with his own daughter Chrysis. When this man dies, the two girls come to Athens; and Pamphilus, whose father Simo has arranged his

marriage with a younger daughter of this same Chremes, falls madly in love with Glycerium. Davus, the slave, is eager to help Pamphilus, but anxious to avoid the anger of Simo. Finally by a stratagem he brings it about that Chremes refuses to consent to the marriage of the younger daughter to Pamphilus. A cousin from Andros appears on the scene, and makes the astonishing but satisfactory revelation that the supposed Glycerium is really the long-lost elder daughter of Chremes himself. Thus all objections to the marriage are removed. As usual in the plays of Terence, there is an underplot. Here Charinus is as desperately in love with the younger daughter of Chremes as is Pamphilus with her sister. In the progress of the play, Pamphilus is obliged to seem to consent to carry out his father's wishes, which interferes decidedly with the happiness of Charinus. The resolution of one plot is of course the disentangling of the other.

The 'Andria' is the most interesting and the least amusing of the comedies of Terence. It has more pathetic situations and less of the real comedy element than any of the others. It is indeed rather what the French call a *comédie larmoyante*. This play was translated into English during the reign of Edward VI, and has been imitated by Baron in his 'Andrienne.' It furnished too some of the scenes in Moore's 'Foundling.' The best imitation, however, is Steele's 'Conscious Lovers.' The plot of the latter play is an improvement on that of Terence, but the characters are less carefully drawn.

The 'Hecyra' [The Stepmother] was brought out in 165 B.C.; but as it came into competition with a rope-dancing entertainment, it was unsuccessful and was withdrawn, to be reproduced in 160. It has the fatal fault of dullness, and has never found an adapter. The prologue is interesting for the information it contains on the subject of the management of the Roman theater.

The 'Heautontimorumenos' [The Self-Tormentor] contains a highly original character in the person of Menedemus, whose severity to his son so torments the father that the anxiety and sympathy of his neighbor Chremes are aroused. He goes to Menedemus, and protests that he is killing himself by his self-imposed laborious penance. Menedemus' repulse of his neighbor's kind offices, and inquiry as to why he should concern himself so deeply about other men's affairs, is the occasion for the famous line —

I am a man: all that concerns my fellow-men is my concern —

a line at which the whole house rose and shouted its applause. It was indeed an epigrammatic statement of the new doctrine of a broader interest: "To be a Roman citizen is much; to be a man is more." It marked the transition from a narrow provincial view of the world to that which recognized the brotherhood of men. We may well imagine that at this time, when the new party in politics, as well as in literature, was struggling for development as opposed to repression — was claiming that Rome could be truly great only as she absorbed and as-

simulated the best that all the world could offer her — such an expression would catch the enthusiastic spirit of a Roman audience. The play, like the 'Andria,' has little comic force; but as the Spectator observes, while there is not in the whole drama one passage that could raise a laugh, it is from beginning to end the most perfect picture of human life that ever was exhibited. It has been imitated in Chapman's comedy 'All Fools.'

The 'Eunuchus' was brought out in 161 B.C. On the Roman stage it was by far the most popular of all Terence's plays. It has a vivacity, a continued interest, a grouping of lively characters, that almost redeems its author from Cæsar's reproach of lack of "comic power." The parasite Gnatho is a new type; less like the broadly flattering parasites of Plautus, more like the delicate and artful flatterers of Juvenal or of Shakespeare. The braggart captain too, Thraso, is free from the incredible extravagances of Plautus' Miles Gloriosus, and yet ridiculous enough in his boastfulness to fill his rôle of laughing-stock. A new trait is his desire to pose as a wit, and his tendency to repeat old stories.

The 'Eunuchus' has been imitated by Aretino in 'La Talanta,' by La Fontaine in 'L'Eunuque,' by Bruyès in 'Le Muet,' and by Sir Charles Sedley in 'Bellamira.'

The 'Phormio' appeared in the same year with the 'Eunuchus,' and takes its name from that of the parasite; who, however, is neither an imitation of the parasites of Plautus, nor a repetition of the new type shown in the Gnatho of the 'Eunuchus.' He is a well-meaning, sympathetic, but somewhat impecunious gentleman, who is anxious to arrange things to the general satisfaction as well as to his own. There is a quiet humor in the scene between Demipho, the anxious father, and the gentlemen whom he has called in to advise him, that is characteristic of Terence. Demipho turns to the first of the visitors, Hegio, and says, "You see how things stand: what am I to do? Tell me, Hegio"; and Hegio replies, "What! I? I think you will do well to consult Cratinus." So Demipho turns to the second friend: "Tell me, Cratinus." — "Who, I?" — "Yes, you." — "Well, I think you should do that which is best for yourself. It seems to me like this: it is only fair and right that what this boy of yours did in your absence should be considered null and void, and I think the court will hold it so; that's my opinion." Demipho returns to Hegio: "Now then, Hegio." — "I have no doubt that our friend here has spoken after due consideration: but many men, many minds; each has his own way of looking at things. It does not seem to me that what has been done in regular legal form can be undone, and it is a bad thing to undertake." So Demipho looks to the third man, Crito, to settle the matter. "Well, Crito, what do you say?" — "I think the matter needs further deliberation. It is an important case." Hegio inquires if they can serve him further, and as Demipho replies, "No, you have done remarkably well," they solemnly file out, leaving Demipho to remark to himself, "I am decidedly more undecided than I was before."

The 'Adelphi' [The Brothers], the last of Terence's comedies, was

brought out in 160 B.C. The chief interest of the piece is due to the contrast between the two brothers. Demea, the elder, is a hard-handed, tight-fisted countryman — a Pharisee of the strictest sect. Micio, the younger, is open-hearted and open-handed, and inclined to leniency towards the faults and follies of youth. He is a bachelor, and has adopted Æschinus, the elder son of his brother. Ctesipho, Demea's younger son, has been brought up by his father on the most approved principles; and outwardly at least, justifies his father's boasts of the success of his system. When Æschinus runs away with a music-girl, Demea's regret at the disgrace of the family is tempered with satisfaction at the failure of his less strait-laced brother's methods of education. The discovery, however, that Æschinus is not the principal in the affair, but is only acting for his moral brother, Ctesipho, opens Demea's eyes, and causes him to reverse his judgment as to the wisdom of an extreme severity. The 'Adelphi' is as full of human nature as the 'Heautontimorumenos,' and affords even more marked examples of Terence's inimitable success in character-drawing. The 'Adelphi' has been often imitated in whole or in part: the contrasting characters of the two brothers have been particularly attractive to modern playwrights.

The closest imitation is that of Baron in 'L'École des Pères.' Molière used it in 'L'École des Maris.' Diderot seems to have had Micio and Demea in mind in writing his 'Père de Famille.' Shadwell based his 'Squire of Alsatia' on the 'Adelphi.' The principal characters in Cumberland's 'Choleric Man' come from the same source. Kno'well in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humor' has a strong resemblance to Micio. Fagan's 'La Pupille,' Garrick's 'Guardian,' and John Hare's 'A Pair of Spectacles,' all owe more or less to Terence's play.

The most striking characteristic in these six plays of Terence is the broad grasp of human nature. His characters are alive, not because he seizes their salient features and forces them upon us, but because he shows us each individual fitting himself into his own place according to the fundamental laws that govern temperament and character, whatever their immediate environment may be. The characters of Plautus, in spite of the Greek setting of his plays, are Romans: the characters of Terence are neither Greeks nor Romans, but men and women. Dramatists and novelists often produce strong effects in character-drawing by placing some dominant quality in the foreground, and massing everything else behind it. We remember Mr. Micawber because he was always waiting for something to turn up; but we remember Major Pendennis because he was Major Pendennis. This very fact gives to the characters of Dickens, as to those of Plautus, an apparently greater individuality; but often at the expense of truth. Men and women are not built up around single qualities, unless indeed they be monomaniacs; and the greater artists like Thackeray and Terence show us, not the dominant quality with the man attached to it, but the man himself affected more or less by the dominant quality.

Terence shares with Horace that urbanity, that spirit of moderation and

mutual concession, which is the almost inevitable result of the association of men in large numbers. Angularities wear off by friction; and this quality of urbanity, developed by the friction of life in the great Roman city, became a marked feature of later Latin literature, and remains as the special heritage of French literature today.

The expression of real tenderness is rare among the Romans. Sentiment that is neither passion on the one hand nor sentimentality on the other does not readily lend itself to forms of words. In his power to present this finer feeling, Terence is excelled by only one among Roman writers, Catullus —

Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago.

With Catullus, too, Terence shares that indefinable quality of charm which has no less distinct a place in literature than in society — that gift of the gods which turns readers of Charles Lamb, of Heine, of Stevenson, into friends and almost lovers. Indefinable, indeed; but surely resting on those two qualities so eminent in all these authors — spontaneity and grace. We require of the lyric poet that he express emotion; we expect the epic poet to deal with action: in the dramatist we look for development of emotion through the will into action. The first may ignore the result of the emotion; the second may merely imply the motive of the action: but the dramatist must trace the cause to its effect.

In the skill with which this development of plot and character is carried on, Terence ranks with the greatest dramatists. The leading emotion — the motive — of all his plays is love; and as the plot moves on, we may trace the working out of this emotion in the whole action of the piece. In the delineation of character there are no mere superficial portraits, no over-intensified high lights; all is simple and consistent. We find none of the broad strokes of Plautus, no impressionist pictures, but always the fine suggestive detail of the etcher. Here, as elsewhere, Terence closely followed his Greek models. In his systematic use of double plots, however, he showed his ability to fit his material to his purpose. The Roman stage demanded more action than a single Greek comedy afforded. By a skilful combination of two Greek plays into one, Terence secured the added action without loss of continuity.

In creative force, Terence is undoubtedly inferior to his great predecessor. His characters all belong to a few types. The warm-hearted, open-minded young man, careless of conventions, but generous and faithful to his own standard of honor; the easy-going, indulgent father, a man of the world, whose motto is, "Boys will be boys"; the stern old man, grumbling at the degeneracy of the times, forgetting that he himself was ever young; the weak, devoted mother, who can see no faults in her darling boy; the suave plausible parasite, ever on the lookout for his own advantage, serving others often, but always himself; the fine-spirited young girl, whom misfortune has placed in the false

position of a slave, whose weakness is her strength — loving, constant, and faithful; slaves of various sorts, some wily enough to scheme successfully for their masters' success, some dull enough to involve their masters in unnecessary and unlooked-for complications, some honestly devoted, some cunningly subservient — these and some few other characters appear in all the plays; but each one, drawn by a master hand, is simple, natural, and consistent.

The diction of Terence was the model of his successors. He marks, indeed, no less an epoch in the development of the language of the Romans than in the progress of their views of life; and in both, the changes, the permanence of which his power assured, were similar. In language as in life, Terence stands for sweet reasonableness, for moderation, for sympathetic kindliness, for elegance, for art — for classicism. His work brought into Latin literature that element of perfect style which it retained in Cicero and in Horace; which it lost in the later empire in the hands of Seneca and Fronto; which reappeared in France. So too in his philosophy of life and manners, he finds a follower in Horace, a stern opponent in Juvenal — and an appreciative audience in modern Paris. It is indeed the philosophy of compromise, not that of strong enthusiastic conviction. Terence, like Horace, has always been a favorite author with men of wide experience; while Plautus, like Juvenal, appeals to the reader whose youth — of years or of heart — knows no fine distinctions.

While the moderation of Terence's diction precludes his use of the forceful energetic word-strokes that lend themselves so well to quotation, the very fineness of his art furnishes many phrases that became proverbial; such as — Lovers' quarrels are love's renewal; Silence is praise enough; You are singing the same old song; Hence these tears; I am a man — all that concerns my fellow-men is my concern; Many men, many minds; He is holding a wolf by the ears; Not too much of anything.

As regards the effect of Roman comedy on Roman morals much might be said, and on both sides. There is undoubtedly a laxity of view concerning the relations of the sexes. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the increase of wealth and luxury, tending to make of marriage a matter of mutual material advantage — a legal relation, looking to the establishment of the family — forces the playwright to step outside the conventions of society if he would deal with love as an emotion and as the basis of romantic attachment. Terence meets this difficulty by supposing his heroine to be ineligible, owing to poverty, or to her position as a slave or a foreigner. Thus the romantic element in the attachment is justified. In every case, however, she is discovered to be the daughter of a wealthy Athenian citizen, the stigma of ineligibility is removed, and the curtain is rung down to the sound of wedding-bells. Thus the playwright finds his field, and yet conventional morality is satisfied.

A comparison of the two great Roman comedy-writers will show that Terence has the broader view, Plautus the more definite focus; Terence is cosmopolitan, Plautus is national; Terence's pathos is the deeper, that of Plautus

the more evident; Terence has subtler humor, Plautus a bolder wit: in Terence there is less vivacity of action, less variety of incident; on the other hand, there is a smoother flow of action and a greater consistency of plot. The vituperative exuberance of Plautus is replaced in Terence by the more gentlemanly weapon of polished irony; while Plautus reveals his close acquaintance with the narrow lanes of the Suburra, Terence introduces us to the language of the aristocratic quarter of the Palatine; Terence is careful of the dramatic unities of time and place, to which Plautus is indifferent; the versification of Terence is smoother and more elegant, that of Plautus is stronger and less monotonous; Terence wins his victories in the library, Plautus on the stage; Terence seeks to teach his audiences what good taste demands, Plautus tries to give them what they want. After reading one of Plautus' plays we are eager to read another; after reading one of Terence's, we are anxious to read it over again.

If we may attribute a distinct purpose to Terence, it was this: to introduce a finer tone into both the life and language of his countrymen, by picturing for them in the purity of their own idiom the gentler and more human life of Greece. Not only the critics, but the subsequent history of Roman life and Roman literature, assure us that he did not fail.

THOMAS BOND LINDSAY

FROM THE 'SELF-TORMENTOR'

Opening Scene: Enter Chremes, and Menedemus with a spade in his hand; the latter falls to digging

CHREMES. Although this acquaintanceship between us is of very recent date, from the time in fact of your purchasing an estate here in the neighborhood, yet either your good qualities, or our being neighbors (which I take to be a sort of friendship), induces me to inform you, frankly and familiarly, that you appear to me to labor beyond your years, and beyond what your affairs require. For, in the name of gods and men, what would you have? What can be your aim? You are, as I conjecture, sixty years of age or more. No man in these parts has a better or more valuable estate, no one more servants; and yet you discharge their duties just as diligently as if there were none at all. However early in the morning I go out, and however late in the evening I return home, I see you either digging or plowing, or doing something, in fact, in the fields. You take respite not an instant, and are quite regardless of yourself. I am very sure this is not done for your amusement. But really I am vexed how little work is done here. If you were to employ the time you spend in laboring yourself, in keeping your servants at work, you would profit much more.

Menedemus. Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others — those which don't concern you?

Chremes. I am a man: and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me. Suppose that I wish either to advise you in this matter, or to be informed myself: if what you do is right, that I may do the same; if it is not, then that I may dissuade you.

Menedemus. It's requisite for me to do so: do you as it is necessary for you to do.

Chremes. Is it requisite for any person to torment himself?

Menedemus. It is for me.

Chremes. If you have any affliction, I could wish it otherwise. But prithee, what sorrow is this of yours? How have you deserved so ill of yourself?

Menedemus. Alas! alas! [*He begins to weep.*]

Chremes. Do not weep; but make me acquainted with it, whatever it is. Do not be reserved; fear nothing; trust me, I tell you. Either by consolation, or by counsel, or by any means, I will aid you.

Menedemus. Do you wish to know this matter?

Chremes. Yes; and for the reason I mentioned to you.

Menedemus. I will tell you.

Chremes. But still, in the mean time, lay down that rake; don't fatigue yourself.

Menedemus. By no means.

Chremes. What can be your object? [*Tries to take the rake from him.*]

Menedemus. Do leave me alone, that I may give myself no respite from my labor.

Chremes. I will not allow it, I tell you. [*Taking the rake from him.*]

Menedemus. Ah, that's not fair!

Chremes [*poising the rake*]. Whew! such a heavy one as this, pray!

Menedemus. Such are my deserts.

Chremes. Now speak. [*Laying down the rake.*]

Menedemus. I have an only son, a young man — alas! why did I say, "I have"? — rather I should say, "I had" one, Chremes: whether I have him now or not is uncertain.

Chremes. Why so?

Menedemus. You shall know. There is a poor woman here, a stranger from Corinth; her daughter, a young woman, he fell in love with, insomuch that he almost regarded her as his wife: all this took place unknown to me. When I discovered the matter, I began to reprove him; not with gentleness, nor in the way suited to the lovesick mind of a youth, but with violence, and after the usual method of fathers. I was daily reproaching him — "Look you, do you expect to be allowed any longer to act thus, myself your father being alive: to be keeping a mistress pretty much as though your wife? You are

mistaken, Clinia; and you don't know me if you fancy that. I am willing that you should be called my son just as long as you do what becomes you; but if you do not do so, I shall find out how it becomes me to act towards you. This arises from nothing, in fact, but too much idleness. At your time of life I did not devote my time to dalliance; but in consequence of my poverty, departed hence for Asia, and there acquired in arms both riches and military glory." At length the matter came to this: the youth, from hearing the same things so often, and with such severity, was overcome. He supposed that I, through age and affection, had more judgment and foresight for him than himself. He went off to Asia, Chremes, to serve under the king.

Chremes. What is it you say?

Menedemus. He departed without my knowledge; and has been gone these three months.

Chremes. Both are to be blamed — although I still think this step shows an ingenuous and enterprising disposition.

Menedemus. When I learned this from those who were in the secret, I returned home sad, and with feelings almost overwhelmed and distracted through grief. I sit down: my servants run to me; they take off my shoes; then some make all haste to spread the couches, and to prepare a repast: each according to his ability did zealously what he could, in order to alleviate my sorrow. When I observed this, I began to reflect thus: "What! are so many persons anxious for my sake alone, to pleasure myself only? Are so many female servants to provide me with dress? Shall I alone keep up such an expensive establishment, while my only son, who ought equally to enjoy these things — or even more so, inasmuch as his age is better suited for the enjoyment of them — him, poor youth, have I driven away from home by my severity! Were I to do this, really I should deem myself deserving of any calamity. But so long as he leads this life of penury, banished from his country through my severity, I will revenge his wrongs upon myself — toiling, making money, saving, and laying up for him." At once I set about it: I left nothing in the house, neither movables nor clothing; everything I scraped together. Slaves, male and female, except those who could easily pay for their keep by working in the country — all of them I set up to auction and sold. I at once put up a bill to sell my house. I collected somewhere about fifteen talents, and purchased this farm; here I fatigue myself. I have come to this conclusion, Chremes, that I do my son a less injury while I am unhappy; and that it is not right for me to enjoy any pleasure here, until such time as he returns home safe to share it with me.

Chremes. I believe you to be of an affectionate disposition towards your children; and him to be an obedient son, if one were to manage him rightly or prudently. But neither did you understand him sufficiently well, nor he you — a thing that happens where persons don't live on terms of frankness together. You never showed him how highly you valued him, nor did he ever dare put

that confidence in you which is due to a father. Had this been done, these troubles would never have befallen you.

Menedemus. Such is the fact, I confess; the greatest fault is on my side.

Chremes. But still, Menedemus, I hope for the best; and I trust that he'll be here safe before long.

Menedemus. Oh that the gods would grant it!

Chremes. They will do so. Now if it is convenient to you — the festival of Bacchus is being kept here today — I wish you to give me your company.

Menedemus. I cannot.

Chremes. Why not? Do, pray, spare yourself a little while. Your absent son would wish you to do so.

Menedemus. It is not right that I, who have driven him hence to endure hardships, should now shun them myself.

Chremes. Is such your determination?

Menedemus. It is.

Chremes. Then kindly fare you well.

Menedemus. And you the same. [*Goes into his house.*]

Chremes [*alone*]. He has forced tears from me, and I do pity him. But as the day is far gone, I must remind Phania, this neighbor of mine, to come to dinner. I'll go see whether he is at home. [*Goes to Phania's door, makes the inquiry and returns.*] There was no occasion for me to remind him; they tell me he has been some time already at my house; it's I myself am making my guests wait. I'll go indoors immediately. But what means the noise at the door of my house? I wonder who's coming out. I'll step aside here. [*He stands aside.*]

[*Enter Clitipho, from the house of his father Chremes.*]

Clitipho [*at the door, to Clinia within*]. There is nothing, Clinia, for you to fear as yet: they have not been long, by any means; and I am sure that she will be with you presently along with the messenger. Do at once dismiss these causeless apprehensions which are tormenting you.

Chremes [*apart*]. Who is my son talking to? [*Makes his appearance.*]

Clitipho [*to himself*]. Here comes my father, whom I wished to see: I'll accost him. Father, you have met me opportunely.

Chremes. What is the matter?

Clitipho. Do you know this neighbor of ours, Menedemus?

Chremes. Very well.

Clitipho. Do you know that he has a son?

Chremes. I have heard that he has; in Asia.

Clitipho. He is not in Asia, father; he is at our house.

Chremes. What is it you say?

Clitipho. Upon his arrival, after he had just landed from the ship, I immediately brought him to dine with us; for from our very childhood upwards I have always been on intimate terms with him.

Chremes. You announce to me a great pleasure. How much I wish that Menedemus had accepted my invitation to make one of us, that at my house I might have been the first to surprise him, when not expecting it, with this delight! — and even yet there's time enough —

Clitipho. Take care what you do; there is no necessity, father, for doing so.

Chremes. For what reason?

Clitipho. Why, because he is as yet undetermined what to do with himself. He is but just arrived. He fears everything — his father's displeasure, and how his mistress may be disposed towards him. He loves her to distraction: on her account this trouble and going abroad took place.

Chremes. I know it.

Clitipho. He has just sent a servant into the city to her, and I ordered our Syrus to go with him.

Chremes. What does Clinia say?

Clitipho. What does he say? — That he is wretched.

Chremes. Wretched? Whom could we less suppose so? What is there wanting for him to enjoy everything that among men, in fact, are esteemed as blessings? Parents, a country in prosperity, friends, family, relations, riches? And yet, all these are just according to the disposition of him who possesses them. To him who knows how to use them, they are blessings; to him who does not use them rightly, they are evils.

Clitipho. Ay, but he always was a morose old man; and now I dread nothing more, father, than that in his displeasure he'll be doing something to him more than is justifiable.

Chremes. What, he? — [*Aside.*] But I'll restrain myself; for that the other one should be in fear of his father is of service to him.

Clitipho. What is it you are saying to yourself?

Chremes. I'll tell you. However the case stood, Clinia ought still to have remained at home. Perhaps his father was a little stricter than he liked: he should have put up with it. For whom ought he to bear with, if he would not bear with his own father? Was it reasonable that he should live after his son's humor, or his son after his? And as to charging him with harshness, it is not the fact. For the severities of fathers are generally of one character — those I mean who are in some degree reasonable men. They do not wish their sons to be always wenching; they do not wish them to be always carousing; they give a limited allowance: and yet all this tends to virtuous conduct. But when the mind, Clitipho, has once enslaved itself by vicious appetites, it must of necessity follow similar pursuits. This is a wise maxim: "To take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

Clitipho. I believe so.

Chremes. I'll now go hence indoors, to see what we have for dinner. Do you, seeing what is the time of day, mind and take care not to be anywhere out of the way. [*Goes into his house, and exit Clitipho.*] . . .

[*Enter Clitipho.*]

Clitipho [*to himself*]. What partial judges are all fathers in regard to all of us young men, in thinking it reasonable for us to become old men all at once from boys, and not to participate in those things which youth is naturally inclined to. They regulate us by their own desires, such as they now are — not as they once were. If ever I have a son, he certainly shall find in me an indulgent father, for the means both of knowing and of pardoning his faults shall be found by me; not like mine, who by means of another person discloses to me his own sentiments. I'm plagued to death. When he drinks a little more than usual, what pranks of his own he does relate to me! Now he says, "Take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage." How shrewd! He certainly does not know how deaf I am at the moment when he's telling his stories. Just now the words of my mistress make more impression upon me. "Give me this, and bring me that," she cries. I have nothing to say to her in answer, and no one is there more wretched than myself. But this Clinia, although he as well has cares enough of his own, still has a mistress of virtuous and modest breeding, and a stranger to the arts of a courtesan. Mine is a craving, saucy, haughty, extravagant creature, full of lofty airs. Then all that I have to give her is — fair words; for I make it a point not to tell her that I have nothing. This misfortune I met with not long since, nor does my father as yet know anything of the matter.

[*Enter Clinia from the house of Chremes.*]

Clinia [*to himself*]. If my love affairs had been prosperous for me, I am sure she would have been here by this; but I'm afraid that the damsel has been led astray here in my absence. Many things combine to strengthen this opinion in my mind: opportunity, the place, her age; a worthless mother, under whose control she is, with whom nothing but gain is precious.

[*Enter Clitipho.*]

Clitipho. Clinia!

Clinia. Alas! wretched me!

Clitipho. Do, pray, take care that no one coming out of your father's house sees you here by accident.

Clinia. I will do so; but really my mind presages I know not what misfortune.

Clitipho. Do you persist in making up your mind upon that, before you know what is the fact?

Clinia. Had no misfortune happened, she would have been here by this.

Clitipho. She'll be here presently.

Clinia. When will that presently be?

Clitipho. You don't consider that it is a great way from here. Besides, you know the ways of women: while they are bestirring themselves, and while they are making preparations, a whole year passes by.

Clinia. O Clitipho, I'm afraid —

Clitipho. Take courage. Look, here comes Dromo, together with Syrus: they are close at hand. [*They stand aside.*]

[*Enter Syrus and Dromo, conversing at a distance.*]

Syrus. Do you say so?

Dromo. 'Tis as I told you; but in the mean time, while we've been carrying on our discourse, these women have been left behind.

Clitipho [*apart*]. Don't you hear, *Clinia*? Your mistress is close at hand.

Clinia [*apart*]. Why, yes, I do hear now at last; and I see and revive, *Clitipho*.

Dromo. No wonder: they are so incumbered; they are bringing a troop of female attendants with them.

Clinia [*apart*]. I'm undone! Whence come these female attendants?

Clitipho [*apart*]. Do you ask me?

Syrus. We ought not to have left them; what a quantity of things they are bringing!

Clinia [*apart*]. Ah me!

Syrus. Jewels of gold, and clothes; it's growing late too, and they don't know the way. It was very foolish of us to leave them. Just go back, *Dromo*, and meet them. Make haste! — why do you delay?

Clinia [*apart*]. Woe unto wretched me! From what high hopes am I fallen!

Clitipho [*apart*]. What's the matter? Why, what is it that troubles you?

Clinia [*apart*]. Do you ask what it is? Why, don't you see? Attendants, jewels of gold, and clothes; — her too, whom I left here with only one little servant-girl. Whence do you suppose that they come?

Clitipho [*apart*]. Oh! now at last I understand you.

Syrus [*to himself*]. Good gods! what a multitude there is! Our house will hardly hold them, I'm sure. How much they will eat! how much they will drink! what will there be more wretched than our old gentleman? [*Catching sight of Clinia and Clitipho.*] But look: I espy the persons I was wanting.

Clinia [*apart*]. O Jupiter! Why, where is fidelity gone? While I, distractedly wandering, have abandoned my country for your sake, you in the mean time, *Antiphila*, have been enriching yourself, and have forsaken me in these troubles: you for whose sake I am in extreme disgrace, and have been disobedient to my father; on whose account I am now ashamed and grieved that he who used to lecture me about the manners of these women, advised me in vain, and was not able to wean me away from her; — which however I shall now do; whereas when it might have been advantageous to me to do so, I was unwilling. There is no being more wretched than I.

Syrus [*to himself*]. He certainly has been misled by our words which we have been speaking here. — [*Aloud.*] *Clinia*, you imagine your mistress quite different from what she really is. For both her mode of life is the same, and

her disposition towards you is the same, as it always was, so far as we could form a judgment from the circumstances themselves.

Clinia. How so, prithee? For nothing in the world could I rather wish for just now, than that I have suspected this without reason.

Syrus. This, in the first place, then (that you may not be ignorant of anything that concerns her): the old woman, who was formerly said to be her mother, was not so. She is dead; this I overheard by accident from her, as we came along, while she was telling the other one.

Clitipho. Pray, who is the other one?

Syrus. Stay: what I have begun I wish first to relate, Clitipho; I shall come to that afterwards.

Clitipho. Make haste, then.

Syrus. First of all, then, when we came to the house, Dromo knocked at the door; a certain old woman came out; when she opened the door, he directly rushed in; I followed; the old woman bolted the door, and returned to her wool. On this occasion might be known, Clinia, or else on none, in what pursuits she passed her life during your absence — when we thus came upon a female unexpectedly. For this circumstance then gave us an opportunity of judging of the course of her daily life; a thing which especially discovers what is the disposition of each individual. We found her industriously plying at the web; plainly clad in a mourning-dress — on account of this old woman, I suppose, who was lately dead; without golden ornaments, dressed besides just like those who only dress for themselves, and patched up with no worthless woman's trumpery. Her hair was loose, long, and thrown back negligently about her temples. — [*To Clinia*.] Do hold your peace.

Clinia. My dear Syrus, do not without cause throw me into ecstasies, I beseech you.

Syrus. The old woman was spinning the woof: there was one little servant-girl besides; she was weaving together with them, covered with patched clothes, slovenly, and dirty with filthiness.

Clitipho. If this is true, Clinia, as I believe it is, who is there more fortunate than you? Do you mark this girl whom he speaks of as dirty and drabbish? This too is a strong indication that the mistress is out of harm's way, when her confidant is in such ill plight; for it is a rule with those who wish to gain access to the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

Clinia [*to Syrus*]. Go on, I beseech you; and beware of endeavoring to purchase favor by telling an untruth. What did she say when you mentioned me?

Syrus. When we told her that you had returned, and had requested her to come to you, the damsel instantly put away the web, and covered her face all over with tears; so that you might easily perceive that it really was caused by her affection for you.

Clinia. So may the Deities bless me, I know not where I am for joy! I was so alarmed before.

Translated by Henry Thomas Riley

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

THE life of Marcus Tullius Cicero, is to students of history a tragic and pathetic story. He seems peculiarly unfitted to the people and the time in which his lot was cast. His love for the traditions of the past, his passionate patriotism, his eloquence as a debater in the Senate or as an orator in the Forum, these qualities of a Burke or a Webster, stand out violently dissevered from the lurid history of his time. This humane scholarly life was flung into the midst of the wildest century in all Rome's annals; the hundred years of civic turmoil and bloodshed from the elder Gracchus' murder to the death of Cleopatra.

And yet such was the marvelous activity, the all-sided productiveness, of the Ciceronian intellect, that perhaps no human mind has ever so fully made use of all its powers. Moreover, in each intellectual field which he entered, the accidents of time have removed nearly every rival, leaving us no choice save to accept Cicero's guidance. There was many another orator, and many another history of eloquence. There were other practical treatises on rhetoric. Many a notable correspondence was preserved and published, though now lost. Even his free transcriptions from Greek philosophical treatises—hastily conned and perhaps imperfectly understood—have acquired, through the disappearance of the Greek scrolls themselves, an ill-deserved authority as to the tenets of the Epicurean and other schools.

Above all else, Cicero was a pleader. Out of that life grew his ill-starred political activity, while his other literary tastes were but a solace in times of enforced retirement. With the discussion of his oratory, therefore, we may best combine a rapid outline of his life.

By their common birthplace, Arpinum, and by a slight tie of kinship, Cicero was associated with Marius; and he began life, like Disraeli, with radical sympathies. He was the elder son of a wealthy Roman citizen, but no ancestor had ennobled the family by attaining curule office. After a most thorough course of training in Latin and Greek, Cicero began to "practise law." The pleader in ancient Rome was supposed to receive no fee, and even more than with us, found his profession the natural stepping-stone to political honors.

At the age of twenty-six, Cicero (in 80 B.C.) defended his first important client in a criminal case. In the closing days of the Sullan proscriptions, young Roscius, of Ameria in Umbria, was charged with murdering his own father in Rome. A pair of Roscius' kinsmen were probably the real culprits, and had arranged with Chrysogonus, a wealthy freedman and favorite of

the Dictator, to insert the dead man's name among the outlawed victims and to divide the confiscated estate. The son was persecuted because he resisted this second outrage. Cicero says he is himself protected by his obscurity, though no other advocate has dared to plead for the unlucky youth. In our present text there are some audacious words aimed at Sulla's own measures: they were probably sharpened in a later revision. The case was won, against general expectation. Cicero may have played the hero that day: certainly the brief remainder of Sulla's life was spent by the young democratic pleader traveling in the East — "for his health," as Plutarch adds, truly enough. At this time his style was chastened and his manner moderated by the teachers in Athens, and especially by Molo in Rhodes.

Cicero's quaestorship was passed in Sicily, 75-74 B.C. Here he made close friendships with many Greek provincials, and did a creditable piece of archæological work by rediscovering Archimedes' tomb. His impeachment of Verres for misgovernment in Sicily was in 70 B.C. This time the orator ran a less desperate risk. Since Sulla's death the old constitution had languidly revived. Speech was comparatively free and safe. The "knights" or wealthy middle class — Cicero's own — deprived by Sulla of the right to sit as jurors in impeachment trials like Verres', partially regained the privilege the same year. The overwhelming mass of evidence made Verres flee into exile, and Hortensius, till then leader of the Roman bar, threw up the case in despair. Nevertheless Cicero published the series of orations he had prepared. They form the most vivid picture, and the deadliest indictment ever drawn, of Roman provincial government — and of a ruthless art-collector. Cicero instantly became the foremost among lawyers. Moreover, this success made Cicero a leader in the time of reaction after Sulla, and hastened his elevation to posts where only men of sterner nature could be permanently successful.

Pompey, born in the same year, was at this time leading the revolt against Sulla's measures. The attachment which the warm-hearted Cicero at this time formed for Pompey, he never wholly threw off. The young general's later foreign victories are nowhere so generously set forth as in Cicero's highly rhetorical plea "for the Manilian Law," in 66 B.C. Pompey was then wintering in the East, after sweeping piracy in a single summer from the Mediterranean. This plea gave him the larger command against Mithridates. Despite the most extravagant laudation, however, Pompey remains, here as elsewhere, one of those large but vague and misty figures that stalk across the stage of history without ever once turning upon us a fully human face. Far more distinct than he, there looms above him the splendid triumphal pageant of Roman imperialism itself.

Cicero's unrivaled eloquence won him not only a golden shower of gifts and legacies, but also the prætorship and consulship at the earliest legal age. Perhaps some of the old nobles foresaw and prudently avoided the Catilinarian conspiracy of 63 B.C. The common dangers of that year, and the pride of

assured position, may have hastened the transfer of Cicero's allegiance to the old senatorial faction. Tiberius Gracchus, boldly praised in January, has become for Cicero a notorious demagogue; his slayers instead are the undoubted patriots, in the famous harangues of November. These latter orations, by the way, were certainly still being revised three years afterward — and it is not likely that we read any Ciceronian speech just as it was delivered. If there be any thread of consistency in Cicero's public career, it must be sought in his long but vain hope to unite the nobility and the *equites*, in order to resist the growing proletariat.

The eager vanity with which Cicero seized the proud title "Father of the Fatherland" is pathetic. The summary execution of the conspirators may have been prompted by that physical timidity so often associated with the scholarly temperament. Whether needless or not, the act returned to plague him.

The happiest effort of the orator in his consular year was the famous plea for Murena. This consul-elect for 62 was a successful soldier. Catiline must be met in the spring "in the jaws of Etruria." Cicero's dearest friend, Servius Sulpicius Rufus, a defeated candidate, accused Murena of bribery. The conditions of Roman politics, the character of Sulpicius, the tone of Cicero himself, bid us adjudge Murena guilty. Cicero had supported Sulpicius, but now feels it is no time to "go behind the returns," or to replace a bold soldier by a scholarly lawyer.

To win his case Cicero must heap ridicule upon his own profession in his friend's person, and upon Stoic philosophy, represented by Cato, Sulpicius' chief advocate. This he did so successfully that Cato himself explained with a grim smile, "What a jester our consul is!" Cicero won his case — and kept his friends. This speech is cited sixteen times by Quintilian, and is a model of forensic ingenuity, wit, and grace. Its patriotism may be plausibly defended, but not its moral standards.

The next year produced the famous and successful defense of Cluentius — probably guilty of poisoning — and the most delightful of all Cicero's speeches, the oration for the poet Archias. Whether the old Greek's claim to Roman citizenship was beyond cavil we neither know nor greatly care. The legal argument is suspiciously brief. The praise of literature and the scholarly life, however, has re-echoed ever since.

This is the culmination in Cicero's career. Some boastful words uttered in these days make us doubt if he remembered Solon's and Sophocles' maxim, "Count no life happy before its close." The fast-growing power of Cæsar presently made the two successful generals Pompey and Crassus his political tools. Cicero refused to enter the cabal later known as the First Triumvirate. Cæsar, about to depart for his long absence in Gaul, might well regard the patriotic and impulsive orator as the most serious source of possible opposition in his absence. Marcus refused to go along to Gaul a-soldiering,

though Brother Quintus accepted a commission and served creditably. At last, reluctantly, Cæsar suffered Cicero's personal enemy Clodius to bring forward a decree outlawing "those who had put Roman citizens to death without a trial" (March 58 B.C.). Cicero meekly withdrew from Rome, was condemned in absence, and his town house and villas pillaged.

As to the cowardice of this hasty retreat, none need use severer words than did the exile himself. It is the decisive event in his career. His uninterrupted success was ended. His pride could never fully recover. Worst of all, he could never again pose as the fearless hero-patriot. Cæsar, the consummate master of action, had decisively crippled the erratic yet patriotic rhetorician.

In little more than a year the bad conduct of Clodius, the personal goodwill of the "triumvirs," and the whirligig of politics, brought round Cicero's return from Greece. His wings were, however, effectively clipped. After a brief flutter of independence, he made abject submission to the dominant Cæsarian faction. This was in 56 B.C. The next five years, inglorious politically, were, however, full of activity in legal oratory and other literary work. In his eloquent defense of Cælius Rufus, charged with an attempt to poison Clodia, Cicero whitewashes Catiline, Cælius' lifelong friend! A still less pleasing feature is the abusive attack on the famous and beautiful Clodia, probably the "Lesbia" of Catullus. (The unhappy young poet seems to have preceded Cælius in the fickle matron's favor.)

The events of the year 52 well illustrate the unfitness of Cicero for politics in such an age. Rome was full of street brawls, which Pompey could not check. The orator's old enemy Clodius, at the head of his bravos, was slain by a fellow ruffian Milo in January. At Milo's trial in April Cicero defended him, or attempted to do so. A court-room encircled by a yelling mob and guarded by Pompey's legions caused him to break down altogether. As afterwards written out at leisure, the speech is a masterpiece of special pleading. The exiled Milo's criticism on it is well known: "I'm glad you never delivered it: I should not now be enjoying the mullets of Marseilles."

The year 51-50 Cicero spent, most unwillingly, as proconsular governor in far-off Cilicia. Though really humane and relatively honest, he accumulated in these few months a handsome sum in "gifts" and other perquisites. Even Cicero was a Roman.

Meantime the civil war had all but broken out at home. Cicero hesitated long, and the correspondence with Atticus contains many exhaustive analyses of his motives and temptations. His naïve selfishness and vanity in these letters seem like self-caricature. Yet through it all glimmers a vein of real though bewildered patriotism. Still the craving for a triumph — he had fought some savage mountain clans in Asia Minor! — was hardly less dominant.

Repairing late and with many misgivings to Pompey's camp in Epirus, Cicero seems to have been there a "not unfear'd, half-welcome" and critical guest. Illness is his excuse for absence from the decisive battle. He himself

tells us little of these days. As Plutarch relates the tale, after Pompey's flight to Egypt Cicero refused the supreme command, and was thereupon threatened with death by young Gnaeus Pompey; but his life was saved by Cato.

One thing at least is undisputed. The last man to decide for Pompey's cause, he was the first to hurry back to Italy and crave Cæsar's grace! For many months he waited in ignoble retirement, fearing the success of his deserted comrades even more than Cæsar's victory. It is this action that gives the *coup de grâce* to Cicero's character as a hero. With whatever misgivings, he had chosen his side. Whatever disturbing threats of violent revenge after victory he heard in Pompey's camp, he awaited the decisive battle. Then there remained, for any brave man, only constancy in defeat — or a fall upon his sword.

Throughout Cæsar's dictatorship, from 48 to 44, Cicero is the most stately and the most obsequious of courtiers. For him who would plead for clemency, or return thanks for mercy accorded, at a despot's footstool, there are no more graceful models than the 'Pro Ligario' and the 'Pro Marcello.' Cæsar himself realized, and wittily remarked, how irksome and hateful such a part must be to the older, vainer, more self-conscious man of the twain.

Midway in this period Cicero divorced his wife after thirty years of wedlock, seemingly from some dissatisfaction over her financial management, and soon after married a wealthy young ward. This is the least pleasing chapter of his private life, but perhaps the mortification and suffering it entailed were a sufficient penalty. His only daughter Tullia's death in 45 B.C. nearly broke the father's heart.

Whatever the reason, Cicero was certainly not in the secret of Cæsar's assassination. Twice in letters to members of the conspiracy in later months he begins: "How I wish you had invited me to your glorious banquet on the Ides of March." "There would have been no remnants," he once adds. That is, Antony would not have been left alive.

We have now reached the last two years in Cicero's eventful life. This period runs from March 15, 44 B.C., to December 7, 43 B.C. It was one long struggle, first covert, then open between Antony and the slayers of Cæsar. Cicero's energy and eloquence soon made him the foremost voice in the Senate once more. For the first time since his exile, he is now speaking out courageously his own real sentiments. His public action is in harmony with his own convictions. The cause was not hopeless by any means, so far as the destruction of Antony would have been a final triumph. Indeed, that wild career seemed near its end, when Octavian's duplicity again threw the game into his rival's reckless hands. However, few students of history imagine that any restoration of senatorial government was possible. The peculiar pathos of Cicero's end, patriot as he was, is this: it removed one of the last great obstacles to the only stable and peaceful rule Rome could receive — the imperial throne of Augustus.

This last period is, however, among the most creditable, perhaps the most heroic, in Cicero's career. Its chief memorials are the fourteen extant orations against Antony. The comparative sincerity of these 'Philippics,' and the lack of private letters for much of this time, make them important historical documents. The only one which ranks among his greatest productions — perhaps the classic masterpiece of invective — is the 'Second Philippic.' This was never delivered at all, but published as a pamphlet. This unquestioned fact throws a curious light on passages like — "He is agitated, he perspires, he turns pale!" describing Antony at the (imaginary) delivery of the oration. The details of the behavior of Catiline and others may be hardly more authentic. The 'Ninth Philippic' is a heartfelt funeral eulogy on that same Sulpicius whom he had ridiculed in the 'Pro Murena.'

A fragment from one of Livy's lost books says, "Cicero bore with becoming spirit none of the ills of life save death itself." He perished not only bravely but generously, dissuading his devoted slaves from useless resistance, and offering his neck to Antony's assassins.

Among Cicero's numerous works on rhetoric the chief is the 'De Oratore.' Actually composed in 55 B.C., it is a dialogue, the scene set in 91 B.C., the characters being the chief Roman orators of that day. L. Crassus, who plays the host gracefully at his Tusculan country-seat, is the chief speaker. These men were all known to Cicero in his boyhood, but most of them perished soon after in the Marian proscriptions. Of real character-drawing there is little, and all alike speak in graceful Ciceronian periods. The exposition of the technical parts of rhetoric goes on in leisurely wise, with copious illustrations and digressions. There is much pleasant repetition of commonplaces.

In Cicero's 'Brutus,' written in 46 B.C., Cicero, Brutus, and Atticus carry on the conversation, but this is chiefly a monologue of Cicero in the shape of a historical sketch of Roman oratory. The affected modesty of the autobiographic parts is diverting. Brutus was the chief exponent of a terse, simple, direct oratory — far nearer to English taste than the Ciceronian; and the opposition between them already appears.

The opposition just mentioned comes out more clearly in the 'Orator.' This portrays the ideal public speaker. His chief accomplishments are summed up in versatility — the power to adapt himself to any case and audience. An interesting passage discusses rhythm in prose. In these three dialogues Cicero says everything of importance, at least once; his other rhetorical works may be neglected here, the more as the most practical handbook of rhetoric among them, the 'Auctor ad Herennium,' is certainly not Cicero's. It is probably by Cornificius, and is important as the *first* prose work transmitted to us in its original Latin form. (Cato's 'De Re Rustica' has been "modernized.")

Cicero's letters, as we have them, are in wild confusion. There are four collections, entitled 'To Atticus,' 'To Friends,' 'To Brother Marcus,' 'To

Brutus': altogether over eight hundred epistles, of which a relatively small number are written to Cicero by his correspondents. The order is not chronological, and the dates can in many cases only be conjectured. Yet these letters afford us our chief source for the history of this great epoch, and the best picture we can ever hope to have of the private life of Roman gentlemen.

The style of the cynical, witty Cælius, or of the learned lawyer Sulpicius, differs perceptibly in detail from Cicero's own; yet it is remarkable that all seem able to write clearly if not gracefully. Cicero's own style varies very widely. The letters to Atticus are usually colloquial, full of unexplained allusions, sometimes made intentionally obscure and pieced out with a Greek phrase, for fear of the carrier's treachery! Other letters again, notably a long 'Apologia' addressed to Lentulus after Cicero's return from exile, are as plainly addressed in reality to the public or to posterity as are any of the orations.

The "New Academy," to which Cicero inclined in philosophy, was sceptical in its tendencies, and regarded absolute truth as unattainable. This made it easier for Cicero to cast his transcriptions in the form of dialogues, revealing the beliefs of the various schools through the lips of the several interlocutors. Thus the 'De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum' sets forth in three successive conversations the ideas of Epicureans, of Stoics, and of the Academy, on the Highest Good. With a somewhat similar plan, the three books of the 'De Natura Deorum' contain the views of the three schools about the gods. The speakers are Cicero's contemporaries. The now fragmentary dialogue entitled the 'Republic,' and its unfinished supplement the 'Laws,' were composed and named in avowed rivalry with Plato's two largest works, but fail to approach the master. The Roman Constitution is defended as the ideal mingling of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy.

The chief fragment of the 'Republic' is the 'Dream of Scipio.' Its dependence on the vision at the close of Plato's 'Republic' should be carefully observed. It may be fairly described as a free translation and enlargement from Greek originals, of which Plato's passage is the chief. The Roman additions and modifications are interesting and even as a translator Cicero is no ordinary cicerone! Moreover, in this as in so many other cases, the Latin paraphrase had a wider and more direct influence than the original. It has been accepted with justice ever since, as the most hopeful pagan word in favor of the soul's immortality. The lover of Chaucer will recall the genial paraphrase of 'Scipio's Dream' in the 'Parlement of Foules.'

Cicero shared in full the Roman tendency to give a practical, an ethical turn to all metaphysical discussion. This is prominent in the popular favorite among his larger volumes, the 'Tusculan Disputations.' In each of the five related books a thesis is stated negatively, to be triumphantly reversed later on:

- (1) Death seems to me an evil.
- (2) I think pain the greatest of all evils.
- (3) Misery seems to me to befall the wise man.
- (4) It does not appear to me that the wise man can be secure from distress of mind.
- (5) Character does not seem to me sufficient for happiness in life.

The little dialogue on 'Old Age' is perhaps most read of all Cicero's works. Its best thoughts, it must be confessed, are freely borrowed from the opening pages of Plato's 'Republic.' Still, on this theme of universal human interest, the Roman also offers much pleasant food for thought. The moderation of the Greek is forgotten by Cicero, the professional advocate and special pleader, who almost cries out to us at last: —

Grow old along with me:
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made!

It was written in 45-44 B.C. The other little essay 'On Friendship' does not deserve to be bound up in such good company, though it is usually so edited. Bacon's very brief essay has more meat in it. Cicero had many good friends, but fully trusted hardly any of them—not even Atticus. It was an age which put friendship to fearful trial, and the typical Roman seems to us selfish and cold. Certainly this essay is in a frigid tone. Professor Gilder-sleeve has likened it to Xenophon's treatise on hunting, so systematically is the *pursuit* of friends discussed.

The most practical among Roman Manuals of Morals is the treatise on Duties ('De Officiis'), in three books. Here the personal experience of sixty years is drawn upon, avowedly for the edification of young Marcus, the author's unworthy son. This survivor of Antony's massacres lived to be famous as a wine-bibber, and, as consul under Augustus, received officially the news of Antony's final defeat and death—a dramatic revenge.

Most of these philosophical treatises were composed near the end of Cicero's life, largely in one marvelously productive year, 45-44 B.C., just previous to the slaying of Cæsar. Not all even of the extant works have been catalogued here. The 'Academica' and 'De Divinatione' should at least be mentioned.

Such were Cicero's distractions, when cut off from political life and oratory, and above all when bereft by Tullia's death. The 'Consolatio,' composed to regain his courage after this blow, must head the list of lost works. It took a most pessimistic view of human life, for which it was reproved by Lactantius. Another lost essay, the 'Hortensius,' introducing the whole philosophic series, upheld Milton's thesis, "How charming is divine philosophy," and first turned the thoughts of Augustine to serious study.

Cicero's poems, chiefly translations, are extant in copious fragments. They show metrical facility, some taste, but no creative imagination. A final proof of his unresting activity is his attempt to write history. Few professional advocates have less of the temper for narration and truth.

We said above that the caprice of fate had exaggerated some sides of Cicero's activity, by removing all competitors. But his supremacy among Italian orators, and in the ornate discursive school of eloquence generally, has never been questioned.

Yet more: as a stylist he lifted a language hitherto poor in vocabulary and stiff in phrase to a level never afterward surpassed. Many words he successfully coined, either by translation or by free imitation of Greek originals. His clear, copious, rhythmical phrase was even more fully his own creation. Indeed, at the present moment, four great forms of living speech testify to Cicero's amazing mastery over both word and phrase. The eloquence of Castelar, Crispi, Gambetta, Gladstone, and Everett is shot through, in all its warp and woof, with golden Ciceronian threads. The 'Archias' speaks to any appreciative student of Western Europe in a mother tongue which dominates his vernacular speech. Human language, then, has become a statelier memorial of Cicero than even his vanity ever imagined.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

OF THE OFFICES OF LITERATURE AND POETRY

From the 'Oration for the Poet Archias'

YOU ask us, O Grattius, why we are so exceedingly attached to this man. Because he supplies us with food whereby our mind is refreshed after this noise in the Forum, and with rest for our ears after they have been wearied with bad language. Do you think it possible that we could find a supply for our daily speeches, when discussing such a variety of matters, unless we were to cultivate our minds by the study of literature? or that our minds could bear being kept so constantly on the stretch if we did not relax them by that same study? But I confess that I am devoted to those studies; let others be ashamed of them if they have buried themselves in books without being able to produce anything out of them for the common advantage, or anything which may bear the eyes of men and the light. But why need I be ashamed, who for many years have lived in such a manner as never to allow my own love of tranquillity to deny me to the necessity or advantage of another, or my fondness for pleasure to distract, or even sleep to delay, my attention to such claims? Who then can reproach me, or who has any right to be angry with me, if I allow myself as much

time for the cultivation of these studies as some take for the performance of their own business; or for celebrating days of festival and games; or for other pleasures; or even for the rest and refreshment of mind and body; or as others devote to early banquets, to playing at dice, or at ball? And this ought to be permitted to me, because by these studies my power of speaking and those faculties are improved, which as far as they do exist in me have never been denied to my friends when they have been in peril. And if that ability appears to anyone to be but moderate, at all events I know whence I derive those principles which are of the greatest value. For if I had not persuaded myself from my youth upwards, both by the precepts of many masters and by much reading, that there is nothing in life greatly to be desired except praise and honor, and that while pursuing those things all tortures of the body, all dangers of death and banishment are to be considered but of small importance, I should never have exposed myself in defense of your safety to such numerous and arduous contests, and to these daily attacks of profligate men. But all books are full of such precepts, and all the sayings of philosophers, and all antiquity, are full of precedents teaching the same lesson; but all these things would lie buried in darkness if the light of literature and learning were not applied to them. How many images of the bravest men, carefully elaborated, have both the Greek and Latin writers bequeathed to us, not merely for us to look at and gaze upon, but also for our imitation! And I, always keeping them before my eyes as examples for my own public conduct, have endeavored to model my mind and views by continually thinking of those excellent men.

Some one will ask "What! Were those identical great men, whose virtues have been recorded in books, accomplished in all that learning which you are extolling so highly?" It is difficult to assert this of all of them; but still I know what answer I can make to that question: I admit that many men have existed of admirable disposition and virtue, who without learning, by the almost divine instinct of their own mere nature, have been, of their own accord as it were, moderate and wise men. I even add this, that very often nature without learning has had more to do with leading men to credit and to virtue, than learning when not assisted by a good natural disposition. And I also contend that when to an excellent and admirable natural disposition there is added a certain system and training of education, then from that combination arises an extraordinary perfection of character: such as is seen in that godlike man whom our fathers saw in their time — Africanus; and in Caius Lælius and Lucius Furius, most virtuous and moderate men; and in that most excellent man, the most learned man of his time, Marcus Cato the elder: and all these men, if they had been likely to derive no assistance from literature in the cultivation and practice of virtue, would never have applied themselves to the study of it. Though even if there were no such great advantage to be reaped from it, and if it were only pleasure that is

sought from these studies, still I imagine you would consider it a most reasonable and liberal employment of the mind: for other occupations are not suited to every time, nor to every age or place; but these studies are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; they are companions by night, and in travel, and in the country.

And if we ourselves were not able to arrive at these advantages, nor even taste them with our senses, still we ought to admire them even when we see them in others. . . . And indeed, we have constantly heard from men of the greatest eminence and learning that the study of other sciences was made up of learning, and rules, and regular method; but that a poet was such by the unassisted work of nature, and was moved by the vigor of his own mind, and by some divine inspiration. Wherefore rightly does our own great Ennius call poets holy; because they seem to be recommended to us by some especial gift, as it were, and liberality of the gods. Let then, judges, this name of poet, this name which no barbarians even have ever disregarded, be holy in your eyes, men of cultivated minds as you all are. Rocks and deserts reply to the poet's voice; savage beasts are often moved and arrested by song; and shall we who have been trained in the pursuit of the most virtuous acts refuse to be swayed by the voice of poets? The Colophonians say that Homer was their citizen; the Chians claim him as theirs, the Salaminians assert their right to him; but the men of Smyrna loudly assert him to be a citizen of Smyrna, and they have even raised a temple to him in their city. Many other places also fight with one another for the honor of being his birthplace.

They then claim a stranger, even after his death, because he was a poet: shall we reject this man while he is alive, a man who by his own inclination and by our laws does actually belong to us? especially when Archias has employed all his genius with the utmost zeal in celebrating the glory and renown of the Roman people? For when a young man, he touched on our wars against the Cimbri and gained the favor even of Caius Marius himself, a man who was tolerably proof against this sort of study. For there is no one so disinclined to the Muses as not willingly to endure that the praise of his labors should be made immortal by means of verse. They say that the great Themistocles, the greatest man that Athens produced, said when some one asked him what sound or whose voice he took the greatest delight in hearing, "The voice of him by whom my own exploits are best celebrated." Therefore, the great Marius was also exceedingly attached to Lucius Plotius, because he thought that the achievement which he had performed could be celebrated by his genius. And the whole Mithridatic war, great and difficult as it was, and carried on with so much diversity of fortune by land and sea, has been related at length by him; and the books in which that is sung of, not only make illustrious Lucius Lucullus, that most gallant and celebrated man, but they do honor also to the Roman people. For while Lucullus was general, the Roman people opened


Pontus, though it was defended both by the resources of the king and by the character of the country itself. Under the same general the army of the Roman people, with no very great numbers, routed the countless hosts of the Armenians. It is the glory of the Roman people that by the wisdom of that same general, the city of the Cyzicenes, most friendly to us, was delivered and preserved from all the attacks of the kind, and from the very jaws as it were of the whole war. Ours is the glory which will be forever celebrated, which is derived from the fleet of the enemy which was sunk after its admirals had been slain, and from the marvelous naval battle off Tenedos: those trophies belong to us, those monuments are ours, those triumphs are ours. Therefore I say that the men by whose genius these exploits are celebrated make illustrious at the same time the glory of the Roman people. Our countryman Ennius was dear to the elder Africanus; and even on the tomb of the Scipios his effigy is believed to be visible, carved in the marble. But undoubtedly it is not only the men who are themselves praised who are done honor to by those praises, but the name of the Roman people also is adorned by them. Cato, the ancestor of this Cato, is extolled to the skies. Great honor is paid to the exploits of the Roman people. Lastly, all those great men, the Maximi, the Marcelli, and the Fulvii, are done honor to, not without all of us having also a share in the panegyric. . . .

Certainly, if the mind had no anticipations of posterity, and if it were to confine all its thoughts within the same limits as those by which the space of our lives is bounded, it would neither break itself with such severe labors, nor would it be tormented with such cares and sleepless anxiety, nor would it so often have to fight for its very life. At present there is a certain virtue in every good man, which night and day stirs up the mind with the stimulus of glory, and reminds it that all mention of our name will not cease at the same time with our lives, but that our fame will endure to all eternity.

Do we all who are occupied in the affairs of the state, and who are surrounded by such perils and dangers in life, appear to be so narrow-minded, as, though to the last moment of our lives we have never passed one tranquil or easy moment, to think that everything will perish at the same time as ourselves? Ought we not, when many most illustrious men have with great care left behind them statues and images, representations not of their minds but of their bodies, much more to desire to leave behind us a copy of our counsels and of our virtues, wrought and elaborated by the greatest genius? I thought, at the very moment of performing them, that I was scattering and disseminating all the deeds which I was performing, all over the world, for the eternal recollection of nations. And whether that delight is to be denied to my soul after death, or whether, as the wisest men have thought, it will affect some portion of my spirit, at all events I am at present delighted with some such idea and hope.

HONORS PROPOSED FOR THE DEAD STATESMAN SULPICIOUS

From the 'Ninth Philippic'

UR ancestors indeed decreed statues to many men; public sepulchers to few. But statues perish by weather, by violence, by lapse of time; the sanctity of the sepulchers is in the soil itself, which can neither be moved nor destroyed by any violence; and while other things are extinguished, sepulchers become holier by age.

Let then this man be distinguished by that honor also, a man to whom no honor can be given which is not deserved. Let us be grateful in paying respect in death to him to whom we can now show no other gratitude. And by that same step let the audacity of Marcus Antonius, waging a nefarious war, be branded with infamy. For when these honors have been paid to Servius Sulpicius, the evidence of his embassy having been insulted and rejected by Antonius will remain for everlasting.

On which account I give my vote for a decree in this form: "As Servius Sulpicius Rufus, the son of Quintus, of the Lemonian tribe, at a most critical period of the Republic, and being ill with a very serious and dangerous disease, preferred the authority of the Senate and the safety of the Republic to his own life; and struggled against the violence and severity of his illness, in order to arrive at the camp of Antonius, to which the Senate had sent him; and as he, when he had almost arrived at the camp, being overwhelmed by the violence of the disease, has lost his life in discharging a most important office of the Republic; and as his death has been in strict correspondence to a life passed with the greatest integrity and honor, during which he, Servius Sulpicius, has often been of great service to the Republic, both as a private individual and in the discharge of various magistracies: and as he, being such a man, has encountered death on behalf of the Republic while employed on an embassy; the Senate decrees that a brazen pedestrian statue of Servius Sulpicius be erected in the rostra in compliance with the resolution of this order, and that his children and posterity shall have a place round this statue of five feet in every direction, from which to behold the games and gladiatorial combats, because he died in the cause of the Republic; and that this reason be inscribed on the pedestal of the statue; and that Caius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius the consuls, one or both of them, if it seem good to them, shall command the quæstors of the city to let out a contract for making that pedestal and that statue, and erecting them in the rostra; and that whatever price they contract for, they shall take care the amount is given and paid to the contractor; and as in old times the Senate has exerted its authority with respect to the obsequies of, and honors paid to, brave men, it now decrees that he shall be carried to the tomb on the day of his funeral with the greatest possible solemnity. And as

Servius Sulpicius Rufus, the son of Quintus of the Lemonian tribe, has deserved so well of the Republic as to be entitled to be complimented with all those distinctions; the Senate is of opinion, and thinks it for the advantage of the Republic, that the curule ædile should suspend the edict which usually prevails with respect to funerals, in the case of the funeral of Servius Sulpicius Rufus, the son of Quintus of the Lemonian tribe; and that Caius Pansa the consul shall assign him a place for a tomb in the Esquiline plain, or in whatever place shall seem good to him, extending thirty feet in every direction, where Servius Sulpicius may be buried; and that that shall be his tomb, and that of his children and posterity, as having been a tomb most deservedly given to them by the public authority."

OLD FRIENDS BETTER THAN NEW

From the ' Dialogue on Friendship '

BUT there arises on this subject a somewhat difficult question: Whether new friends, if deserving friendship, are ever to be preferred to old ones, just as we are wont to prefer young colts to old horses? — a perplexity unworthy of a man; for there ought to be no satiety of friendship as of other things: everything which is oldest (as those wines which bear age well) ought to be sweetest; and that is true which is sometimes said, "Many bushels of salt must be eaten together," before the duty of friendship can be fulfilled. But new friendships, if they afford a hope that, as in the case of plants which never disappoint, fruits shall appear, such are not to be rejected; yet the old one must be preserved in its proper place, for the power of age and custom is exceedingly great; besides, in the very case of the horse, which I just mentioned, if there is no impediment, there is no one who does not more pleasurably use that to which he is accustomed than one unbroken and strange to him; and habit asserts its power, and habit prevails, not only in the case of this, which is animate, but also in the cases of those things which are inanimate; since we take delight in the very mountainous or woody scenery among which we have long dwelt.

HONORED OLD AGE

From the ' Dialogue on Old Age '

BUT in my whole discourse remember that I am praising that old age which is established on the foundations of youth: from which this is effected which I once asserted with the great approbation of all present — that wretched was the old age which had to defend itself by speaking.

Neither gray hairs nor wrinkles can suddenly catch respect; but the former part of life, honorably spent, reaps the fruits of authority at the close. For these very observances which seem light and common are marks of honor — to be saluted, to be sought after, to receive precedence, to have persons rising up before you, to be attended on the way, to be escorted home, to be consulted; points which, both among us and in other states, in proportion as they are the most excellent in their morals, are the most scrupulously observed. They say that Lysander the Lacedæmonian, whom I mentioned a little above, was accustomed to remark that Lacedæmon was the most honorable abode for old age; for nowhere is so much conceded to that time of life, nowhere is old age more respected. Nay, further: it is recorded that when at Athens during the games a certain elderly person had entered the theater, a place was nowhere offered him in that large assembly by his own townsmen; but when he had approached the Lacedæmonians, who, as they were ambassadors, had taken their seats together in a particular place, they all rose up and invited the old man to a seat; and when reiterated applause had been bestowed upon them by the whole assembly, one of them remarked that the Athenians knew what was right, but were unwilling to do it. There are many excellent rules in our guild, but this especially, of which I am treating that in proportion as each man has the advantage in age, so he takes precedence in giving his opinion; and older augurs are preferred not only to those who are higher in office, but even to such as are in actual command. What pleasures, then, of the body can be compared with the privileges of authority? They who have nobly employed these seem to me to have consummated the drama of life, and not like inexpert performers to have broken down in the last act. Still, old men are peevish, and fretful, and passionate, and unmanageable — nay, if we seek for such, also covetous: but these are the faults of their characters, not of their old age. And yet that peevishness and those faults which I have mentioned have some excuse, not quite satisfactory indeed, but such as may be admitted. They fancy that they are neglected, despised, made a jest of; besides, in a weak state of body every offense is irritating. All which defects, however, are extenuated by good dispositions and qualities; and this may be discovered not only in real life, but on the stage, from the two brothers that are represented in 'The Adelphi'; how much austerity in the one, and how much gentleness in the other! Such is the fact: for as it is not every wine, so it is not every man's life, that grows sour from old age. I approve of gravity in old age, but this in a moderate degree, like everything else; harshness by no means. What avarice in an old man can look forward to I cannot conceive: for can anything be more absurd than to seek a greater supply of provisions in proportion as less of our journey remains?

DEATH IS WELCOME TO THE OLD

From the 'Dialogue on Old Age'

AN old man indeed has nothing to hope for; yet he is in so much the happier state than a young one, since he has already attained what the other is only hoping for. The one is wishing to live long, the other has lived long. And yet, good gods! what is there in man's life that can be called long? For allow the longest period: let us anticipate the age of the kings of the Tartessii. For there dwelt, as I find it recorded, a man named Arganthonius at Gades, who reigned for eighty years, and lived one hundred and twenty. But to my mind nothing whatever seems of long duration, in which there is any end. For when that arrives, then the time which has passed has flowed away; that only remains which you have secured by virtue and right conduct. Hours indeed depart from us, and days and months and years; nor does past time ever return, nor can it be discovered what is to follow. Whatever time is assigned to each to live, with that he ought to be content: for neither need the drama be performed entire by the actor, in order to give satisfaction, provided he be approved in whatever act he may be; nor need the wise man live till the *plaudite*. For the short period of life is long enough for living well and honorably; and if you should advance further, you need no more grieve than farmers do when the loveliness of springtime hath passed, that summer and autumn have come. For spring represents the time of youth and gives promise of future fruits; the remaining seasons are intended for plucking and gathering in those fruits. Now the harvest of old age, as I often said, is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured. In truth, everything that happens agreeably to nature is to be reckoned among blessings. What, however, is so agreeable to nature as for an old man to die? which even is the fortune of the young, though nature opposes and resists. And thus it is that young men seem to me to die just as when the violence of flame is extinguished by a flood of water; whereas old men die as the exhausted fire goes out, spontaneously, without the exertion of any force: and as fruits when they are green are plucked by force from the trees, but when ripe and mellow drop off, so violence takes away their lives from youths, maturity from old men; a state which to me indeed is so delightful, that the nearer I approach to death, I seem as it were to be getting sight of land, and at length after a long voyage to be just coming into harbor.

GREAT ORATORS AND THEIR TRAINING

From the 'Dialogue on Oratory'

FOR who can suppose that amid the great multitude of students, the utmost abundance of masters, the most eminent geniuses among men, the infinite variety of cases, the most ample rewards offered to eloquence, there is any other reason to be found for the small number of orators than the incredible magnitude and difficulty of the art? A knowledge of a vast number of things is necessary, without which volubility is empty and ridiculous; speech itself is to be formed, not merely by choice, but by careful construction of words; and all the emotions of the mind which nature has given to man, must be intimately known; for all the force and art of speaking must be employed in allaying or exciting the feelings of those who listen. To this must be added a certain portion of grace and wit, learning worthy of a well-bred man, and quickness and brevity in replying as well as attacking, accompanied with a refined decorum and urbanity. Besides, the whole of antiquity and multitudes of examples are to be kept in the memory; nor is the knowledge of laws in general, or of the civil law in particular, to be neglected. And why need I add any remarks on delivery itself, which is expressed by action of body, by gesture, by look, and by modulation and variation of the voice; the great power of which, alone and in itself, the comparatively trivial art of actors and the stage proves; on which though all bestow their utmost labor to form their look, voice, and gesture, who knows not how few there are, and have ever been, to whom we can attend with patience? What can I say of that repository for all things, the memory; which, unless it be made the keeper of the matter and words that are the fruits of thought and invention, all the talents of the orator, we see, though they be of the highest degree of excellence, will be of no avail? Let us then cease to wonder what is the cause of the scarcity of good speakers, since eloquence results from all those qualifications, in each of which singly it is a great merit to labor successfully; and let us rather exhort our children, and others whose glory and honor is dear to us, to contemplate in their minds the full magnitude of the subject, and not to trust that they can reach the height at which they aim by the aid of the precepts, masters, and exercises that they are all now following, but to understand that they must adopt others of a different character.

In my opinion, indeed, no man can be an orator possessed of every praiseworthy accomplishment unless he has attained the knowledge of everything important, and of all liberal arts; for his language must be ornate and copious from knowledge, since unless there be beneath the surface matter understood and felt by the speaker, oratory becomes an empty and almost puerile flow of words. . . .

"I am then of opinion," said Crassus, "that nature and genius in the first place contribute most aid to speaking; and that in those writers on the art to whom Antonius just now alluded, it was not skill and method in speaking, but natural talent that was wanting; for there ought to be certain lively powers in the mind and understanding, which may be acute to invent, fertile to explain and adorn, and strong and retentive to remember; and if anyone imagines that these powers may be acquired by art (which is false, for it is very well if they can be animated and excited by art; but they certainly cannot by art be ingrafted or instilled, since they are all the gifts of nature), what will he say of those qualities which are certainly born with the man himself — volubility of tongue, tone of voice, strength of lungs, and a peculiar conformation and aspect of the whole countenance and body? I do not say that art cannot improve in these particulars (for I am not ignorant that what is good may be made better by education, and what is not very good may be in some degree polished and amended); but there are some persons so hesitating in their speech, so inharmonious in their tone of voice, or so unwieldy and rude in the bearing and movements of their bodies, that whatever power they possess either from genius or art, they can never be reckoned in the number of accomplished speakers; while there are others so happily qualified in these respects, so eminently adorned with the gifts of nature, that they seem not to have been born like other men, but molded by some divinity. It is indeed a great task and enterprise for a person to undertake and profess that, while everyone else is silent, he alone must be heard on the most important subjects, and in a large assembly of men; for there is scarcely anyone present who is not sharper and quicker to discover defects in the speaker than merits; and thus whatever offends the hearer effaces the recollection of what is worthy of praise. I do not make these observations for the purpose of altogether deterring young men from the study of oratory, if they be deficient in some natural endowments. For who does not perceive that to C. Cælius, my contemporary, a new man, the mere mediocrity in speaking which he was enabled to attain was a great honor? Who does not know that Q. Varius, your equal in age, a clumsy uncouth man, has obtained his great popularity by the cultivation of such faculties as he has?

"But as our inquiry regards the complete orator, we must imagine in our discussion an orator from whom every kind of fault is abstracted, and who is adorned with every kind of merit. For if the multitude of suits, if the variety of cases, if the rabble and barbarism of the forum afford room for even the most wretched speakers, we must not for that reason take our eyes from the object of our inquiry. In those arts in which it is not indispensable usefulness that is sought, but liberal amusement for the mind, how nicely, how almost fastidiously, do we judge! For there are no suits or controversies which can force men, though they may tolerate indifferent orators in the forum, to endure also bad actors upon the stage. The orator therefore must take the most

studious precaution not merely to satisfy those whom he necessarily must satisfy, but to seem worthy of admiration to those who are at liberty to judge disinterestedly. If you would know what I myself think, I will express to you, my intimate friends, what I have hitherto never mentioned, and thought that I never should mention. To me, those who speak best and speak with the utmost ease and grace, appear, if they do not commence their speeches with some timidity, and show some confusion in the exordium, to have almost lost the sense of shame; though it is impossible that such should not be the case: for the better qualified a man is to speak, the more he fears the difficulties of speaking, the uncertain success of a speech, and the expectation of the audience. But he who can produce and deliver nothing worthy of his subject, nothing worthy of the name of an orator, nothing worthy the attention of his audience, seems to me, though he be ever so confused while he is speaking, to be downright shameless; for we ought to avoid a character for shamelessness, not by testifying shame, but by not doing that which does not become us. But the speaker who has no shame (as I see to be the case with many) I regard as deserving not only of rebuke but of personal castigation. Indeed, what I often observe in you I very frequently experience in myself; that I turn pale at the outset of my speech, and feel a tremor through my whole thoughts, as it were, and limbs. When I was a young man, I was on one occasion so timid in commencing an accusation, that I owed to Q. Maximus the greatest of obligations for immediately dismissing the assembly as soon as he saw me absolutely disheartened and incapacitated through fear." Here they all signified assent, looked significantly at one another, and began to talk together; for there was a wonderful modesty in Crassus, which, however, was not only no disadvantage to his oratory, but even an assistance to it, by giving it the recommendation of probity.

CICERO TO TIRO

[The following epistles are taken by permission from Jeans' 'Letters of Cicero.' The first gives a vivid glimpse of Cicero's tenderness to his slaves and freedmen. Tiro was probably the first editor of his former master's letters.]

AEGYPTA arrived here on the 12th of April. Although he reported that you were now quite rid of your fever and going on very well, he nevertheless caused me some anxiety by his report that you were not able to write to me, the more so because Hermia, who ought to have been here on the same day, has not yet come. I am more anxious than you can believe about your health. Only free me from this anxiety and I will free you from all duties. I would write you more if I thought you could now read more with pleasure. Use all the talents you possess, of which I have no small opinion, to

keep yourself safe for my sake as well as your own. Again and again I repeat, take every precaution about your health. Good-by.

P. S. — Hermia is just come. I have your note with its poor weak handwriting — no wonder, too, after so severe an illness. I send out Ægypta to stay with you because he is not a bad companion, and appeared to me to be fond of you; and with him a cook, for you to make use of his services. Good-by.

CICERO TO ATTICUS

[The family affection of Cicero might be illustrated by many such letters as the following.]

IT being now eleven days since I left you, I am scrawling this little bit of a note just as I am leaving my country-house before it is light. I think of being at my place at Anagnia today, and Tusculum tomorrow; only one day there, so that I shall come up all right to time on the 28th; and oh, if I could but run on at once to embrace my Tullia and give Attica a kiss! Talking of this, by the by, do please write and let me know while I am stopping at Tusculum what her prattle is like, or if she is away in the country, what her letters to you are about. Meanwhile either send or give her my love, and Pilia too. And even though we shall meet immediately, yet will you write to me anything you can find to say?

P. S. — I was just fastening up this letter, but your courier has arrived here after a long night journey with your letter. I was very sorry, you may be sure, to find on reading it that Attica is feverish. Everything else that I was waiting for I now know from your note; but when you tell me that to have a little fire in the morning "*sent le viellard*," I retort *il le sent plus* for one's poor old memory to begin to totter: because it was the 29th I had promised to Axius; the 30th to you; and the day of my arrival, the 31st, to Quintus. So take that for yourself — you shall have no news. Then what on earth is the good of writing? And what good is it when we are together and chatter whatever comes to our tongues? Surely there is something in *causerie* after all; even if there is nothing under it, there is always at least the delicious feeling that we are talking with one another.

A HOMESICK EXILE

ISEND this with love, my dearest Terentia, hoping that you and my little Tullia and my Marcus are all well.

From the letters of several people and the talk of everybody I hear that your courage and endurance are simply wonderful, and that no troubles of

body or mind can exhaust your energy. How unhappy I am to think that with all your courage and devotion, your virtues and gentleness, you should have fallen into such misfortunes for me! And my sweet Tullia too — that she who was once so proud of her father should have to undergo such troubles owing to him! And what shall I say about my boy Marcus, who ever since his faculties of perception awoke has felt the sharpest pangs of sorrow and misery? Now could I but think, as you tell me, that all this comes in the natural course of things, I could bear it a little easier. But it has been brought about entirely by my own fault, for thinking myself loved by those who were jealous of me, and turning from those who wanted to win me. . . . I have thanked the people you wanted me to, and mentioned that my information came from you. As to the block of houses which you tell me you mean to sell — why, good heavens! my dear Terentia, what *is* to be done! Oh, what troubles I have to bear! And if misfortune continues to persecute us, what will become of our poor boy? I cannot continue to write — my tears are too much for me; nor would I wish to betray you into the same emotion. All I can say is that if our friends act up to their bounden duty we shall not want for money; if they do not, you will not be able to succeed only with your own. Let our unhappy fortunes, I entreat you, be a warning to us not to ruin our boy, who is ruined enough already. If he only has something to save him from absolute want, a fair share of talent and a fair share of luck will be all that is necessary to win anything else. Do not neglect your health; and send me messengers with letters to let me know what goes on, and how you yourselves are faring. My suspense in any case cannot now be long. Give my love to my little Tullia and my Marcus.

DYRRACHIUM, Nov. 26

P. S. — I have moved to Dyrrachium because it is not only a free city, but very much in my interest, and quite near to Italy; but if the bustle of the place proves an annoyance I shall betake myself elsewhere and give you notice.

SULPICIUS CONSOLES CICERO AFTER HIS DAUGHTER TULLIA'S DEATH

FOR some time after I had received the information of the death of your daughter Tullia, you may be sure that I bore it sadly and heavily, as much indeed as was right for me. I felt that I shared that terrible loss with you; and that had I but been where you are, you on your part would not have found me neglectful, and I on mine should not have failed to come to you and tell you myself how deeply grieved I am. And though it is true that consolations of this nature are painful and distressing, because those [dear friends and relations] upon whom the task naturally devolves are themselves afflicted with a similar burden, and incapable even of attempting it without

many tears, so that one would rather suppose them in need of the consolations of others for themselves than capable of doing this kind office to others, yet nevertheless I have decided to write to you briefly such reflections as have occurred to me on the present occasion; not that I imagine them to be ignored by you, but because it is possible that you may be hindered by your sorrow from seeing them as clearly as usual.

What reason is there why you should allow the private grief which has befallen you to distress you so terribly? Recollect how fortune has hitherto dealt with us: how we have been bereft of all that ought to be no less dear to men than their own children — of country, position, rank, and every honorable office. If one more burden has now been laid upon you, could any addition be made to your pain? Or is there any heart that having been trained in the school of such events, ought not now to be steeled by use against emotion, and think everything after them to be comparatively light?

Or it is for her sake, I suppose, that you are grieving? How many times must you have arrived at the same conclusion as that into which I too have frequently fallen, that in these days theirs is not the hardest lot who are permitted painlessly to exchange their life for the grave! Now what was there at the present time that could attach her very strongly to life? what hope? what fruition? what consolation for the soul? The prospect of a wedded life with a husband chosen from our young men of rank? Truly, one would think it was always in your power to choose a son-in-law of a position suitable to your rank out of our young men, one to whose keeping you would feel you could safely intrust the happiness of a child. Or that of being a joyful mother of children, who would be happy in seeing them succeeding in life; able by their own exertions to maintain in its integrity all that was bequeathed them by their father; intending gradually to rise to all the highest offices of the state; and to use that liberty to which they were born for the good of their country and the service of their friends. Is there any one of these things that has not been taken away before it was given? But surely it is hard to give up one's children? It is hard; but this is harder still — that they should bear and suffer what we are doing.

A circumstance which was such as to afford me no light consolation I cannot but mention to you, in the hope that it may be allowed to contribute equally towards mitigating your grief. As I was returning from Asia, when sailing from Ægina in the direction of Megara, I began to look around me at the various places by which I was surrounded. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara; on the right the Piræus, on the left Corinth; all of them towns that in former days were most magnificent, but are now lying prostrate and in ruins before one's eyes. "Ah me," I began to reflect to myself, "we poor feeble mortals, who can claim but a short life in comparison, complain as though a wrong was done us if one of our number dies in the course of nature, or has met his death by violence, and here in one spot are lying stretched out

before me the corpses of so many cities! Servius, be master of yourself, and remember that it is the lot of man to which you have been born." Believe me, I found myself in no small degree strengthened by these reflections. Let me advise you too, if you think good, to keep this reflection before your eyes. How lately at one and the same time have many of our most illustrious men fallen! how grave an encroachment has been made on the rights of the sovereign people of Rome! every province in the world has been convulsed with the shock: if the frail life of a tender woman has gone too, who being born to the common lot of man must needs have died in a few short years, even if the time had not come for her now, are you thus utterly stricken down?

Do you then also recall your feelings and your thoughts from dwelling on this subject, and as beseems your character bethink yourself rather of this: that she has lived as long as life was of value to her; that she has passed away only together with her country's freedom; that she lived to see her father elected prætor, consul, augur; that she had been the wife of young men of the first rank; that after enjoying well-nigh every blessing that life can offer, she left it only when the Republic itself was falling. The account is closed, and what have you, what has she, to charge of injustice against Fate? In a word, forget not that you are Cicero — that you are he who was always wont to guide others and give them good advice; and be not like those quack physicians who when others are sick boast that they hold the key of the knowledge of medicine, to heal themselves are never able; but rather minister to yourself with your own hand the remedies which you are in the habit of prescribing for others, and put them plainly before your own soul. There is no pain so great but the lapse of time will lessen and assuage it: it is not like yourself to wait until this time comes, instead of stepping forward by your philosophy to anticipate that result. And if even those who are low in the grave have any consciousness at all, such was her love for you and her tenderness for all around her that surely she does not wish to see this in you. Make this a tribute then to her who is dead; to all your friends and relations who are mourning in your grief; and make it to your country also, that if in anything the need should arise she may be able to trust to your energy and guidance. Finally, since such is the condition we have come to, that even this consideration must perforce be obeyed, do not let your conduct induce anyone to believe that it is not so much your daughter as the circumstances of the Republic and the victory of others which you are deploring.

I shrink from writing to you at greater length upon this subject, lest I should seem to be doubtful of your own good sense; allow me therefore to put before you one more consideration, and then I will bring my letter to a close. We have seen you not once but many times bearing prosperity most gracefully, and gaining yourself great reputation thereby: let us see at last that you are capable also of bearing adversity equally well, and that it is not in your

eyes a heavier burden than it ought to seem; lest we should think that of all the virtues this is the only one in which you are wanting.

As for myself, when I find you are more composed in mind I will send you information about all that is being done in these parts, and the state in which the province finds itself at present. Farewell.

CICERO'S REPLY TO SULPICIUS

YES, my dear Servius, I could indeed wish you had been with me, as you say, at the time of my terrible trial. How much it was in your power to help me if you had been here, by sympathizing with, and I may almost say, sharing equally in my grief, I readily perceive from the fact that after reading your letter I now feel myself considerably more composed; for not only was all that you wrote just what is best calculated to soothe affliction, but you yourself in comforting me showed that you too had no little pain at heart. Your son Servius, however, has made it clear, by every kindly attention which such an occasion would permit of, both how great his respect was for myself and also how much pleasure his kind feeling for me was likely to give you; and you may be sure that, while such attentions from him have often been more pleasant to me, they have never made me more grateful.

It is not however only your arguments and your equal share — I may almost call it — in this affliction which comforts me, but also your authority; because I hold it shame in me not to be bearing my trouble in a way that you, a man endowed with such wisdom, think it ought to be borne. But at times I do feel broken down, and I scarcely make any struggle against my grief, because those consolations fail me which under similar calamities were never wanting to any of those other people whom I put before myself as models for imitation. Both Fabius Maximus, for example, when he lost a son who had held the consulship, the hero of many a famous exploit; and Lucius Paulus, from whom two were taken in one week; and your own kinsman Gallus; and Marcus Cato, who was deprived of a son of the rarest talents and the rarest virtue — all these lived in times when their individual affliction was capable of finding a solace in the distinctions they used to earn from their country. For me, however, after being stripped of all those distinctions which you yourself recall to me, and which I had won for myself by unparalleled exertions, only that one solace remained which has been torn away. My thoughts were not diverted by work for my friends, or by the administration of affairs of state; there was no pleasure in pleading in the courts; I could not bear the very sight of the Senate House; I felt, as was indeed too true, that I had lost all the harvest of both my industry and my success. But whenever I wanted to recollect that all this was shared with you and other friends I could name, and whenever I was breaking myself

in and forcing my spirit to bear these things with patience, I always had a refuge to go to where I might find peace, and in whose words of comfort and sweet society I could rid me of all my pains and griefs. Whereas now, under this terrible blow, even those old wounds which seemed to have healed up are bleeding afresh; for it is impossible for me now to find such a refuge from my sorrows at home in the business of the state, as in those days I did in that consolation of home, which was always in store whenever I came away sad from thoughts of state to seek for peace in her happiness. And so I stay away both from home and from public life; because home now is no more able to make up for the sorrow I feel when I think of our country, than our country is for my sorrow at home. I am therefore looking forward all the more eagerly to your coming, and long to see you as early as that may possibly be; no greater alleviation can be offered me than a meeting between us for friendly intercourse and conversation. I hope, however, that your return is to take place, as I hear it is, very shortly. As for myself, while there are abundant reasons for wanting to see you as soon as possible, my principal one is in order that we may discuss together beforehand the best method of conduct for present circumstances, which must entirely be adapted to the wishes of one man only, a man nevertheless who is far-seeing and generous, and also, as I think I have thoroughly ascertained, to me not at all ill-disposed and to you extremely friendly. But admitting this, it is still a matter for much deliberation what is the line — I do not say of action, but of keeping quiet — that we ought by his good leave and favor to adopt. Farewell.

CICERO'S VACILLATION IN THE CIVIL WAR

B EING in extreme agitation about these great and terrible events, and having no means of discussing matters with you in person, I want at any rate to avail myself of your judgment. Now the question about which I am in doubt is simply this: If Pompeius should fly from Italy (which I suspect he will do), how do you think I ought to act? To make it easier for you to advise me, I will briefly set forth the arguments that occur to me on both sides of the question.

The obligations that Pompeius laid me under in the matter of my restoration, my own intimacy with him, and also my patriotism, incline me to think that I ought to make my decision as his decision, or in other words, my fortunes as his fortunes. There is this reason also: If I stay behind and desert my post among that band of true and illustrious patriots, I must perforce fall completely under the yoke of one man. Now although he frequently takes occasion to show himself friendly to me — indeed, as you well know, anticipating this storm that is now hanging over our heads, I took good care that he should

be so long ago — still I have to consider two different questions: first, how far can I trust him; and secondly — assuming it to be absolutely certain that he is friendly disposed to me — would it show the brave man or the honest citizen to remain in a city where one has filled the highest offices of peace and war, achieved immortal deeds, and been crowned with the honors of her most dignified priesthood, only to become an empty name and undergo some risk, attended also very likely with considerable disgrace, should Pompeius ever again grasp the helm? So much for this side; see now what may be said on the other.

Pompeius has in our cause done nothing wisely, nothing strongly; nothing, I may add, that has not been contrary to my opinion and advice. I pass over those old complaints, that it was he who himself nourished this enemy of the Republic, gave him his honors, put the sword into his hand — that it was he who advised him to force laws through by violence, trampling on the warnings of religion — that it was he who made the addition of Transalpine Gaul, he who is his son-in-law, he who as augur allowed the adoption of Clodius; who showed more activity in recalling me than in preventing my exile; who took it on him to extend Cæsar's term of government; who supported all his proceedings while he was away; that he too even in his third consulship, after he had begun to pose as a defender of the constitution, actually exerted himself to get the ten tribunes to propose that absence should not invalidate the election; nay more, he expressly sanctioned this by one of his own acts, and opposed the consul Marcus Marcellus, who proposed that the tenure of the Gallic provinces should come to an end on the 1st of March — but anyhow, to pass over all this, what could be more discreditable, what more blundering, than this evacuation of the city, or I had better say, this ignominious flight? What terms ought not to have been accepted sooner than abandon our country? The terms were bad? That I allow; but is anything worse than this? But he will win back the constitution? When? What preparations have been made to warrant such a hope? Have we not lost all Picenum? have we not left open the road to the capital? have we not abandoned the whole of our treasure, public and private, to the foe? In a word, there is no common cause, no strength, no center, to draw such people together as might yet care to show fight for the Republic. Apulia has been chosen — the most thinly populated part of Italy, and the most remote from the line of movement of this war: it would seem that in despair they were looking for flight, with some easy access to the coast. I took the charge of Capua much against my will — not that I would evade that duty, but in a cause which evoked no sympathy from any class as a whole, nor any openly even from individuals (there was some of course among the good citizens, but as languid as usual), and where I saw for myself that the mass of the people, and all the lowest stratum, were more and more inclined to the other side, many even longing for a revolution, I told him to his face I would undertake to do nothing without forces and without

money. Consequently I have had no responsibility at all, because I saw from the very first that nothing was really intended but flight. Say that I now follow this plan; then whither? Not with him; I had already set out to join him when I found that Cæsar was in those parts, so that I could not safely reach Luceria. I must sail by the western sea, in the depth of winter, not knowing where to steer for. And again, what about being with my brother, or leaving him and taking my son? How then must I act, since either alternative will involve the greatest difficulty, the greatest mental anxiety? And then, too, what a raid he will make on me and my fortunes when I am out of the way — fiercer than on other people, because he will think perhaps that in outrages on me he holds a means of popularity. . . . What place indeed will be safe for me, supposing I now find the sea calm enough, before I have actually joined him? though where that will be and how to get there, I have no notion.

On the other hand, say that I stop where I am and find some place on this side of the water, then my conduct will precisely resemble that of Philippus, or Lucius Flaccus, or Quintus Mucius under Cinna's reign of terror. And however this decision ended for the last-named, yet still he at any rate used to say that he saw what really did happen would occur, but that it was his deliberate choice in preference to marching sword in hand against the homes of the very city that gave him birth. With Thrasybulus it was otherwise, and perhaps better; but still there is a sound basis for the policy and sentiments of Muscius; as there is also for this [which Philippus did]: to wait for your opportunity when you must, just as much as not to lose your opportunity when it is given. . . . Say that his feelings are friendly to me (I am not sure that this is so, but let us assume it), then he will offer me a triumph. I fear that to decline may be perilous — [to accept] an offense with all good citizens. Ah, you exclaim, what a difficult, what an insoluble problem! Yet the solution must be found; for what can one do? And lest you should have formed the idea that I am rather inclined towards staying because I have argued more on that side of the question, it is quite possible, as is so frequently the case in debates, that one side has more words, the other more worth. Therefore I should be glad if when you give me your opinion you would look upon me as making up my mind quite dispassionately on a most important question. I have a ship both at Caieta and at Brundisium.

CICERO'S CORRESPONDENTS

IT seems desirable to add a few letters by other hands than Cicero's, to indicate the manifold side-lights thrown on the inner history of this intensely interesting period. Sulpicius' famous attempt at consolation has already been given above. Two brief letters by Cæsar will illustrate the

dictator's marvelous ability to comprehend and control other men. Cælius' wit is biting as ever; and lastly, Matius' protest against being persecuted merely because he, who loved Cæsar, openly mourned for his dead friend, has an unconscious tone of simple heroism unequaled in the entire correspondence.

W. C. L.

CÆSAR TO CICERO

YOU know me too well not to keep up your character as an augur by divining that nothing is more entirely alien from my nature than cruelty: I will add that while my decision is in itself a great source of pleasure to me, to find my conduct approved by you is a triumph of gratification. Nor does the fact at all disturb me that those people whom I have set at liberty are reported to have gone their ways only to renew the attack upon me; because there is nothing I wish more than that I may ever be as true to my own character as they to theirs.

May I hope that you will be near town when I am there, so that I may as usual avail myself in everything of your advice and assistance? Let me assure you that I am charmed beyond everything with your relation Dolabella, to whom I shall acknowledge myself indeed indebted for this obligation; for his kindliness is so great, and his feeling and affection for me are such, that he cannot possibly do otherwise.

CÆSAR TO CICERO

THOUGH I had fully made up my mind that you would do nothing rashly, nothing imprudently, still I was so far impressed by the rumors in some quarters as to think it my duty to write to you, and ask it as a favor due to our mutual regard that you will not take any step, now that the scale is so decisively turned, which you would not have thought it necessary to take even though the balance still stood firm. For it will really be both a heavier blow to our friendship, and a step on your part still less judicious for yourself, if you are to be thought not even to have bowed the knee to success — for things seem to have fallen out as entirely favorably for us as disastrously for them; nor yet to have been drawn by attachment to a particular cause — for that has undergone no change since you decided to remain aloof from their counsels; — but to have passed a stern judgment on some act of mine, than which, from you, no more painful thing could befall me; and I claim the right of our friendship to entreat that you will not take this course.

Finally, what more suitable part is there for a good peace-loving man, and a good citizen, than to keep aloof from civil dissensions? There were not a few who admired this course, but could not adopt it by reason of its danger: you, after having duly weighed both the conclusions of friendship and the unmistakable evidence of my whole life, will find that there is no safer nor more honorable course than to keep entirely aloof from the struggle.

CÆLIUS IN ROME TO CICERO IN CILICIA

THE capture of his Parthian Majesty and the storming of Seleucia itself have not been enough to compensate for missing the sight of our doings here. Your eyes would never have ached again if you had only seen the face of Domitius when he was not elected! The election was important, and it was quite clear that party feeling determined the side which people took: only a few could be brought to acknowledge the claims of friendship. Consequently Domitius is so furious with me that he scarcely hates any of his most intimate friends as much as he does me; and all the more because he thinks that it was to do him wrong that his hopes of being in the College of Augurs are snatched away, and that I am responsible for it. He is savage now to see everybody so delighted at his mortification, and myself more active than anybody, with one exception, on behalf of Antonius.

As to political prospects, I have often mentioned to you that I do not see any chance of peace lasting a year; and the nearer that struggle which must infallibly take place, is drawing to us, the more manifest does its danger become. The point at issue about which our lords and masters are going to fight is this: Pompeius has absolutely determined not to allow Cæsar to be elected consul on any terms except a previous resignation of his army and his government, while Cæsar is convinced that he must inevitably fall if he separates himself from his army. He offers, however, this compromise, that they should both of them resign their armies. So you see their great affection for one another and their much-abused alliance has not even dwindled down into suppressed jealousy, but has broken out into open war. Nor can I discover what is the wisest course to take in my own interests: a question which I make no doubt will give much trouble to you also. For while I have both interest and connections among those who are on one side, on the other too it is the cause and not the men themselves I dislike. You are not, I feel sure, blind to the fact that where parties are divided within a country, we are bound, so long as the struggle is carried on with none but constitutional weapons, to support the more honorable cause, but when we come to blows and to open war, then the safer one; and to count that cause the better which is the less likely to be dangerous. In the present division of feeling I see that Pompeius will have the Senate and all judicially minded people on his side; those who have

everything to dread and little to hope for will flock to Cæsar: the army is not to be compared. On the whole, we have plenty of time for balancing the strength of parties and making our decision.

I had all but forgotten my principal reason for writing. Have you heard of the wonderful doings of our censor Appius — how he is rigorously inquiring into our statues and pictures, our amount of land, and our debts? He has persuaded himself that his censorship is a moral soap or toilet powder. He is wrong, I take it; for while he only wants to wash off the dirt, he is really laying bare his veins and his flesh. Heaven and earth! you must run, and come to laugh at the things here — Appius questioning about pictures and statues. You must make haste, I assure you.

Our friend Curio is thought to have acted wisely in giving way about the pay of Pompeius' troops. If I must sum up my opinion, as you ask, about what will happen — unless one or other of them consents to go and fight the Parthians, I see a great split impending, which will be settled by the sword and by force; each is well inclined for this and well equipped. If it could only be without danger to yourself, you would find this a great and most attractive drama which Fortune is rehearsing.

MATIUS TO CICERO

I RECEIVED great pleasure from your letter, because I found that your opinion of me was what I had hoped and wished it to be; not that I was in any doubt about it, but for the very reason that I valued it so highly, I was most anxious that it should remain unimpaired. Conscious, however, that I had done nothing which could give offense to the feelings of any good citizen, I was naturally the less inclined to believe that you, adorned as you are with so many excellences of the most admirable kind, could have allowed yourself to be convinced of anything on mere idle report; particularly seeing that you were a friend for whom my spontaneous attachment had been and still was unbroken. And knowing now that it has been as I hoped, I will answer those attacks which you have often opposed on my behalf, as was fairly to be expected from your well-known generosity and the friendship existing between us.

For I am well aware of all they have been heaping on me since Cæsar's death. They make it a reproach against me that I go heavily for the loss of a friend, and think it cruel that one whom I loved should have fallen, because, say they, country must be put before friends — as though they have hitherto been successful in proving that his death really was the gain of the commonwealth. But I will not enter any subtle plea; I admit that I have not attained to your higher grades of philosophy: for I have neither been a partisan of

Cæsar in our civil dissensions — though I did not abandon my friend even when his action was a stumbling-block to me — nor did I ever give my approval to the civil war, or even to the actual ground of quarrel, of which indeed I earnestly desired that the first sparks should be trampled out. And so in the triumph of a personal friend I was never ensnared by the charms either of place or of money; prizes which have been recklessly abused by the rest, though they had less influence with him than I had. I may even say that my own private property was impaired by that act of Cæsar, thanks to which many of those who are rejoicing at Cæsar's death continued to live in their own country. That our defeated fellow-countrymen should be spared was as much an object to me as my own safety. Is it possible then for me, who wanted all to be left uninjured, not to feel indignation that he by whom this was secured is dead? above all when the very same men were the cause at once of his unpopularity and his untimely end. You shall smart then, say they, since you dare to disapprove of our deed. What unheard-of insolence! One man then may boast of a deed, which another is not even allowed to lament without punishment. Why, even slaves have always been free of this — to feel their fears, their joys, their sorrows as their own, and not at anybody else's dictation; and these are the very things which now, at least according to what your "liberators" have always in their mouths, they are trying to wrest from us by terrorism. But they try in vain. There is no danger which has terrors enough ever to make me desert the side of gratitude or humanity; for never have I thought that death in a good cause is to be shunned, often indeed that it deserves to be courted. But why are they inclined to be enraged with me, if my wishes are simply that they may come to regret their deed, desiring as I do that Cæsar's death may be felt to be untimely by us all? It is my duty as a citizen to desire the preservation of the constitution? Well, unless both my life in the past and all my hopes for the future prove without any words of mine that I do earnestly desire this, I make no demand to prove it by my professions.

To you therefore I make a specially earnest appeal to let facts come before assertions, and to take my word for it that, if you feel that honesty is the best policy, it is impossible I should have any association with lawless villains. Or can you believe that the principles I pursued in the days of my youth, when even error could pass with some excuse, I shall renounce now that I am going down the hill, and with my own hands unravel all the web of my life? That I will not do; not yet will I commit any act that could give offense, beyond the fact that I do lament the sad fall of one who was to me the dearest friend and the most illustrious of men. But were I otherwise disposed, I would never deny what I was doing, lest it should be thought I was at once shameless in doing wrong and false and cowardly in dissembling it.

But then I undertook the management of those games which Cæsar's heir celebrated for Cæsar's victory? Well, this is a matter which belongs to one's

private obligations, not to any political arrangement; it was, however, in the first place a tribute of respect which I was called upon to pay to the memory and the eminent position of a man whom I dearly loved, even though he was dead, and also one that I could not refuse at the request of a young man so thoroughly promising, and so worthy in every way of Cæsar as he is.

Again, I have frequently paid visits of compliment to the consul Antonius. And you will find that the very men who think me but a lukewarm patriot are constantly going to his house in crowds, actually for the purpose of soliciting or carrying away some favor. But what a monstrous claim it is, that while Cæsar never laid any such embargo as this to prevent me from associating freely with anybody I pleased — even if they were people whom he personally did not like — these men who have robbed me of my friend should attempt by malicious insinuations to prevent my showing a kindness to whomsoever I will!

I have, however, no fear that the moderation of my life will hereafter prove an insufficient defense against false insinuations, and that even those who do not love me, because of my loyalty to Cæsar, would not rather have their own friends imitate me than themselves. Such of life as remains to me, at least if I succeed in what I desire, I shall spend in quiet at Rhodes; but if I find that some chance has put a stop to this, I shall simply live at Rome as one who is always desirous that right should be done.

I am deeply grateful to our good friend Trebatius for having thus disclosed to me your sincere and friendly feeling, and given me even an additional reason for honoring and paying respect to one whom it has always been a pleasure to me to regard as a friend. Farewell heartily, and let me have your esteem.

THE DREAM OF SCIPIO

From the Dialogue 'The Republic'; translated by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury.
Copyright by Ginn & Co.

WHEN I went into Africa with the consul Manius Manilius, holding the rank, as you are aware, of military tribune of the fourth legion, nothing lay nearer to my heart than to meet Masinissa, a king who, for good reasons, was on the most friendly terms with our family. When I had come to him, the old man embraced me with tears, and then looking up to heaven, said: "I give thanks to thee, O supremest Sol, and to you, ye inhabitants of heaven! that before I depart this life I behold in my dominions, and under this roof, Publius Cornelius Scipio, by whose very name I am revived: so never passes away from my mind the memory of that best

and most invincible hero." Thereupon I made inquiries of him as to the state of his own kingdom, and he of me as to our republic; and with many words uttered on both sides, we spent the whole of that day.

Moreover, after partaking of a repast prepared with royal magnificence, we prolonged the conversation late into the night. The old man would speak of nothing but Africanus, and remembered not only all his deeds, but likewise his sayings. After we parted to go to bed, a sounder sleep than usual fell upon me, partly on account of weariness occasioned by the journey, and partly because I had stayed up to a late hour. Then Africanus appeared to me, I think in consequence of what we had been talking about; for it often happens that our thoughts and speeches bring about in sleep something of that illusion of which Ennius writes in regard to himself and Homer, of which poet he was very often accustomed to think and speak while awake. Africanus showed himself to me in that form which was better known to me from his ancestral image than from my recollection of his person. As soon as I recognized him I was seized with a fit of terror; but he thereupon said:

"Be of good courage, O Scipio! Lay aside fear, and commit to memory these things which I am about to say. Do you see that state which, compelled by me to submit to the Roman people, renews its former wars, and cannot endure to remain at peace?" At these words, from a certain lustrous and bright place, very high and full of stars, he pointed out to me Carthage. "To fight against that city thou now comest in a rank but little above that of a private soldier; but in two years from this time thou shalt as consul utterly overthrow it, and in consequence shalt gain by thy own exertions that very surname of Africanus which up to this time thou hast inherited from us. But when thou shalt have destroyed Carthage, shalt have had the honor of a triumph, and shalt have been censor, thou shalt during thy absence be chosen consul for a second time, shalt put an end to a great war, and lay Numantia in ruins. But when thou shalt be carried in thy triumphal chariot to the capitol, thou wilt find the republic disturbed by the designs of my grandson. Then, O Scipio! it will be necessary that thou exhibit the purity and greatness of thy heart, thy soul, and thy judgment. But I see at that time a double way disclose itself, as if the Fates were undecided; for when thy life shall have completed eight times seven revolutions of the sun, and these two numbers (each one of which is looked upon as perfect; the one for one reason, the other for another) shall have accomplished for thee by their natural revolution the fatal product, to thee alone and to thy name the whole state shall turn; upon thee the Senate, upon thee all good men, upon thee the allies, upon thee the Latins, will fasten their eyes; thou wilt be the one upon whom the safety of the state shall rest; and in short, as dictator, it will be incumbent on thee to establish and regulate the Republic, if thou art successful in escaping the impious hands of kinsmen."

At this point, Lælius uttered an exclamation of sorrow, and the rest groaned more deeply; but Scipio, slightly smiling, said, Keep silence, I

beg of you. Do not awake me from my dream, and hear the rest of his words:

"But, O Africanus! that thou mayest be the more zealous in the defense of the Republic, know this: For all who have preserved, who have succored, who have aggrandized their country, there is in heaven a certain fixed place, where they enjoy an eternal life of blessedness. For to that highest God who governs the whole world there is nothing which can be done on earth more dear than those combinations of men and unions, made under the sanction of law, which are called States. The rulers and preservers of them depart from this place, and to it they return."

I had been filled with terror, not so much at the fear of death as at the prospect of treachery on the part of those akin to me; nevertheless at this point I had the courage to ask whether my father Paulus was living, and others whom we thought to be annihilated. "Certainly," said he: "they alone live who have been set free from the fetters of the body, as if from prison; for that which you call your life is nothing but death. Nay, thou mayest even behold thy father Paulus coming towards thee."

No sooner had I seen him than I burst into a violent fit of tears; but he thereupon, embracing and kissing me, forbade my weeping. I, as soon as I had checked my tears and was able again to speak, said to him, "Tell me, I beseech thee, O best and most sacred father! since this is life, as I hear Africanus say, why do I tarry upon earth? Why shall I not hasten to go to you?" — "Not so," said he; "not until that God, whose temple is all this which thou seest, shall have freed thee from the bonds of the body, can any entrance lie open to thee here. For men are brought into the world with this design, that they may protect and preserve that globe which thou seest in the middle of this temple, and which is called 'Earth.' To them a soul is given from these everlasting fires which you name constellations and stars, which, in the form of globes and spheres, run with incredible rapidity the rounds of their orbits under the impulse of divine intelligences. Wherefore by thee, O Publius! and by all pious men, the soul must be kept in the guardianship of the body; nor without the command of Him by whom it is given to you can there be any departure from this mortal life, lest you seem to have shunned the discharge of that duty as men which has been assigned to you by God. But, O Scipio! like as thy grandfather who stands here, like as I who gave thee life, cherish the sense of justice and loyal affection; which latter, in however great measure due to thy parents and kinsmen, is most of all due to thy country. Such a life is the way to heaven, and to that congregation of those who have ended their days on earth, and freed from the body, dwell in that place which you see — that place which, as you have learned from the Greeks, you are in the habit of calling the Milky Way."

This was a circle, shining among the celestial fires with a most brilliant whiteness. As I looked from it, all other things seemed magnificent and wonderful. Moreover, they were such stars as we have never seen from this

point of space and all of such magnitude as we have never even suspected. Among them, that was the least which the farthest from heaven, and the nearest to earth, shone with a borrowed light. But the starry globes far exceeded the size of the earth: indeed the earth itself appeared to me so small that I had a feeling of mortification at the sight of our empire, which took up what seemed to be but a point of it.

As I kept my eyes more intently fixed upon this spot Africanus said to me: "How long I beg of thee will thy spirit be chained down to earth? Seest thou not into what a holy place thou hast come? Everything is bound together in nine circles, or rather spheres, of which the farthest is the firmament, which embraces the rest, and is indeed the supreme God himself, confining and containing all the others. To that highest heaven are fixed those orbits of the stars which eternally revolve. Below it are seven spheres, which move backward with a motion contrary to that of the firmament. One of these belongs to that star which on earth they call Saturn; then follows that shining orb, the source of happiness and health to the human race, which is called Jupiter; then the red planet, bringing terror to the nations, to which you give the name of Mars; then, almost directly under the middle region, stands the sun — the leader, the chief, the governor of the other luminaries, the soul of the universe, and its regulating principle, of a size so vast that it penetrates and fills everything with its own light. Upon it, as if they were an escort, follow two spheres — the one of Venus, the other of Mercury; and in the lowest circle revolves the moon, illuminated by the rays of the sun. Below it there is nothing which is not mortal and transitory, save the souls which are given to mankind by the gift of the gods; above the moon, all things are eternal. For that ninth sphere, which is in the middle, is the earth: it has no motion; it is the lowest in space; and all heavy bodies are borne toward it by the lowest natural downward tendency."

I looked at these, lost in wonder. As soon as I had recovered myself I said, "What is this sound, so great and so sweet, which fills my ears?" — "This," he replied, "is that music which, composed of intervals unequal, but divided proportionately by rule, is caused by the swing and movement of the spheres themselves, and by the proper combination of acute tones with grave, creates with uniformity manifold and diverse harmonies. For movements so mighty cannot be accomplished in silence; and it is a law of nature that the farthest sphere on the one side gives forth a base tone, the farthest on the other a treble; for which reason the revolution of that uppermost arch of the heaven, the starry firmament, whose motion is more rapid, is attended with an acute and high sound; while that of the lowest, or lunar arch, is attended with a very deep and grave sound. For the ninth sphere, the earth, embracing the middle region of the universe, stays immovably in one fixed place. But those eight globes between, two ¹ of which have the same essential action, produce

¹ Mercury and Venus.

tones, distinguished by intervals, to the number of seven; which number indeed is the knot of almost all things. Men of skill, by imitating the result on the strings of the lyre, or by means of the human voice, have laid open for themselves a way of return to this place, just as other men of lofty souls have done the same by devoting themselves during their earthly life to the study of what is divine. But the ears of men, surfeited by this harmony have become deaf to it; nor is there in you any duller sense: just as, at that cataract which is called Catadupa — where the Nile rushes down headlong from the lofty mountain-tops — the people who dwell in that neighborhood have lost the sense of hearing in consequence of the magnitude of the sound. So likewise this harmony, produced by the excessively rapid revolution of the whole universe, is so great that the ears of men are not able to take it in, in the same manner as you are not able to look the sun in the eye, and your sight is overcome by the power of its rays." Though I was filled with wonder, nevertheless I kept turning my eyes from time to time to the earth.

"I perceive," then said Africanus, "that thou still continuest to contemplate the habitation of the home of man. If that seems to thee as small as it really is, keep then thy eyes fixed on these heavenly objects; look with contempt on those of mortal life. For what notoriety that lives in the mouths of men, or what glory that is worthy of being sought after, art thou able to secure? Thou seest that the earth is inhabited in a few small localities, and that between those inhabited places — spots as it were on the surface — vast desert regions lie spread out; and that those who inhabit the earth are not only so isolated that no communication can pass among them from one to another, but that some dwell in an oblique direction as regards you, some in a diagonal, and some stand even exactly opposite you. From these you are certainly not able to hope for any glory.

"Moreover, thou observest that this same earth is surrounded, and as it were, girdled, by certain zones, of which thou seest that two — the farthest apart, and resting at both sides on the very poles of the sky — are stiffened with frost; and that, again, the central and largest one is burnt up with the heat of the sun. Two are habitable: of these the southern one, in which dwell those who make their footprints opposite yours, is a foreign world to your race. But even this other one, which lies to the north, which you occupy — see with how small a part of it you come into contact! For all the land which is cultivated by you, very narrow at the extremities but wider at the sides, is only a small island surrounded by that water which on earth you call the Atlantic, or the great sea, or the ocean. But though its name is so high-sounding, yet thou beholdest how small it is. From these cultivated and well-known regions can either thy name or the name of any of us surmount and pass this Caucasus which thou seest, or cross yonder flood of the Ganges? Who in the farthest remaining regions of the rising and the setting sun, or on the confines of the north and the south, will hear thy name? When these are taken away, thou

assuredly perceivest how immense is the littleness of that space in which your reputation seeks to spread itself abroad. Moreover, even those who speak of us, for how long a time will they speak?

"Nay, even if the generations of men were desirous, one after the other, to hand down to posterity the praises of any one of us heard from their fathers, nevertheless, on account of the changes in the earth — wrought by inundations and conflagration, which are sure to recur at certain fixed epochs — we are not simply unable to secure for ourselves a glory which lasts forever, but are even unable to gain a glory which lasts for a long time. Moreover, of what value is it that the speech of those who are to be born hereafter shall be about thee, when nothing has been said of thee by all those who were born before, who were neither fewer in number and were unquestionably better men; especially when no one is able to live in the memory of those very persons by whom one's name can be heard, for the space of one year?

"For men commonly measure the year by the return to its place of the sun alone — that is, of one star; but when all the stars shall have returned to that same point from which they once set out, and after a long period of time have brought back the same relative arrangement of the whole heaven, that, then, can justly be called the complete year. In it I hardly dare say how many ages of human life are contained. For once in the past the sun seemed to disappear from the eyes of men and to be annihilated, at the time when the soul of Romulus made its way into this very temple. When, from the same region of the sky and at the same moment of time, the sun shall have again vanished, then be sure that all constellations and stars have come back to the position they had in the beginning, and that the perfect year is completed. Of that year know that now not even the twentieth part has passed.

"Wherefore, if thou givest up the hope of a return to this place, in which all things exist for lofty and pre-eminent souls, yet of how much value is that human glory which can hardly endure for even the small part of a single year? But if, as I was saying, thou wishest to look on high, and to fix thy gaze upon this abode of the blest and this eternal home, never give thyself up to the applause of the vulgar, nor rest the recompense of thy achievements in the rewards which can be bestowed upon thee by men. It is incumbent on thee that Virtue herself shall draw thee by her own charm to true glory. As for the way in which others talk about thee, let them take care of that themselves; yet without doubt they will talk. But all such renown is limited to the petty provinces of the regions which thou seest: nor in the case of any one is it everlasting; for it both dies with the death of men and is buried in oblivion by the forgetfulness of posterity."

When he had said these things, "O Africanus!" I replied, "if the path that leads to the entrance of heaven lies open to those who have rendered great service to their country, although, in following from my boyhood in thy footsteps and in those of my father, I have not failed in sustaining the honor derived from you, yet henceforth I shall toil with far more zeal, now that

so great a reward has been held out before me." — "Do thou indeed," said he, "continue to strive; and bear this in mind, that thou thyself art not mortal, but this body of thine. For thou art not the one which that form of thine proclaims thee to be: but the soul of anyone, that alone is he; not that external shape which can be pointed out with the finger. Therefore know thyself to be a god, if that is essentially god which lives, which feels, which remembers, which foresees, which rules and regulates and moves that body over which it is put in authority, as the Supreme Being governs this universe. And as the eternal God moves the world, which in a certain point of view is perishable, so the incorruptible soul moves the corruptible body. For what always moves itself is eternal; but that which communicates to anything a motion which it has itself received from another source, must necessarily have an end of life when it has an end of motion: therefore that alone never ceases to move which moves itself, for the reason that it is never deserted by itself. This indeed is the well-head; this the beginning of motion to all other things that are moved. But to a beginning there is no birth; for all things are born from the beginning. But it itself cannot be born of anything; for that would not be a beginning which sprang from some other source. And just as it is never begotten, so it never dies; for a beginning annihilated could neither itself be brought back to life by anything else, nor could it create anything else out of itself, since it is necessary that all things should come from a beginning. So it results that the beginning of motion is in itself, because it is self-moved. And this can neither be born nor die, for if it did, the heavens would fall to ruin, and all nature would stand still; nor could it come into the possession of any power by the original impulse of which it might be put into motion.

"Since therefore it is clear that what is self-moved is eternal, who can deny that this essential characteristic has been imparted to the soul? For everything which is moved by a foreign impulse is without a soul; but that which lives is made to go by an inward motion of its own, for this is the special nature and power of the soul. But if it is the one thing among all which is self-moved, then certainly it has had no beginning, and is eternal. Do thou, then, employ it in the noblest duties. But those are the loftiest cares which are concerned with the well-being of our native land. The soul that is inspired by these, and occupied with them, will hasten the quicker into this its real home and habitation. So much the more speedily indeed will it do this, if while it is shut up in the body it shall pass beyond its limits, and by the contemplation of those things which are outside of it shall withdraw itself as far as possible from the body. For the souls of those who have given themselves up to sensual pleasures, and have made themselves as it were ministers to these, and who under the pressure of desires which are subservient to these pleasures have violated the laws of God and man, when they shall have parted from the body, will fly about the earth itself, nor will return to this place until they shall have suffered torments for many ages." He departed. I awoke from my sleep.

CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR

TRULY a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar," says Captain Miles Standish. Truly wonderful he was as soldier, statesman, orator, and author, all of the first rank — and a respectable critic, man of science, and poet besides.

As a writer of Latin prose, and as an orator, he was second only to Cicero in the age that is called the Ciceronian; and no third is to be named with these two. Yet among his contemporaries his literary ability was an insignificant title to fame, compared with his overwhelming military and political genius. Here he stood alone and unrivaled, the most successful conqueror and civilizer of all history, the founder of the most majestic political fabric the world has ever seen. There have been other generals, statesmen, and authors as great as Cæsar; but the extraordinary combination of powers in this one man goes very far toward making good the claim that he was the most remarkable man in history.

He was born 100 B.C., of the great Julian *gens*, which claimed descent from Æneas and Venus, the glories of which lineage are celebrated in Vergil's immortal epic. Thus the future leader of the turbulent democracy, and the future despot who was to humble the nobles of Rome, was by birth an aristocrat of bluest blood. His life might easily have come to an untimely end in the days of Sulla's bloody ascendancy, for he was connected by marriage with Marius and Cinna. Sulla was persuaded to spare him, but clearly saw, even then, that "in Cæsar there were many Mariuses."

All young Romans of rank were expected to go through a term of at least nominal military service. Cæsar's apprenticeship was in Asia Minor in 80 B.C. He distinguished himself at the storming of Mitylene, and afterwards served in Cilicia. He began his political and oratorical career by the prosecution of Cornelius Dolabella, one of the nobility, on a charge of extortion. About 75 B.C. he was continuing his studies at Rhodes, then a famous school of eloquence. Obtaining the quæstorship in 67 B.C., he was assigned to duty in the province of Further Spain. Two years later he became ædile. At the age of thirty-seven he was elected *pontifex maximus* over two powerful competitors. Entirely without religious belief, as far as we can judge, he recognized the importance of this portion of the civil order, and mastered the intricate lore of the established ceremonial. In this office, which he held for life, he busied himself with a Digest of the Auspices and wrote an essay on Divination.

After filling the prætorship in 62 B.C., he obtained, as proprætor, the governorship of his old province of Further Spain, which he was destined to

visit twice in later years as conqueror in civil war. His military success at this time against the native tribes was such as to entitle him to the honor of a triumph. This he was obliged to forgo in order to stand at once for the consulship, which office he held for the year 59 B.C. He had previously entered into a private agreement with Pompey and Crassus, known as the First Triumvirate. Cæsar had always presented himself as the friend of the people; Pompey was the most famous man of the time, covered with military laurels, and regarded, though not with perfect confidence, as the champion of the Senatorial party. Crassus, a man of ordinary ability, was valuable to the other two on account of his enormous wealth. These three men agreed to unite their interests and their influence. In accordance with this arrangement Cæsar obtained the consulship, and then the command for five years, afterward extended to ten, of the provinces of Gaul and Illyricum. It was while proconsul of Gaul in the years 58–50 B.C. that he subjugated and organized "All Gaul," which was far greater in extent than the country which is now France; increased his own political and material resources; and above all formed an army, the most highly trained and efficient the world had yet seen, entirely faithful to himself, by means of which he was able in the years 49–46 B.C. to defeat all his political antagonists and to gain absolute power over the State.

He held the consulship again in 48 and 46 B.C., and was consul without a colleague in 45 and 44 B.C., as well as dictator with authority to remodel the Constitution. While his far-reaching plans of organization and improvement were incomplete, and when he was about to start upon a war against the Parthians on the eastern frontier of the empire, he was murdered March 15, 44 B.C., by a band of conspirators headed by Brutus and Cassius.

For purposes of a literary judgment of Cæsar we have of his own works in complete or nearly complete form his military memoirs only. His specifically literary works have all perished. A few sentences from his speeches, a few of his letters, a few wise or witty sayings, an anecdote or two scattered about in the pages of other authors, and six lines of hexameter verse, containing a critical estimate of the dramatist Terence, are all that remain as specimens of what is probably forever lost to us.

An enumeration of his works, so far as their titles are known, is the best evidence of his versatility. A bit of criticism here and there shows the estimation in which Cæsar the writer and orator was held by his countrymen and contemporaries. Besides the military memoirs and the works spoken of above in connection with his pontificate, we may mention, as of a semi-official character, his astronomical treatise 'On the Stars' ('De Astris'), published in connection with his reform of the calendar, when dictator, shortly before the end of his life.

Cicero alludes to a collection of witty sayings (Apophthegms) made by Cæsar, with evident satisfaction at the latter's ability to distinguish the real and the false Ciceronian *bons mots*.

Like most Roman gentlemen, Cæsar wrote in youth several poems, of which Tacitus grimly says that they were not better than Cicero's. This list includes a tragedy, 'Ædipus,' 'Laudes Herculis' [The Praises of Hercules], and the 'Iter,' a metrical account of a journey into Spain.

A grammatical treatise in two books, 'De Analogia,' dedicated to Cicero, to the latter's immense gratification, was written on one of the numerous swift journeys from Italy to headquarters in Gaul. Passages from it are quoted by several subsequent writers, and an anecdote preserved by Aulus Gellius in his 'Noctes Atticæ' (I, 10, 4), wherein a young man is warned by Cæsar to avoid, "like a rock," unusual and far-fetched language, is supposed to be very characteristic of his general attitude in matters of literary taste. The 'Anticatones' were a couple of political pamphlets ridiculing Cato, the idol of the republicans. This was small business for Cæsar, but Cato had taken rather a mean advantage by his dramatic suicide at Utica, and deprived Cæsar of the "pleasure of pardoning him."

Of Cæsar's orations we have none but the most insignificant fragments, so that our judgment of them must be based on the testimony of ancient critics. Quintilian speaks (Quintilian X, 1, 114) of the "wonderful elegance of his language" and of the "force" which made it "seem that he spoke with the same spirit with which he fought."

Collections of his letters were extant in the second century, but nothing now remains except a few brief notes to Cicero, copied by the latter in his correspondence with Atticus. This loss is perhaps the one most to be regretted. Letters reveal their author's personality better than more formal species of composition, and Cæsar was almost the last real letter-writer, the last who used in its perfection the cultivated, conversational language, the *sermo urbanus*.

But after all, we possess the most important of his writings, the 'Commentaries' on the Gallic and Civil Wars. The first may be considered as a formal report to the Senate and the public on the conduct of his Gallic campaigns; the latter, as primarily intended for a defense of his constitutional position in the Civil War.

They are memoirs, half way between private notes and formal history. Cicero says that while their author "desired to give others the material out of which to create a history, he may perhaps have done a kindness to conceited writers who wish to trick them out with meretricious graces" (to "crimp with curling-irons"), "but he has deterred all men of sound taste from ever touching them. For in history a pure and brilliant conciseness of style is the highest attainable beauty." "They are worthy of all praise, for they are simple, straightforward, and elegant, with all rhetorical ornament stripped from them as a garment is stripped." (Cicero, 'Brutus,' 262.)

The seven books of the 'Gallic War' are each the account of a year's campaigning. They were written apparently in winter quarters. When Cæsar entered on the administration of his province it was threatened with invasion.

The Romans had never lost their dread of the northern barbarians, nor forgotten the capture of Rome three centuries before. Only a generation back, Marius had become the national hero by destroying the invading hordes of Cimbri and Teutones. Cæsar purposed to make the barbarians tremble at the Roman name. This first book of the 'Commentaries' tells how he raised an army in haste, with which he outmarched, outmanœuvred and defeated the Helvetian nation. This people, urged by pressure behind and encouragement in front, had determined to leave its old home in the Alpine valleys and to settle in the fairer regions of southeastern France. Surprised and dismayed by Cæsar's terrific reception of their supposed invincible host, they had to choose between utter destruction and a tame return, with sadly diminished numbers, to their old abodes. Nor was this all the work of the first year. Ariovistus, a German king, also invited by a Gallic tribe, and relying on the terror of his nation's name, came to establish himself and his people on the Gallic side of the Rhine. He too was astonished at the tone with which Cæsar ordered him to depart, but soon found himself forced to return far more quickly than he had come.

Having thus vindicated the Roman claim to the frontiers of Gaul against other invaders, the proconsul devoted his second summer to the subjugation of the Belgæ, the most warlike and the most remote of the Gauls. The second book tells how this was accomplished. There was one moment when the conqueror's career came near ending prematurely. One of the Belgian tribes, the valiant Nervii, surprised and nearly defeated the Roman army. But steady discipline and the dauntless courage of the commander, never so great as in moments of mortal peril, saved the day, and the Nervii are immortalized as the people who nearly destroyed Cæsar.

These unprecedented successes all round the eastern and northern frontiers thoroughly established Roman prestige and strengthened Rome's supremacy over the central Gauls, who were already her allies, at least in name. But much yet remained to do. The work was but fairly begun. The third book tells of the conquest of the western tribes. The most interesting episode is the creation of a fleet and the naval victory over the Veneti on the far-away coast of Brittany. In the fourth year Cæsar crossed the Rhine, after building a wonderful wooden bridge in ten days, carried fire and sword among the Germans on the further bank, and returned to his side of the river, destroying the bridge behind him. Later in the season he made an expedition into Britain. This was followed in the fifth year by an invasion of the island in greater force. To people of our race this portion of the 'Commentaries' is especially interesting. The southern part of the country was overrun, the Thames was crossed some miles above London, and several victories were gained, but no organized conquest was attempted. That remained for the age of Claudius and later emperors.

During the ensuing winter, on account of the scarcity of provisions, the

Roman troops had to be quartered in separate detachments at long distances. One of these was treacherously destroyed by the Gauls, and the others were saved only by the extraordinary quickness with which Cæsar marched to their relief on hearing of their imminent danger. The chief part in this rising had been taken by the Eburones, led by their king Ambiorix. A large part of the sixth book is occupied with the recital of Cæsar's vengeance upon these people and their abettors, and with the vain pursuit of Ambiorix. The remainder contains an elaborate contrast of the manners and customs of the Gauls and Germans, which forms an important source for the history of the primitive institutions of these nations. The seventh book is the thrilling tale of the formidable rising of all the Gauls against their conquerors, under the leadership of Vercingetorix, an Arvernian chief. This man was a real hero, brave, patriotic, resourceful, perhaps the only worthy antagonist that Cæsar ever met. This war strained to the utmost Cæsar's abilities and the disciplined valor of his legions. The Gauls nearly succeeded in undoing all the work of six years, in destroying the Roman army and in throwing off the Roman yoke. In this campaign, more conspicuously than ever before, Cæsar's success was due to the unexampled rapidity of his movements. So perfect had become the training of his troops and their confidence in his ability to win under all circumstances, that after a campaign of incredible exertions they triumphed over the countless hosts of their gallant foes, and in the next two years the last embers of Gaulish independence were finally stamped out. In all his later wars, Cæsar never had anything to fear from Gaul. As we read the story of Avaricum, of Gergovia, of Alesia, our sympathy goes out to the brave barbarians who were fighting for liberty—but we have to remember that though the cause of freedom failed, the cause of civilization triumphed. The eighth book, containing the account of the next two years, 51 and 50 B.C., was written by one of Cæsar's officers, Aulus Hirtius.

The first book of the 'Civil War' begins with the year 49 B.C., where the struggle between Cæsar and the Senatorial party opens with his crossing of the Rubicon, attended by the advance guard of his legions. Pompey proved a broken reed to those who leaned upon him, and Cæsar's conquest of the Italian peninsula was little else than a triumphal progress through the country. The enemy retired to the eastern shore of the Adriatic to muster the forces of the East on the side of the aristocracy, leaving Cæsar in possession of the capital and of the machinery of government. The latter part of the book contains the account of the campaign against Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, which was won almost without bloodshed, by masterly strategy, and which ended with the complete possession of the peninsula. The second book describes the capture of Marseilles after a long siege, and the tragic defeat and death of Curio, a brave but rash young officer sent by Cæsar to secure the African province. In the third book (48 B.C.) we have the story of the campaign against Pompey; first the audacious blockade for months of Pompey's greatly

superior forces near Dyrrachium on the Illyrian coast: and when that failed, of the long march into Thessaly, where Pompey was at last forced into battle, against his judgment, by his own officers, on the fatal plains of Pharsalia; of the annihilation of the Senatorial army; of Pompey's flight to Egypt; of his treacherous murder there; of Cæsar's pursuit. The books on the Alexandrian, the African, and the Spanish wars, which continue the narrative down to Cæsar's final victory at Munda in southern Spain, are by other and inferior hands. The question of their authorship has been the subject of much controversy and conjecture.

Under this modest title of 'Commentaries,' in the guise of a simple narrative of events, Cæsar puts forth at once an inimitable history and a masterly apology. The author speaks of himself in the third person, tells of the circumstances of each situation in a quiet moderate way, which carries with it the conviction on the reader's part of his entire truthfulness, accuracy, and candor. We are persuaded that the Cæsar about whom he tells could not have acted otherwise than he did. In short, he exercises the same spell over our minds that he cast over the hearts of men twenty centuries ago.

There is nothing that so fascinates and enchains the imagination of men as power in another man. This man could captivate a woman by his sweetness or tame an angry mob of soldiers with a word; could mold the passions of a corrupt democracy or exterminate a nation in a day; could organize an empire or polish an epigram. His strength was terrible. But all this immense power was marvelously balanced and under perfect control. Nothing was too small for his delicate tact. Nothing that he did was so difficult but we feel he could have done more. Usually his means seemed inadequate to his ends. But it was Cæsar who used them.

The 'Commentaries' show us this man at his work. They show him as an organizer of armies and alliances, a wily diplomatist, an intrepid soldier, an efficient administrator, a strategist of inspired audacity, a tactician of endless resources, an engineer of infinite inventiveness, an unerring judge of men. But he never boasts, except in speeches to hearten discouraged troops. He does not vilify or underrate his enemies.

His soldiers trusted him implicitly; there was no limit to their zeal. They found in him a generous appreciation of their deeds. Many a soldier and centurion has received immortality at his hands as the guerdon of valor. He describes a victory of Labienus with as much satisfaction as if it had been his own, and praises another lieutenant for his prudent self-restraint when tempted by a prospect of success. And he tells with hearty admiration of the devoted Gauls who sacrificed their lives one after another in a post of danger at Avaricum. Even in the Civil War no officers deserted him except Labienus and two Gaulish chiefs.

It was difficult to deceive him. His analysis of other men's motives is as merciless as it is passionless. He makes us disapprove the course of his an-

tagonists with the same moderate but convincing statement with which he recommends his own. Few men can have had as few illusions as he. One would scarcely care to possess such an insight into the hearts of others. He seems to feel little warmth of indignation, and never indulges in invective. But woe to those who stood in the way of the accomplishment of his objects. Dreadful was the punishment of those who revolted after making peace. Still, even his vengeance seems dictated by policy rather than by passion. He is charged with awful cruelty because he slew a million men and sold another million into slavery. But he did not enjoy human suffering. These were simply necessary incidents in the execution of his plans. It is hard to see how European civilization could have proceeded without the conquest of Gaul, and it is surely better to make a conquest complete, rapid, overpowering, that the work may have to be done but once.

It is hard not to judge men by the standards of our own age. The ancients rarely felt an international humanity, and in his own time "Cæsar's clemency" was proverbial. As he was always careful not to waste in useless fighting the lives of his soldiers, so he was always true to his own precept, "Spare the citizens." The way in which he repeatedly forgave his enemies when they were in his power was an example to many a Christian conqueror. The best of his antagonists showed themselves bloodthirsty in word or act; and most of them, not excepting Cicero, were basely ungrateful for his forbearance. His treatment of Cicero was certainly most handsome — our knowledge of it is derived mainly from Cicero's letters. Perhaps this magnanimity was dashed with a tinge of kindly contempt for his fellow-citizens; but whatever its motives, it was certainly wise and benign at the beginning of the new era he was inaugurating. He was no vulgar destroyer, and did not desire to ruin in order to rule.

He is charged with ambition, the sin by which the angels fell. It is not for us to fathom the depths of his mighty mind. Let us admit the charge. But it was not an ignoble ambition. Let us say that he was so ambitious that he laid the foundations of the Roman Empire and of modern France, that his services to civilization and his plans for humanity were so broad that patriots were driven to murder him.

Some of Cæsar's eulogists have claimed for him a moral greatness corresponding to his transcendent mental power. This is mistaken zeal. He may stand as the supreme representative of the race in the way of practical executive intellect. It is poor praise to put him into another order of men, with Plato or with Paul. Their greatness was of another kind. We cannot speak of degrees. He is the exponent of creative force in political history — not of speculative or ethical power.

Moreover, with all his originality of conception and power of execution, Cæsar lacked that kind of imagination which makes the true poet, the real creative artist in literature. Thus we observe the entire absence of the pic-

torial element in his writings. There is no trace of his ever being affected by the spectacular incidents of warfare nor by the grandeur of the natural scenes through which he passed. The reason may be that his intellect was absorbed in the contemplation of men and motives, of means and ends. We cannot conceive of his ever having been carried out of himself by the rapture of inspiration. Such clearness of mental perception is naturally accompanied by a certain coolness of temperament. A man of superlative greatness must live more or less alone among his fellows. With his immense grasp of the relations of things in the world, Cæsar cannot have failed to regard men to some extent as the counters in a great game — himself the player. So he used men, finding them instruments — efficient and zealous, often — of his far-reaching plans. He was just in rewarding their services — more than just: he was generous and kind. But he did not have real friends; therefore it is not surprising that he met with so little gratitude. Even his diction shows this independence, this isolation. It would be difficult to find an author of any nation in a cultivated age so free from the influence of the language of his predecessors. Cæsar was unique among the great Roman writers in having been born at the capital. Appropriately he is the incarnation of the specifically Roman spirit in literature, as Cicero was the embodiment of the Italian, the Hellenic, the cosmopolitan spirit.

Toward the close of Cæsar's career there are some signs of weariness observable — a certain loss of serenity, a suspicion of vanity, a dimming of his penetrating vision into the men about him. The only wonder is that mind and body had not succumbed long before to the prodigious strain put upon them. Perhaps it is well that he died when he did, hardly past his prime. So he went to his setting, like the other "weary Titan," leaving behind him a brightness which lasted all through the night of the Dark Ages. Cæsar died, but the imperial idea of which he was the first embodiment has proved the central force of European political history even down to our time.

Such is the man who speaks to us from his pages still. He was a man who did things rather than a man who said things. Yet who could speak so well? His mastery of language was perfect, but in the same way as his mastery of other instruments. Style with him was a means rather than an end. He had the training which others of his kind enjoyed. Every Roman noble had to learn oratory. But Cæsar wrote and spoke with a faultless taste and a distinction that no training could impart. So we find in his style a beauty which does not depend upon ornament, but upon perfect proportion; a diction plain and severe almost to baldness; absolute temperateness of expression. The descriptions are spirited, but never made so by strained rhetoric; the speeches are brief, manly, businesslike; the arguments calm and convincing; always and everywhere the language of a strong man well inside the limits of his power.

J. H. WESTCOTT

THE DEFEAT OF ARIOVISTUS AND THE GERMANS

From 'The Gallic War'

WHEN he had proceeded three days' journey, word was brought to him that Ariovistus was hastening with all his forces to seize on Vesontio [modern Besançon], which is the largest town of the Sequani, and had advanced three days' journey from his territories. Cæsar thought that he ought to take the greatest precautions lest this should happen, for there was in that town a most ample supply of everything which was serviceable for war; and so fortified was it by the nature of the ground as to afford a great facility for protracting the war, inasmuch as the river Doubs almost surrounds the whole town, as though it were traced round with a pair of compasses. A mountain of great height shuts in the remaining space, which is not more than six hundred feet, where the river leaves a gap in such a manner that the roots of that mountain extend to the river's bank on either side. A wall thrown around it makes a citadel of this mountain, and connects it with the town. Hither Cæsar hastens by forced marches by night and day, and after having seized the town, stations a garrison there.

Whilst he is tarrying a few days at Vesontio, on account of corn and provisions, from the inquiries of our men and reports of the Gauls and traders (who asserted that the Germans were men of huge stature, of incredible valor and practice in arms — that oftentimes they, on encountering them, could not bear even their countenance and the fierceness of their eyes), so great a panic on a sudden seized the whole army, as to discompose the minds and spirits of all in no slight degree. This first arose from the tribunes of the soldiers, the prefects and the rest, who, having followed Cæsar from Rome from motives of friendship, had no great experience in military affairs. And alleging, some of them one reason, some another, which they said made it necessary for them to depart, they requested that by his consent they might be allowed to withdraw; some, influenced by shame, stayed behind in order that they might avoid the suspicion of cowardice. These could neither compose their countenance, nor even sometimes check their tears: but hidden in their tents, either bewailed their fate or deplored with their comrades the general danger. Wills were sealed universally throughout the whole camp. By the expressions and cowardice of these men, even those who possessed great experience in the camp, both soldiers and centurions, and those [the decurions] who were in command of the cavalry, were gradually disconcerted. Such of them as wished to be considered less alarmed said that they did not dread the enemy, but feared the narrowness of the roads and the vastness of the forests which lay between them and Ariovistus, or else that the supplies could not be brought up readily enough. Some even declared to Cæsar that when he

gave orders for the camp to be moved and the troops to advance, the soldiers would not be obedient to the command nor advance, in consequence of their fear.

When Cæsar observed these things, having called a council, and summoned to it the centurions of all the companies, he severely reprimanded them, " particularly for supposing that it belonged to them to inquire or conjecture either in what direction they were marching or with what object. That Ariovistus during his [Cæsar's] consulship had most anxiously sought after the friendship of the Roman people; why should anyone judge that he would so rashly depart from his duty? He for his part was persuaded that when his demands were known and the fairness of the terms considered, he would reject neither his nor the Roman people's favor. But even if, driven on by rage and madness, he should make war upon them, what after all were they afraid of? — or why should they despair either of their own valor or of his zeal? Of that enemy a trial had been made within our fathers' recollection, when on the defeat of the Cimbri and Teutones by Caius Marius, the army was regarded as having deserved no less praise than their commander himself. It had been made lately too in Italy, during the rebellion of the slaves, whom, however, the experience and training which they had received from us assisted in some respect. From which a judgment might be formed of the advantages which resolution carries with it — inasmuch as those whom for some time they had groundlessly dreaded when unarmed, they had afterward vanquished when well armed and flushed with success. In short, that these were the same men whom the Helvetii, in frequent encounters, not only in their own territories, but also in theirs [the German], have generally vanquished, and yet cannot have been a match for our army. If the unsuccessful battle and flight of the Gauls disquieted any, these, if they made inquiries, might discover that when the Gauls had been tired out by the long duration of the war, Ariovistus, after he had many months kept himself in his camp and in the marshes, and had given no opportunity for an engagement, fell suddenly upon them, by this time despairing of a battle and scattered in all directions; and was victorious more through stratagem and cunning than valor. But though there had been room for such stratagem against savage and unskilled men, not even Ariovistus himself expected that thereby our armies could be entrapped. That those who ascribed their fear to a pretense about the deficiency of supplies and the narrowness of the roads acted presumptuously, as they seemed either to distrust their general's discharge of his duty or to dictate to him. That these things were his concern; that the Sequani, the Leuci, and the Lingones were to furnish the corn; and that it was already ripe in the fields; that as to the road, they would soon be able to judge for themselves. As to its being reported that the soldiers would not be obedient to command, or advance, he was not at all disturbed at that; for he knew that in the case of all those whose army had not been obedient to command, either upon some

mismanagement of an affair fortune had deserted them, or that upon some crime being discovered covetousness had been clearly proved against them. His integrity had been seen throughout his whole life, his good fortune in the war with the Helvetii. That he would therefore instantly set about what he had intended to put off till a more distant day, and would break up his camp the next night in the fourth watch, that he might ascertain as soon as possible whether a sense of honor and duty, or whether fear, had more influence with them. But that if no one else should follow, yet he would go with only the tenth legion, of which he had no misgivings, and it should be his pretorian cohort." — This legion Cæsar had both greatly favored, and in it, on account of its valor, placed the greatest confidence.

Upon the delivery of this speech, the minds of all were changed in a surprising manner, and the highest ardor and eagerness for prosecuting the war were engendered; and the tenth legion was the first to return thanks to him, through their military tribunes, for his having expressed this most favorable opinion of them; and assured him that they were quite ready to prosecute the war. Then the other legions endeavored, through their military tribunes and the centurions of the principal companies, to excuse themselves to Cæsar, saying that they had never either doubted or feared, or supposed that the determination of the conduct of the war was theirs and not their general's. Having accepted their excuse, and having had the road carefully reconnoitered by Divitiacus, because in him of all others he had the greatest faith, he found that by a circuitous route of more than fifty miles he might lead his army through open parts; he then set out in the fourth watch, as he had said he would. On the seventh day, as he did not discontinue his march, he was informed by scouts that the forces of Ariovistus were only four-and-twenty miles distant from ours.

Upon being apprised of Cæsar's arrival, Ariovistus sends ambassadors to him, saying that what he had before requested as to a conference might now, as far as his permission went, take place, since he [Cæsar] had approached nearer; and he considered that he might now do it without danger. Cæsar did not reject the proposal, and began to think that he was now returning to a rational state of mind, as he voluntarily proffered that which he had previously refused to him when he requested it; and was in great hopes that, in consideration of his own and the Roman people's great favors towards him, the issue would be that he would desist from his obstinacy upon learning of his demands. The fifth day after that was appointed as the day of conference. Meanwhile, as ambassadors were being often sent to and fro between them, Ariovistus demanded that Cæsar should not bring any foot-soldiers with him to the conference, saying that "he was afraid of being ensnared by him through treachery; that both should come accompanied by cavalry; that he would not come on any other condition." Cæsar, as he neither wished that the conference should, by an excuse thrown in the way, be set aside, nor durst

trust his life to the cavalry of the Gauls, decided that it would be most expedient to take away from the Gallic cavalry all their horses, and thereon to mount the legionary soldiers of the tenth legion, in which he placed the greatest confidence; in order that he might have a body-guard as trustworthy as possible, should there be any need for action. And when this was done, one of the soldiers of the tenth legion said, not without a touch of humor, "that Cæsar did more for them than he had promised: he had promised to have the tenth legion in place of his pretorian cohort; but he had now converted them into Knights."

There was a large plain, and in it a mound of earth of considerable size. This spot was at nearly an equal distance from both camps. Thither, as had been appointed, they came for the conference. Cæsar stationed the legion which he had brought with him on horseback two hundred paces from this mound. The cavalry of Ariovistus also took their stand at an equal distance. Ariovistus then demanded that they should confer on horseback, and that, besides themselves, they should bring with them ten men each to the conference. When they were come to the place, Cæsar, in the opening of his speech, detailed his own and the Senate's favors towards him [Ariovistus], "in that he had been styled king, in that he had been styled friend, by the Senate — in that very considerable presents had been sent him; which circumstance he informed him had both fallen to the lot of few, and had usually been bestowed in consideration of important personal services; that he, although he had neither an introduction, nor a just ground for the request, had obtained these honors through the kindness and munificence of himself [Cæsar] and the Senate. He informed him, too, how old and how just were the grounds of connection that existed between themselves [the Romans] and the Ædui, what decrees of the Senate had been passed in their favor, and how frequent and how honorable; how from time immemorial the Ædui had held the supremacy of the whole of Gaul; even, said Cæsar, before they had sought *our* friendship; that it was the custom of the Roman people to desire not only that its allies and friends should lose none of their property, but be advanced in influence, dignity, and honor: who then could endure that what they had brought with them to the friendship of the Roman people should be torn from them?" He then made the same demands which he had commissioned the ambassadors to make, that Ariovistus should not make war either upon the Ædui or their allies; that he should restore the hostages; that if he could not send back to their country any part of the Germans, he should at all events suffer none of them any more to cross the Rhine.

Ariovistus replied briefly to the demands of Cæsar, but expatiated largely on his own virtues: "that he had crossed the Rhine not of his own accord, but invited and sent for by the Gauls; that he had not left home and kindred without great expectations and great rewards; that he had settlements in Gaul, granted by the Gauls themselves; that the hostages had been given by their

own free will; that he took by right of war the tribute which conquerors are accustomed to impose on the conquered; that he had not made war upon the Gauls, but the Gauls upon him; that all the states of Gaul had come to attack him, and had encamped against him; that all their forces had been routed and beaten by him in a single battle; that if they chose to make a second trial, he was ready to encounter them again; but if they chose to enjoy peace, it was unfair to refuse the tribute which of their own free will they had paid up to that time. That the friendship of the Roman people ought to prove to him an ornament and a safeguard, not a detriment; and that he had sought it with that expectation. But if through the Roman people the tribute was to be discontinued, and those who had surrendered to be seduced from him, he would renounce the friendship of the Roman people no less heartily than he had sought it. As to his leading over a host of Germans into Gaul, he was doing this with a view of securing himself, not of assaulting Gaul: that there was evidence of this, in that he did not come without being invited, and in that he did not make war, but merely warded it off. That he had come into Gaul before the Roman people. That never before this time had a Roman army gone beyond the frontiers of the Gallic province. What, said he, does Cæsar desire? — why come into his [Ariovistus'] domains? — that this was his province of Gaul, just as that is ours. As it ought not to be pardoned in him if he were to make an attack upon our territories, so likewise we were unjust to obstruct him in his prerogative. As for Cæsar's saying that the Ædui had been styled 'brethren' by the Senate, he was not so uncivilized nor so ignorant of affairs as not to know that the Ædui in the very last war with the Allobroges had neither rendered assistance to the Romans nor received any from the Roman people in the struggles which the Ædui had been maintaining with him and with the Sequani. He must feel suspicious that Cæsar, though feigning friendship as the reason for his keeping an army in Gaul, was keeping it with the view of crushing him. And that unless he depart and withdraw his army from these parts, he shall regard him not as a friend, but as a foe; and that even if he should put Cæsar to death, he would do what would please many of the nobles and leading men of the Roman people; he had assurance of that from themselves through their messengers, and could purchase the favor and the friendship of them all by his [Cæsar's] death. But if he would depart and resign to him the free possession of Gaul, he would recompense him with a great reward, and would bring to a close whatever wars he wished to be carried on, without any trouble or risk to him."

Many things were stated by Cæsar to the following effect: "That he could not waive the business, and that neither his nor the Roman people's practice would suffer him to abandon most meritorious allies; nor did he deem that Gaul belonged to Ariovistus rather than to the Roman people; that the Arverni [modern Auvergne] and the Ruteni [modern Le Rouergue] had been subdued in war by Quintus Fabius Maximus, and that the Roman

people had pardoned them and had not reduced them into a province or imposed a tribute upon them. And if the most ancient period was to be regarded, then was the sovereignty of the Roman people in Gaul most just: if the decree of the Senate was to be observed, then ought Gaul to be free, which they [the Romans] had conquered in war, and had permitted to enjoy its own laws."

While these things were being transacted in the conference, it was announced to Cæsar that the cavalry of Ariovistus were approaching nearer the mound, and were riding up to our men and casting stones and weapons at them. Cæsar made an end of his speech and betook himself to his men; and commanded them that they should by no means return a weapon upon the enemy. For though he saw that an engagement with the cavalry would be without any danger to his chosen legion, yet he did not think proper to engage, lest after the enemy were routed it might be said that they had been ensnared by him under the sanction of a conference. When it was spread abroad among the common soldiery with what haughtiness Ariovistus had behaved at the conference, and how he had ordered the Romans to quit Gaul, and how his cavalry had made an attack upon our men, and how this had broken off the conference, a much greater alacrity and eagerness for battle was infused into our army.

Two days after, Ariovistus sends ambassadors to Cæsar to state that "he wished to treat with him about those things which had been begun between them, but had not been concluded"; and to beg that "he would either again appoint a day for a conference, or if he were not willing to do that, that he would send one of his officers as an ambassador to him." There did not appear to Cæsar any good reason for holding a conference; and the more so as the day before, the Germans could not be restrained from casting weapons at our men. He thought he would not without great danger send to him as ambassador one of his Roman officers, and expose him to savage men. It seemed therefore most proper to send to him C. Valerius Procillus, the son of C. Valerius Caburus, a young man of the highest courage and accomplishments (whose father had been presented with the freedom of the city by C. Valerius Flaccus), both on account of his fidelity and on account of his knowledge of the Gallic language — which Ariovistus, by long practice, now spoke fluently — and because in his case the Germans would have no motive for committing violence [inasmuch as he was not a Roman, but a Gaul]; and as his colleague, M. Mettius, who had shared the hospitality of Ariovistus. He commissioned them to learn what Ariovistus had to say, and to report to him. But when Ariovistus saw them before him in his camp, he cried out in the presence of his army, "Why were they come to him? was it for the purpose of acting as spies?" He stopped them when attempting to speak, and cast them into chains.

The same day he moved his camp forward and pitched under a hill six miles from Cæsar's camp. The day following he led his forces past Cæsar's

camp, and encamped two miles beyond him; with this design — that he might cut off Cæsar from the corn and provisions which might be conveyed to him from the Sequani and the Ædui. For five successive days from that day Cæsar drew out his forces before the camp and put them in battle order, that if Ariovistus should be willing to engage in battle, an opportunity might not be wanting to him. Ariovistus all this time kept his army in camp, but engaged daily in cavalry skirmishes. The method of battle in which the Germans had practised themselves was this: There were six thousand horse, and as many very active and courageous foot, one of whom each of the horse selected out of the whole army for his own protection. By these men they were constantly accompanied in their engagements; to these the horse retired; these on any emergency rushed forward; if anyone, upon receiving a very severe wound, had fallen from his horse, they stood around him; if it was necessary to advance farther than usual or to retreat more rapidly, so great, from practice, was their swiftness, that supported by the manes of the horses they could keep pace with their speed.

Perceiving that Ariovistus kept himself in camp, Cæsar, that he might not any longer be cut off from provisions, chose a convenient position for a camp beyond that place in which the Germans had encamped, at about six hundred paces from them, and having drawn up his army in three lines, marched to that place. He ordered the first and second lines to be under arms; the third to fortify the camp. This place was distant from the enemy about six hundred paces, as has been stated. Thither Ariovistus sent light troops, about sixteen thousand men in number, with all his cavalry; which forces were to intimidate our men and hinder them in their building of the fortification. Cæsar nevertheless, as he had before arranged, ordered two lines to drive off the enemy; the third to execute the work. The camp being fortified, he left there two legions and a portion of the auxiliaries, and led back the other four legions into the larger camp.

The next day, according to his custom, Cæsar led out his forces from both camps, and having advanced a little from the larger one, drew up his line of battle, and gave the enemy an opportunity of fighting. When he found that they did not even then come out from their intrenchments, he led back his army into camp about noon. Then at last Ariovistus sent part of his forces to attack the lesser camp. The battle was vigorously maintained on both sides till the evening. At sunset, after many wounds had been inflicted and received, Ariovistus led back his forces into camp. When Cæsar inquired of his prisoners wherefore Ariovistus did not come to an engagement, he discovered this to be the reason — that among the Germans it was the custom for their matrons to pronounce from lots and divination whether it were expedient that the battle should be engaged in or not; that they had said that "it was not the will of heaven that the Germans should conquer, if they engaged in battle before the new moon."

The day following, Cæsar left what seemed sufficient as a guard for both camps; and then drew up all the auxiliaries in sight of the enemy, before the lesser camp, because he was not very powerful in the number of legionary soldiers, considering the number of the enemy; that thereby he might make use of his auxiliaries for appearance. He himself, having drawn up his army in three lines, advanced to the camp of the enemy. Then at last of necessity the Germans drew their forces out of camp and disposed them canton by canton, at equal distances, the Harudes, Marcomani, Triboces, Vangiones, Nemetes, Sedusii, Suevi; and surrounded their whole army with their chariots and wagons, that no hope might be left in flight. On these they placed their women, who, with disheveled hair and in tears, entreated the soldiers, as they went forward to battle, not to deliver them into slavery to the Romans.

Cæsar appointed over each legion a lieutenant and a quæstor, that every one might have them as witnesses of his valor. He himself began the battle at the head of the right wing, because he had observed that part of the enemy to be the least strong. Accordingly our men, upon the signal being given, vigorously made an attack upon the enemy, and the enemy so suddenly and rapidly rushed forward that there was no time for casting the javelins at them. Throwing aside, therefore, their javelins, they fought with swords hand to hand. But the Germans, according to their custom, rapidly forming a phalanx, sustained the attack of our swords. There were found very many of our soldiers who leaped upon the phalanx, and with their hands tore away the shields and wounded the enemy from above. Although the army of the enemy was routed on the left wing and put to flight, they still pressed heavily on our men from the right wing, by the great number of their troops. On observing this, P. Crassus the Younger, who commanded the cavalry — as he was more disengaged than those who were employed in the fight — sent the third line as a relief to our men who were in distress.

Thereupon the engagement was renewed, and all the enemy turned their backs, nor did they cease to flee until they arrived at the river Rhine, about fifty miles from that place. There some few, either relying on their strength, endeavored to swim over, or finding boats procured their safety. Among the latter was Ariovistus, who, meeting with a small vessel tied to the bank, escaped in it: our horse pursued and slew all the rest of them. Ariovistus had two wives, one a Suevan by nation, whom he had brought with him from home; the other a Norican, the sister of King Voccion, whom he had married in Gaul, she having been sent thither for that purpose by her brother. Both perished in that flight. Of their two daughters, one was slain, the other captured. C. Valerius Proculus, as he was being dragged by his guards in the flight, bound with a triple chain, fell into the hands of Cæsar himself, as he was pursuing the enemy with his cavalry. This circumstance indeed afforded Cæsar no less pleasure than the victory itself; because he saw a man of the first rank in the province of Gaul, his intimate acquaintance and friend, rescued from the hand of the

enemy and restored to him, and fortune had not diminished aught of the joy and exultation of that day by his destruction. He [Procillus] said that in his own presence the lots had been thrice consulted respecting him, whether he should immediately be put to death by fire or be reserved for another time: that by the favor of the lots he was uninjured. M. Mettius also was found and brought back to him [Cæsar].

This battle having been reported beyond the Rhine, the Suevi, who had come to the banks of that river, began to return home; when the Ubii, who dwelt nearest to the Rhine [on the west side about Cologne], pursuing them while much alarmed, slew a great number of them. Cæsar, having concluded two very important wars in one campaign, conducted his army into winter quarters among the Sequani a little earlier than the season of the year required. He appointed Labienus over the winter quarters, and set out in person for hither Gaul to hold the assizes.

OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ANCIENT GAULS AND GERMANS

From 'The Gallic War'

SINCE we have come to this place, it does not appear to be foreign to our subject to lay before the reader an account of the manners of Gaul and Germany, and wherein these nations differ from each other. In Gaul there are factions not only in all the states, and in all the cantons and their divisions, but almost in each family; and of these factions those are the leaders who are considered according to their judgment to possess the greatest influence, upon whose will and determination the management of all affairs and measures depends. And that seems to have been instituted in ancient times with this view, that no one of the common people should be in want of support against one more powerful; for none of those leaders suffers his party to be oppressed and defrauded, and if he do otherwise, he has no influence among his party. This same policy exists throughout the whole of Gaul; for all the states are divided into two factions.

When Cæsar arrived in Gaul, the Ædui were the leaders of one faction, the Sequani of the other. Since the latter were less powerful by themselves, inasmuch as the chief influence was from of old among the Ædui, and their dependencies were great, they had united to themselves the Germans and Ariovistus, and had brought them over to their party by great sacrifices and promises. And having fought several successful battles and slain all the nobility of the Ædui, they had so far surpassed them in power that they brought over from the Ædui to themselves a large portion of their dependents, and re-

ceived from them the sons of their leading men as hostages, and compelled them to swear in their public character that they would enter into no design against them; and held a portion of the neighboring land, seized on by force, and possessed the sovereignty of the whole of Gaul. Divitiacus, urged by this necessity, had proceeded to Rome to the Senate for the purpose of entreating assistance, and had returned without accomplishing his object. A change of affairs ensued on the arrival of Cæsar: the hostages were returned to the Ædui, their old dependencies restored, and new ones acquired through Cæsar (because those who had attached themselves to their alliance saw that they enjoyed a better state and a milder government); their other interests, their influence, their reputation were likewise increased, and in consequence the Sequani lost the sovereignty. The Remi succeeded to their place and as it was perceived that they equaled the Ædui in favor with Cæsar, those who on account of their old animosities could by no means coalesce with the Ædui, consigned themselves in clientship to the Remi. The latter carefully protected them. Thus they possessed both a new and suddenly acquired influence. Affairs were then in the position, that the Ædui were considered by far the leading people, and the Remi held the second post of honor.

Throughout all Gaul there are two orders of those men who are of any rank and dignity: for the commonalty is held almost in the condition of slaves, and dares to undertake nothing of itself and is admitted to no deliberation. The greater part, when they are pressed either by debt, or the large amount of their tributes, or the oppression of the more powerful, give themselves up in vassalage to the nobles, who possess over them the same rights, without exception, as masters over their slaves. But of these two orders, one is that of the Druids, the other that of the Knights. The former are engaged in things sacred, conduct the public and the private sacrifices, and interpret all matters of religion. To these a large number of the young men resort for the purpose of instruction, and they [the Druids] are in great honor among them. For they determine respecting almost all controversies, public and private; and if any crime has been perpetrated, if murder has been committed, if there be any dispute about an inheritance, if any about boundaries, these same persons decide it; they decree rewards and punishments; if anyone, either in a private or public capacity, has not submitted to their decision, they interdict him from the sacrifices. This among them is the most heavy punishment. Those who have been thus interdicted are esteemed in the number of the impious and criminal: all shun them, and avoid their society and conversation, lest they receive some evil from their contact; nor is justice administered to them when seeking it, nor is any dignity bestowed on them. Over all these Druids one presides, who possesses supreme authority among them. Upon his death, if any individual among the rest is pre-eminent in dignity, he succeeds; but if there are many equal, the election is made by the suffrages of the Druids; sometimes they even contend for the presidency with arms. These assemble at a fixed

period of the year in a consecrated place in the territories of the Carnutes, which is reckoned the central region of the whole of Gaul. Hither all who have disputes assemble from every part and submit to their decrees and determinations. This institution is supposed to have been devised in Britain, and to have been brought over from it into Gaul; and now those who desire to gain a more accurate knowledge of that system generally proceed thither for the purpose of studying it.

The Druids do not go to war, nor pay tribute together with the rest; they have an exemption from military service and a dispensation in all matters. Induced by such great advantages, many embrace this profession of their own accord, and many are sent to it by their parents and relations. They are said there to learn by heart a great number of verses; accordingly some remain in the course of training twenty years. Nor do they regard it lawful to commit these to writing, though in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they use Greek characters. That practice they seem to me to have adopted for two reasons: because they neither desire their doctrines to be divulged among the mass of the people, nor those who learn, to devote themselves the less to the efforts of memory, relying on writing; since it generally occurs to most men that in their dependence on writing they relax their diligence in learning thoroughly, and their employment of the memory. They wish to inculcate this as one of their leading tenets: that souls do not become extinct, but pass after death from one body to another; and they think that men by this tenet are in a great degree excited to valor, the fear of death being disregarded. They likewise discuss and impart to the youth many things respecting the stars and their motion; respecting the extent of the world and of our earth; respecting the nature of things; respecting the power and the majesty of the immortal gods.

The other order is that of the Knights. These, when there is occasion and any war occurs (which before Cæsar's arrival was for the most part wont to happen every year, as either they on their part were inflicting injuries or repelling those which others inflicted on them), are all engaged in war. And those of them most distinguished by birth and resources have the greatest number of vassals and dependents about them. They acknowledge this sort of influence and power only.

The entire nation of the Gauls is extremely devoted to superstitious rites; and on that account they who are troubled with unusually severe diseases, and they who are engaged in battles and dangers, either sacrifice men as victims, or vow that they will sacrifice them, and employ the Druids as the performers of those sacrifices; because they think that unless the life of a man be offered for the life of a man, the mind of the immortal gods cannot be rendered propitious, and they have sacrifices of that kind ordained for national purposes. Others have figures of vast size, the limbs of which formed of osiers they fill with living men, which being set on fire, the men perish en-

veloped in the flames. They consider that the oblation of such as have been taken in theft, or in robbery, or any other offense, is more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when a supply of that class is wanting, they have recourse to the oblation of even the innocent.

They worship as their divinity Mercury in particular, and have many images of him, and regard him as the inventor of all arts; they consider him the guide of their journeys and marches, and believe him to have very great influence over the acquisition of gain and mercantile transactions. Next to him they worship Apollo, and Mars, and Jupiter, and Minerva; respecting these deities they have for the most part the same belief as other nations: that Apollo averts diseases, that Minerva imparts the invention of manufactures, that Jupiter possesses the sovereignty of the heavenly powers; that Mars presides over wars. To him, when they have determined to engage in battle, they commonly vow those things which they shall take in war. When they have conquered, they sacrifice whatever captured animals may have survived the conflict, and collect the other things into one place. In many states you may see piles of these things heaped up in their consecrated spots; nor does it often happen that anyone, disregarding the sanctity of the case, dares either to secrete in his house things captured, or take away those deposited; and the most severe punishment, with torture, has been established for such a deed.

All the Gauls assert that they are descended from the god Dis, and say that this tradition has been handed down by the Druids. For that reason they compute the divisions of every season, not by the number of days, but of nights; they keep birthdays and the beginnings of months and years in such an order that the day follows the night. Among the other usages of their life, they differ in this from almost all other nations; that they do not permit their children to approach them openly until they are grown up so as to be able to bear the service of war; and they regard it as indecorous for a son of boyish age to stand in public in the presence of his father.

Whatever sums of money the husbands have received in the name of dowry from their wives, making an estimate of it, they add the same amount out of their own estates. An account is kept of all this money conjointly, and the profits are laid by; whichever of them shall have survived the other, to that one the portion of both reverts, together with the profits of the previous time. Husbands have power of life and death over their wives as well as over their children: and when the father of a family born in a more than commonly distinguished rank has died, his relations assemble, and if the circumstances of his death are suspicious, hold an investigation upon the wives in the manner adopted towards slaves; and if proof be obtained, put them to severe torture and kill them. Their funerals, considering the state of civilization among the Gauls, are magnificent and costly; and they cast into the fire all things, including living creatures, which they suppose to have been dear to them when alive; and a little before this period, slaves and dependents who were ascertained

to have been beloved by them were, after the regular funeral rites were completed, burnt together with them.

Those states which are considered to conduct their commonwealth more judiciously have it ordained by their laws, that if any person shall have heard by rumor and report from his neighbors anything concerning the commonwealth, he shall convey it to the magistrate and not impart it to any other; because it has been discovered that inconsiderate and inexperienced men were often alarmed by false reports and driven to some rash act, or else took hasty measures in affairs of the highest importance. The magistrates conceal those things which require to be kept unknown; and they disclose to the people whatever they determine to be expedient. It is not lawful to speak of the commonwealth except in council.

The Germans differ much from these usages, for they have neither Druids to preside over sacred offices nor do they pay great regard to sacrifices. They rank in the number of the gods those alone whom they behold, and by whose instrumentality they are obviously benefited — namely, the sun, fire, and the moon; they have not heard of the other deities even by report. Their whole life is occupied in hunting and in the pursuits of the military art; from childhood they devote themselves to fatigue and hardships. Those who have remained chaste for the longest time receive the greatest commendation among their people; they think that by this the growth is promoted, by this the physical powers are increased and the sinews are strengthened. And to have had knowledge of a woman before the twentieth year they reckon among the most disgraceful acts; of which matter there is no concealment, because they bathe promiscuously in the rivers and only use skins or small cloaks of deer's hides, a large portion of the body being in consequence naked.

They do not pay much attention to agriculture, and a large portion of their food consists in milk, cheese, and flesh; nor has anyone a fixed quantity of land or his own individual limits; but the magistrates and the leading men each year apportion to the tribes and families who have united together, as much land as, and in the place in which, they think proper, and the year after compel them to remove elsewhere. For this enactment they advance many reasons — lest seduced by long-continued custom, they may exchange their ardor in the waging of war for agriculture; lest they may be anxious to acquire extensive estates, and the more powerful drive the weaker from their possessions; lest they construct their houses with too great a desire to avoid cold and heat; lest the desire of wealth spring up, from which cause divisions and discords arise; and that they may keep the common people in a contented state of mind, when each sees his own means placed on an equality with those of the most powerful.

It is the greatest glory to the several states to have as wide deserts as possible around them, their frontiers having been laid waste. They consider this the real evidence of their prowess, that their neighbors shall be driven out of their

lands and abandon them, and that no one dare settle near them; at the same time they think that they shall be on that account the more secure, because they have removed the apprehension of a sudden incursion. When a state either repels war waged against it or wages it against another, magistrates are chosen to preside over that war with such authority that they have power of life and death. In peace there is no common magistrate, but the chiefs of provinces and cantons administer justice and determine controversies among their own people. Robberies which are committed beyond the boundaries of each state bear no infamy, and they avow that these are committed for the purpose of disciplining their youth and of preventing sloth. And when any of their chiefs has said in an assembly that "he will be their leader; let those who are willing to follow, give in their names," they who approve of both the enterprise and the man arise and promise their assistance and are applauded by the people; such of them as have not followed him are accounted in the number of deserters and traitors, and confidence in all matters is afterwards refused them.

To injure guests they regard as impious; they defend from wrong those who have come to them for any purpose whatever, and esteem them inviolable; to them the houses of all are open and maintenance is freely supplied.

And there was formerly a time when the Gauls excelled the Germans in prowess, and waged war on them offensively, and on account of the great number of their people and the insufficiency of their land, sent colonies over the Rhine. Accordingly, the Volcæ Tectosages seized on those parts of Germany which are the most fruitful and lie around the Hercynian forest (which I perceive was known by report to Eratosthenes and some other Greeks, and which they call Orcynia), and settled there. Which nation to this time retains its position in those settlements, and has a very high character for justice and military merit: now also they continue in the same scarcity, indigence, hardness, as the Germans, and use the same food and dress; but their proximity to the Province and knowledge of commodities from countries beyond the sea supplies to the Gauls many things tending to luxury as well as civilization. Accustomed by degrees to be overmatched and worsted in many engagements, they do not even compare themselves to the Germans in prowess.

The breadth of this Hercynian forest which has been referred to above is, to a quick traveler, a journey of nine days. For it cannot be otherwise computed, nor are they acquainted with the measures of roads. It begins at the frontiers of the Helvetii, Nemetes, and Rauraci, and extends in a right line along the river Danube to the territories of the Daci and the Anartes; it bends thence to the left in a different direction from the river, and owing to its extent, touches the confines of many nations; nor is there any person belonging to this part of Germany who says that he either has gone to the extremity of that forest, though he had advanced a journey of sixty days, or has heard in what place it begins. It is certain that many kinds of wild beast are produced

in it which have not been seen in other parts; of which the following are such as differ principally from other animals and appear worthy of being committed to record.

There is an ox of the shape of a stag, between whose ears a horn rises from the middle of the forehead, higher and straighter than those horns which are known to us. From the top of this, branches, like palms, stretch out a considerable distance. The shape of the female and of the male is the same; the appearance and the size of the horns is the same.

There are also animals which are called elks. The shape of these, and the varied color of their skins, is much like roes, but in size they surpass them a little and are destitute of horns, and have legs without joints and ligatures; nor do they lie down for the purpose of rest, nor if they have been thrown down by any accident, can they raise or lift themselves up. Trees serve as beds to them; they lean themselves against them, and thus reclining only slightly, they take their rest; when the huntsmen have discovered from the footsteps of these animals whither they are accustomed to betake themselves, they either undermine all the trees at the roots, or cut into them so far that the upper part of the trees may appear to be left standing. When they have leant upon them, according to their habit, they knock down by their weight the unsupported trees, and fall down themselves along with them.

There is a third kind, consisting of those animals which are called uri. These are a little below the elephant in size, and of the appearance, color, and shape of a bull. Their strength and speed are extraordinary; they spare neither man nor wild beast which they have espied. These the Germans take with much pains in pits and kill them. The young men harden themselves with this exercise, and practise themselves in this kind of hunting, and those who have slain the greatest number of them, having produced the horns in public to serve as evidence, receive great praise. But not even when taken very young can they be rendered familiar to men and tamed. The size, shape, and appearance of their horns differ much from the horns of our oxen. These they [the Gauls] anxiously seek after, and bind at the tips with silver, and use as cups at their most sumptuous entertainments.

THE TWO LIEUTENANTS

From 'The Gallic War'

IN that legion there were two very brave men, centurions, who were now approaching the first ranks — T. Pulfio and L. Varenus. These used to have continual disputes between them which of them should be preferred, and every year used to contend for promotion with the utmost animosity. When the fight was going on most vigorously before the fortifications, Pulfio,

one of them, says: "Why do you hesitate, Varenus? or what better opportunity of signalizing your valor do you seek? This very day shall decide our disputes." When he had uttered these words, he proceeds beyond the fortifications, and rushes on that part of the enemy which appeared the thickest. Nor does Varenus remain within the rampart, but respecting the high opinion of all, follows close after. Then, when an inconsiderable space intervened, Pulpio throws his javelin at the enemy and pierces one of the multitude who was running up and while the latter was wounded and slain, the enemy cover him with their shields, and all throw their weapons at the other and afford him no opportunity of retreating. The shield of Pulpio is pierced and a javelin is fastened in his belt. This circumstance turns aside his scabbard and obstructs his right hand when attempting to draw his sword: the enemy crowd around him when thus embarrassed. His rival runs up to him and succors him in this emergency. Immediately the whole host turn from Pulpio to him, supposing the other to be pierced through by the javelin. Varenus rushes on briskly with his sword and carries on the combat hand to hand; and having slain one man, for a short time drove back the rest: while he urges on too eagerly, slipping into a hollow, he fell. To him in his turn, when surrounded, Pulpio brings relief; and both, having slain a great number, retreat into the fortifications amidst the highest applause. Fortune so dealt with both in this rivalry and conflict, that the one competitor was a succor and a safeguard to the other; nor could it be determined which of the two appeared worthy of being preferred to the other.

EPIGRAM ON TERENCE

[This sole fragment of literary criticism from the Dictator's hand is preserved in the Suetonian life of Terence. Two of Cæsar's brief but masterly letters to Cicero have been quoted in the article on Cicero.]

YOU, moreover, although you are but the half of Menander,
 Lover of diction pure, with the first have a place — and with reason.
 Would that vigor as well to your gentle writing were added.
 So your comic force would in equal glory have rivaled
 Even the Greeks themselves, though now you ignobly are vanquished.
 Truly I sorrow and grieve that you lack this only, O Terence!

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS, the most vigorous and original, though not the most artistic of Latin poets, was a contemporary of the youth and middle age of Cæsar and Cicero. Of his brief life virtually nothing is known. He belonged to a noble family, but seems to have held aloof from the political conflicts which during that Inferno of a half century made a slaughter-house of Rome. Yet he writes of the great world, and of the vanity of its ambitions, its loves, and its insensate luxury, with a poignant intensity which suggests experience or intimate observation. The legend that his premature death was caused by a maddening love-philter given him by a jealous wife, is familiar to English readers in Tennyson's exquisite and scholarly poem. His life work, the 'De Rerum Natura' [On the Nature of Things], is a didactic exposition, in six books, some 7415 hexameter lines, of the doctrines of Epicurus — at that time the most widely diffused among the Roman nobility of the systems which their ingenious Greek lecturers and literary companions were importing into Italy.

That philosophy, a product of the frivolous and disillusioned Athens of the third century B.C., taught in physics that all phenomena are explicable, without the intervention of gods, by the fortuitous concurrence of material atoms and the "various entanglements, weights, blows, clashings, motions, by which things severally go on"; and in morals that man's true happiness consists in freedom from superstitious terror, in renunciation of the sterile agitations of ambition and the pursuit of wealth, and in tranquil enjoyment of the simpler and soberer forms of pleasure. Not a very noble or elevating doctrine for a poet, it would seem; yet perhaps hardly more repugnant to the Muse than the Puritan theology of 'Paradise Lost,' or the scholasticism, fantastic allegory, and petty municipal politics of the 'Divine Comedy.' Genius and passion will pour the molten ore of life into any mold; and the genius of Lucretius passionately embraced the cold mechanism and the unheroic quietism of the Epicurean philosophy, as a protest against the degrading superstitions of Rome and as a refuge from her tumultuous politics.

The first book opens with a magnificent invocation of Venus, and a dedication of the work to the poet's patron and friend, the great Memmius. This is followed by a thrilling picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia — a typical crime of superstition — and a brief résumé of the chief topics to be treated, into which is deftly intercalated an enthusiastic panegyric upon Ennius, the father of Roman song. Then comes an exposition of the fundamental principles of the atomic philosophy, accompanied by a refutation of those who deny a vacuum or the indivisibility of the atoms; as well as of those who assume

other elements — earth, water, air, fire. Two eloquent digressions chant the praise of the Sicilian pre-Socratic poet-philosopher Empedocles and the delights of poesy. The last two hundred lines demonstrate, by arguments which Bruno, Locke, Voltaire, Pasteur, and Renan have copied, the infinity of the universe in space and time, and the infinity of matter.

The exordium of the second book contrasts the Epicurean tranquillity of students in their pensive citadels with the vain agitations of men. Then follows a more technical exposition of the nature and movements of the atoms. The sensible qualities of things are due only to the shapes and combinations of these colorless material particles. They do not reside in the things nor in the atoms themselves. Life and sensation also are transient phenomena — bubbles on the ocean of being, froth on the surface — and not ultimate realities. And being atomic, all things are dissoluble. The earth itself grows old, and no longer bears the teeming harvests of her lusty youth.

The third book opens with the praise of Epicurus and a description of the peace of mind which philosophy brings. To attain this peace we must eradicate the fear of death and hell. In seven hundred lines of close reasoning, some twenty-seven formal arguments are adduced to prove the mortality of the soul and its entire dependence on bodily conditions. This long arid tract is followed by two hundred and sixty lines of the most glorious poetry in the Latin language: an impassioned expostulation with the puny souls who rebel against nature's beneficent law of change, who are fain to tarry past their hour at the banquet of existence, and idly repine that they, whose very life is a sleep and a folding of the hands for slumber, must lie down to their everlasting rest with Homer and Scipio, Democritus and Epicurus, and all the wise and brave who have gone before.

The fourth book is mainly occupied by an account of the processes of perception, which are explained by the hypothesis that delicate films and emanations, thrown off from bodies, penetrate the channels of sensation. A digression vigorously argues against the sceptical doctrine of the untrustworthiness of the senses. In optical and other illusions, it is not the senses but the hasty inferences of the mind that are at fault.

The poet's polemic against the argument from design in the structure of the body is famous. As Prior in his 'Alma' puts it: —

Note here Lucretius dares to teach,
As all our youth may learn from Creech,
That eyes were made but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue;
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first and then the use.

The book closes with a realistic treatment of sleep, dreams, and the sexual life.

The fifth book deals with astronomy, the history of the globe, and the origins of life and civilization. The poet undertakes to prove that the triple frame of the world had a beginning and will some day be dissolved — a doctrine that strongly impressed the imagination of his successors.

Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth and sea in fire and flames shall fry,

says Ovid — in Ben Jonson's free imitation.

There is no impiety in this teaching, says Lucretius; for the world is not a perfect divine creation, as the Stoic optimists affirm, but it is a flawed and faulty product of accidental adaptations. The puerile astronomical hypotheses that follow are in startling contrast with the brilliant, vividly imaginative, and essentially correct sketch of prehistoric anthropology and the evolution of civilization that occupies the last six hundred lines.

The sixth book is a sort of appendix, devoted to the explanation of alarming or mysterious phenomena which might prove a last refuge of superstition. The most noted passage is the description of the plague at Athens, after Thucydides (1137-1286).

Lucretius by the very didactic severity of his theme is shut out from the wide-spread popularity of the great dramatists and epic poets. But in every age a select company of readers is found to respond to at least one of the three mighty chords with which his lyre is strung; and to cherish him either as the poet of the emancipating power of human science, as the poet of nature, or as the sublime and melancholy satirist of naked and essential man. He is the poet of the pride of science, as it appeals to youthful souls in their first intoxication with the idea of infinite impersonal nature liberated from her anthropomorphic lords, and in their first passionate revolt against the infamies of popular superstition and the smug decencies of its official interpreters. This influence no erudite exposure of his errors in detail can destroy, no progress of modern knowledge supersede. It is true that he has no conception of strict scientific method, or of the progressive conquest of nature by man. He affirms that the real and apparent magnitudes of the sun are nearly the same. He denies the possibility of the antipodes, suggests that the stars may move in quest of fresh pastures in the flowerless fields of heaven, believes in the spontaneous generation of worms from manure, and has a theory to account for the fact that the lion cannot abide the crowing of the cock. But he maintains in sonorous and vigorously argumentative verse the infinity of the universe in space and time, the indestructibility of matter, the plurality of worlds, the reign of law, the possibility of a mechanical explanation of all phenomena, and the ceaseless operation of the silent invisible processes whereby the transformations of nature are wrought. He has the fundamental conception of evolution as the "rational sequence of the unintended," and he approaches

very closely the formula of the "survival of the fittest." He has the rudiments of the most modern psychological notions as to the threshold of sensation and the measurement of local discrimination. He illustrates the origin of language from the barking of dogs almost in the words of Darwin, and describes the stages of the prehistoric life of man in phrases which Tylor quotes with approval. Above all, he attacks with eloquent scorn the "carpenter theory of creation," and the insipidities of optimistic teleologies and theodicies; and he magnificently celebrates as the chief heroes of humanity the scientific thinkers who have revealed the eternal laws of nature, and have liberated the human spirit from the bondage of superstition and the chimeras of metaphysics. These things, if they do not justify Huxley's statement that "Lucretius has drunk deeper of the scientific spirit than any other poet of ancient or modern times except Goethe," do at least explain why he has always been honored as the poetic incarnation of that spirit by the church militant of science.

But he is more than the rhetorician of science. He has all Dryden's skill in marshaling arguments in verse; and he manifests in addition a peculiar blending of the poetical and scientific imagination, which causes the vivid felicity of his illustrations of the unfamiliar by the familiar, the unseen by the seen, to be felt by the reader as proofs rather than as mere decorative imagery. And whether in argument or description, his language throughout conveys a more vivid reflection of the ceaseless life and movement of nature than anything in the beautiful symbolism of Greek mythology or in the more precise formulas of modern science. Like Shelley, he renews the work of the mythopœic imagination in the very act of repudiating its creations. In the magnificent opening hymn to Venus, without lapsing from his stately Roman manner, he blends the Greek poets' allegorizing conception of love as an all-pervading cosmic power with an incomparably warm sensuous picture of the breathing human passion of the amorous deity.

The ten lines in which he rejects the myth of Phaeton outweigh all the labored ingenuities of the three hundred and twenty-five lines which Ovid has devoted to the theme. When, digressing from the phenomena of echo, he explains away the Italian peasant's naïve faith in the fauns and goat-footed satyrs with which his fancy peoples the "shepherd's lonely walks and solitude divine," the exquisite verses are touched by a wistful sympathy which we associate rather with modern and romantic than with classical poetry. And few passages in profane literature will so nearly sustain the comparison with the words of the Lord answering Job out of the whirlwind as the lines where, in the name of the grandeur of the infinite world, Lucretius scornfully challenges the petty faith in an anthropomorphic God —

Who rolls the heavens, and lifts and lays the deep,
Yet loves and hates with mortal hates and loves.

This quickening spirit of imagination constrains him, despite his theories, to animate Nature too in all her parts and processes. He makes us aware of life, motion, growth everywhere. In the atoms that weave their everlasting dance like motes in the summer sun; in the shining Ether that clips the world in his greedy embrace; in the war of the elements — the winds eagerly striving to dry up all the waters, while the waters are confident that they will sooner drown the world; in the brook plashing down the mountain-side and summoning from afar by its clear murmurings the thirsty tribes of brutes, or delivering the filtered tribute of the woodland to the ocean, there to be sucked up by the sun and so precipitated again by Father Ether into the lap of Mother Earth, who thence bears on her bounteous breast the smiling harvests and the frisking flocks; in the life of man climbing ever to maturity, only to decline from life's topmost stair as the vital forces fail under the ceaseless rain of hostile atoms impinging from without. By virtue of this imaginative vision, and this sense of Nature's omnipresent life, she becomes for him a personal, guiding, artistic power — Nature that sits at the helm, Nature manifold in works, a being far more nearly akin to the immanent Platonic world-soul than to the mathematical sum of colorless Democritean atoms which his theory would make her. "As a poet," said Goethe, "I am a Pantheist"; and despite his nominal allegiance to atomism, the poetry of Lucretius is in spirit pantheistic. It is the "lower pantheism" half spiritualized by an intense feeling for the vital unity of nature, rather than the "higher pantheism" which sees in nature only the symbol and garment of God. But in imaginative effect it is the poetic pantheism of Bruno, Shelley, Swinburne — nay, of Wordsworth himself in 'Tintern Abbey.' And to this is due much of his attraction for many of the finest minds of the Renaissance and of our own time.

But Lucretius is the poet of nature in a still more special sense. Lowell truly observes that "there is obscurely in him an almost Wordsworthian" quality. Like Wordsworth, he complains of the "film of familiarity" in consequence of which we have eyes and see not; and he marvels that we can be so deadened by custom to the beauty of the starry heavens, that from satiety of the sight no man deigns to look up to the lucid quarters of the sky. And he himself notes not only the grander phenomena of nature, but her subtler aspects and minor solicitations of our senses, on which modern poetry is wont to dwell. He has marked with Coleridge —

Those thin clouds above in flakes and bars
That give away their motion to the stars.

He has observed with Bryant and Wordsworth how distance turns the foaming flood or the grazing flock to a motionless patch of white upon the landscape. He has seen all heaven in a globe of dew, with Shelley. Many of his lines, like those of Tennyson, come back to the lover of nature on his

walks, as the inevitable and only expression of what the eye beholds. "When Tennyson went with me to Harwich," says Fitzgerald, "I was pointing out an old collier rolling to the tune of '*Trudit agens magnam magno molimine navem* [With mighty endeavor the wind drives onward the mighty vessel].'" And the same critic characterizes as a noble Poussin landscape the picture of summer belts of vine and olive (v, 1370-8), which Wordsworth quotes in his description of the scenery of the English Lakes.

To other readers Lucretius will appeal rather as the poet of man. "Satire is wholly ours," said the Roman critic. And Lucretius is a true Roman in that he is a superb rhetorical satirist — a satirist not of men but of essential man. The vanity of our luxury, the tedium of fantastic idleness, the doubtful benefits of our over-refined and sophisticated civilization, the futility of the Sisyphean labors of ambition, our idle terrors of death, the grotesque and horrible absurdity of the superstitions we dignify by the name of religion, the disenchantment that lurks behind the illusions of passion, the insatiate thirst for change and happiness inseparable from our very being — what license of realistic satire could impress these things upon us as we feel them under the spell of that severe and melancholy eloquence, which reveals our puny life stripped of its conventional disguises and shivering on the shores of infinite existence, the sport of the elemental forces of the world?

Poor little life —

Crowned with a flower or two, and there an end.

But his is not the soul-blighting satire that has no pity in it. "Poor hapless mortals" is his standing Homeric phrase for mankind, wandering blindly in the mazes of ignorance, and ridden by superstition, ennui, ambition, and false ideals of happiness. But he does not therefore preach mere cynicism and despair. "The sober majesties of settled sweet Epicurean life" are accessible to all; some few may attain the passionless calm of "students in their pensive citadels"; and the supreme spirits who pass the flaming bounds of space and time, and bring back to mankind the tablets of nature's everlasting laws, lift humanity to the level of the gods. And the dignity with which his majestic melancholy invests suffering and death, by viewing them *sub specie æternitatis* as manifestations of the eternal laws of life, does more to rob them of their sting for some minds than the affected cheerfulness of formal optimism protesting overmuch. Frederick the Great is not the only strenuous spirit that has turned to the third book of the '*De Rerum Natura*' for solace and calm.

A poet's style must be studied in the original. Lucretius' models were, among the Latins, Ennius; among the Greeks, the older poets — Homer, Empedocles, Euripides — rather than the artificial Alexandrians then in favor among his contemporaries. His sincerity, earnestness, and strength,

his enthusiastic faith in his teachings, and his keen delight in the labor of "shutting reasons up in rhythm and Heliconian honey in living words," enlist the reader's attention from the start. And the poet retains it with imperious grasp as he urges on the serried files of his verse over the vast barren spaces of his theme, like Roman soldiers marching on the great white imperial roads that disdain to deviate for mountain or morass.

Some find him tedious, others think him lame;
But if he lags, his subject is to blame.
Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,
Yet still he marches with true Roman pride. — ARMSTRONG

He is not yet master of the intricate harmony and the dying fall of the Vergilian poetic period, nor of the limpid felicity of Ovid; but his single mighty lines, weighted with sonorous archaic diction, and pointed with alliteration, assonance, and antithesis, possess an incomparable energy. They strike upon the sense like huge lances hurled quivering to the mark. The effect can hardly be reproduced in our monosyllabic English.

When death immortal stays the mortal pulse.

Great Scipio's son,
Terror of Carthage, thunderbolt of war.

The parched earth rocks beneath the thunder-stroke,
And threatening peals run rattling o'er the sky.

Hand on the torch of life in fiery race.

When Rome and Carthage clashed in shock of war.

The lion's wrath that bursts his mighty heart.

Black shapes of Terror lowering from the clouds.

Here waste Charybdis yawns, and rumbling Ætna
Threatens to re-collect her wrathful fires.

His influence is to be measured by the quality rather than by the number of his readers. He "was a poet's poet among the ancients, and is a scholar's poet among the moderns." Vergil, Horace, and Manilius were his pupils in the art of writing Latin verse. Ovid, Propertius, Martial, Statius allude to him with respectful awe. He was a chief source of inspiration to Bruno, and

many of the rationalizing pantheists of the Renaissance. Montaigne quotes him on almost every page, and criticizes his fine passages with discriminating enthusiasm. Spenser and Milton know him well and often imitate him. Through Gassendi and Molière he became the standard-bearer of rationalism in the conservative and formal seventeenth century; meriting the honor of refutation by a cardinal, and the coupling of his name with that of Hobbes in denunciation by Nahum Tate. This naturally insured him the enthusiastic admiration of Voltaire and of the great Encyclopedists. The famous prosopopœia of Nature in the 'Système de la Nature' was suggested by a passage in the third book. Dryden translated the proem of the first book; and Creech's translation made him familiar to the minor writers of the eighteenth century, as frequent allusions prove. And the nineteenth century, which cares nothing for his polemical significance, is recalled to an appreciation of his higher poetic qualities by the admiration of André Chénier, Goethe, Sully-Prudhomme, Sainte-Beuve, Schérer, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Swinburne, George Eliot, Fitzgerald, Symonds, and a host of minor essayists.

PAUL SHOREY

SPENSER'S IMITATION OF THE
OPENING LINES OF THE 'NATURE OF THINGS'

From 'The Faery Queen'

GREAT Venus! queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place;
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly:
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear;
And when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shows joyous cheer.

Then doth the dedale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitful lap abundant flowers;
And then all living wights, soon as they see
The spring break forth out of his lusty bowers,
They all do learn to play the paramours;
First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
Privily prickèd with thy lustful powers,
Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy cages,
And thee their mother call to cool their kindly rages.

Then do the savage beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant frisks, and loathe their wonted food;
 The lions roar; the tigers loudly bray;
 The raging bulls re-bellow through the wood,
 And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood
 To come where thou dost draw them with desire.
 So all things else, that nourish vital blood,
 Soon as with fury thou dost them inspire,
 In generation seek to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And daily yet thou dost the same repair:
 Ne aught on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne aught on earth that lovely is and fair,
 But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
 Thou art the root of all that joyous is:
 Great god of men and women, queen of the air,
 Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
 O grant that of my love at last I may not miss!

INVOCATION TO VENUS

SINCE thou then art sole mistress of the nature of things, and without thee nothing rises up into the divine borders of light, nothing grows to be glad or lovely, fain would I have thee for a helpmate in writing the verses which I essay to pen on the nature of things for our own son of the Memmii; whom thou, goddess, hast willed to have no peer, rich as he ever is in every grace. Wherefore all the more, O lady, lend my lays an ever-living charm. Cause meanwhile the savage works of war to be lulled to rest throughout all the seas and lands; for thou alone canst bless mankind with calm peace, seeing that Mavors, lord of battle, controls the savage works of war—Mavors, who often flings himself into thy lap quite vanquished by the never-healing wound of love; and then, with upturned face and shapely neck thrown back, feeds with love his greedy sight, gazing, goddess, open-mouthed on thee. Then, lady, pour from thy lips sweet discourse, asking, glorious dame, gentle peace for the Romans.

ON THE EVIL OF SUPERSTITION

WHEN human life to view lay foully prostrate upon earth, crushed down under the weight of religion, who showed her head from the quarters of heaven with hideous aspect lowering upon mortals, a man of Greece ventured first to lift up his mortal eyes to her face and first to withstand her to her face. Him neither story of gods nor thunderbolts nor heaven with threatening roar could quell: they only chafed the more the eager courage of his soul, filling him with desire to be the first to burst the fast bars of nature's portals. Therefore the living force of his soul gained the day: on he passed far beyond the flaming walls of the world, and traversed throughout in mind and spirit the immeasurable universe; whence he returns, a conqueror, to tell us what can, what cannot come into being; in short, on what principle each thing has its powers defined, its deep-set boundary mark. Therefore religion is put under foot and trampled upon in turn; us his victory brings level with heaven.

This is what I fear herein, lest haply you should fancy that you are entering on unholy grounds of reason, and treading the path of sin; whereas on the contrary, often and often that very religion has given birth to sinful and unholy deeds. Thus, in Aulis, the chosen chieftains of the Danai, foremost of men, foully polluted with Iphianassa's blood the altar of the Trivian maid. Soon as the fillet encircling her maiden tresses shed itself in equal lengths adown each cheek, and soon as she saw her father standing sorrowful before the altars, and beside him the ministering priests hiding the knife, and her countrymen at sight of her shedding tears, speechless in terror she dropped down on her knees and sank to the ground. Nor aught in such a moment could it avail the luckless girl that she had first bestowed the name of father on the king. For lifted up in the hands of the men she was carried shivering to the altars, not after due performance of the customary rites to be escorted by the clear-ringing bridal song, but in the very season of marriage, stainless maid 'mid the stain of blood, to fall a sad victim by the sacrificing stroke of a father, that thus a happy and prosperous departure might be granted to the fleet. So great the evils to which religion could prompt!

THE FOOLISHNESS OF LUXURY

From Book II

IT is sweet, when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress; not that it is a pleasure and delight that any should be afflicted, but because it is sweet to see from what evils you are yourself exempt. It is sweet, also, to look upon the mighty

struggles of war arrayed along the plains without sharing yourself in the danger. But nothing is more welcome than to hold the lofty and serene positions well fortified by the learning of the wise, from which you may look down upon others and see them wandering all abroad and going astray in their search for the path of life — see the contest among them of intellect, the rivalry of birth, the striving night and day with surpassing effort to struggle up to the summit of power and be masters of the world. Oh, miserable minds of men! oh, blinded breasts! in what darkness of life and in how great dangers is passed this term of life, whatever its duration! Not choose to see that nature craves for herself no more than this, that pain hold aloof from the body, and she in mind enjoy a feeling of pleasure exempt from care and fear! Therefore we see that for the body's nature few things are needed at all, such and such only as take away pain. Nay, though more gratefully at times they can minister to us many choice delights, nature for her part wants them not, when there are no golden images of youths through the house holding in their right hands flaming lamps for supply of light to the nightly banquet, when the house shines not with silver nor glitters with gold, nor do the paneled and gilded roofs re-echo to the harp; what time, though these things be wanting, they spread themselves in groups on the soft grass beside a stream of water, under the boughs of a high tree, and at no great cost pleasantly refresh their bodies, above all when the weather smiles and the seasons of the year besprinkle the green grass with flowers. Nor do hot fevers sooner quit the body if you toss about on pictured tapestry and blushing purple, than if you must lie under a poor man's blanket. Wherefore, since treasures avail nothing in respect of our body nor birth nor the glory of kingly power, advancing farther you must hold that they are of no service to the mind as well.

THE NOTHINGNESS OF DEATH

DEATH therefore to us is nothing, concerns us not a jot, since the nature of the mind is proved to be mortal. And as in time gone by we felt no distress, when the Pœni [Carthaginians] from all sides came together to do battle, and all things shaken by war's troublous uproar shuddered and quaked beneath high heaven, and mortal men were in doubt which of the two peoples it should be to whose empire all must fall by sea and land alike; thus when we shall be no more, when there shall have been a separation of body and soul, out of both of which we are each formed into a single being — to us, you may be sure, who then shall be no more, nothing whatever can happen to excite sensation, not if earth shall be mingled with sea and sea with heaven. And even supposing the nature of the mind and power of the soul do feel, after they have been severed from our body, yet that is nothing to us, who by the binding tie of marriage between body and

soul are formed each into one single being. And if time should gather up our matter after our death and put it once more into the position in which it now is, and the light of life be given to us again, this result even would concern us not at all, when the chain of our self-consciousness has once been snapped asunder.

THE END OF ALL

IF, just as they are seen to feel that a load is on their mind which wears them out with its pressure, men might apprehend from what causes too it is produced, and when such a pile, if I may say so, of ill lies on their breast—they would not spend their life as we see them now for the most part do, not knowing any one of them what he wishes, and wanting ever change of place as though he might lay his burden down. The man who is sick of home often issues forth from his large mansion, and as suddenly comes back to it, finding as he does that he is no better off abroad. He races to his country-house, driving his jennets in headlong haste, as if hurrying to bring help to a house on fire: he yawns the moment he has reached the door of his house, or sinks heavily into sleep and seeks forgetfulness, or even in haste goes back again to town. In this way each man flies from himself (but self, from whom, as you may be sure is commonly the case, he cannot escape, clings to him in his own despite); hates too himself, because his is sick and knows not the cause of the malady;—for if he could rightly see into this, relinquishing all else, each man would study to learn the nature of things; since the point at stake is the condition for eternity—not for one hour—in which mortals have to pass all the time which remains for them to expect after death.

Once more, what evil lust of life is this which constrains us with such force to be so mightily troubled in doubts and dangers? A sure term of life is fixed for mortals, and death cannot be shunned, but meet it we must. Moreover, we are ever engaged, ever involved in the same pursuits, and no new pleasure is struck out by living on: but whilst what we crave is wanting, it seems to transcend all the rest; then, when it has been gotten, we crave something else, and ever does the same thirst of life possess us, as we gape for it open-mouthed. Quite doubtful it is what fortune the future will carry with it, or what chance will bring us, or what end is at hand. Nor, by prolonging life, do we take one tittle from the time passed in death, nor can we fret anything away, whereby we may haply be a less long time in the condition of the dead. Therefore you may complete as many generations as you please during your life: none the less, however, will that everlasting death await you; and for no less long a time will he be no more in being, who, beginning with today, has ended his life, than the man who has died many months and years ago.

Translations by H. A. J. Munro

SALLUST

(GAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS)

SALLUST survives as the author of two brief historical monographs. The 'Conspiracy of Catiline' is twelve thousand words in length; the story of the war against Jugurtha is told in about twice as many. Yet among historians he has a right to echo Heine's boast: —

When the greatest names are mentioned,
Then mine is mentioned too.

Whence comes this lasting fame? Partly, no doubt, from the meagerness of our salvage from the Roman historians. Even Livy and Tacitus survive only as torsos. Cæsar's memoirs alone remain intact, as indestructible as are his larger monuments. The laborious and scientific work of Varro, like Cato's 'Origines,' has vanished almost utterly. And so we descend at once to late and dull compilations. These two essays, therefore, each centralized in plot, and highly finished rhetorically, are like an oasis in a desert of conjecture and doubt.

In the story of Roman imperial growth these two episodes are far less prominent than — let us say — the Nullification incident and the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. Still, both have a certain epochal character which Sallust has not failed to emphasize. Indeed, Mommsen offers much to support his own opinion that both these little books are political pamphlets, whose chief purpose is to discredit still more completely the beaten aristocracy, to glorify Marius and Cæsar as champions of the populace, and so contribute to the rise of their successor, the young Octavian.

In fact, this political purpose is frankly indicated to the attentive reader, for we find early in Chapter v: "I am about to describe the war against Jugurtha, because . . . then first was opposition made to the insolence of the nobility."

On an early page, again, there is a clever introduction of Scipio Africanus as the last of the great patriot nobles, and contrasted with his degenerate successors. When the young African prince Jugurtha had won his spurs under Scipio's eye in the campaign against Numantia, he is ushered, at parting, into the great consul's tent, to hear words that foreshadowed the tragedy of his own life. "Cultivate the friendship of the Roman people itself rather than of individuals. Do not fall into the custom of bribe-giving. It is perilous to purchase from the few what truly belongs to the many. If you persevere in your own character, then glory, and royal power as well, will come to you unsought.

If you make undue haste to obtain them, the very money you spend will bring your headlong downfall."

In the use of grave apothegms, in a certain austere ruggedness, and in occasional archaisms—traits found chiefly in the set speeches—our author sometimes suggests Thucydides. We may well remember that even the conscientious Athenian historian often made his statesman's or general's speech represent the substance of what *should* have been said on some decisive occasion.

While the fierce Numidian chief long remains the central figure, Marius is quietly and skilfully brought to the front of the stage. It was impossible to make him the hero of the war itself, which had been nearly finished by Metellus before he was displaced by his lieutenant. Moreover, the final betrayal of Jugurtha throws little credit on anyone concerned.

The final words of the pamphlet bear out the above suggested view as to its purpose, for they remind us that Marius was re-elected consul before he could return from Africa to Italy, since the Romans were panic-stricken by the great Celtic invasion. "All other tasks seem easy to our valor: against the Gauls alone we have always had to fight, not for glory, but for our very existence." No reader could fail to recall that Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul, had completed the hardest of Marius' tasks, the defeat of the Teutones and Cimbri, and so finally rescued Italy from its century-long terror.

Space does not permit an adequate analysis of the 'Catiline.' The depreciation of Cicero and other patriotic aristocrats, the "whitewashing" of the youthful Cæsar—and even in some degree of his friend the arch-conspirator—have always been noted by observant readers. The recognition of such a deliberate partisan purpose, followed out in masterly fashion, only increases our sense of Sallust's rhetorical skill. He is not to be regarded as a trustworthy source of historical facts.

Sallust's History covered only the years 78–67 B.C. The speeches and letters of this work are preserved in a special collection; and several fragments from a vanished manuscript of the entire work have also come to light in modern times to pique our curiosity. The author's own recollections would make this work doubly valuable, though the contemporary Catiline by no means equals the traditional Jugurtha in romantic interest. It is as a stylist, more than as a historian, that Sallust lives.

The recorded incidents of Sallust's life are sufficient to explain his partisanship for Cæsar. His first public appearance is as tribune of the people, fiercely opposed to Cicero in the famous trial of Milo. Only two years later he was expelled from the Senate on account of his outrageously vicious private life. It was Cæsar who by appointing him quæstor restored his senatorial rank. During the Civil War he was active on sea and land, and at its close remained in Africa as proconsul. There he acquired enormous wealth; and retiring henceforth from public life, he laid out upon the Quirinal Hill those gardens which

remained so long a byword of imperial luxury. Even his profligacy, and its punishment, may, however, have been exaggerated by political malice and partisan ferocity. At all events he is not a winning character; and we are hardly deceived by the pessimistic and Pharisaic tone struck in the introduction to each of his two essays.

CATILINE AND HIS PLOT

From the 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy'

LUCIUS CATILINE was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigor, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable; he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

Such was the character of Catiline, who, after Sulla's usurpation, was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design by his poverty and the consciousness of his crimes: both which evils he had heightened by the practices above mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debased by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. . . .

In so great and corrupted a city, Catiline had always about him — what was no difficult matter to find in Rome — bands of profligate and flagitious wretches, like guards to his person. For all those who were abandoned to gluttony and voluptuousness, and had exhausted their fortunes by gaming, feasting, and licentiousness; all who were overwhelmed with debts (contracted to purchase pardon for their crimes); all parricides and sacrilegious persons from all quarters; [such as were already convicted criminals, or feared conviction;] nay, farther, all who lived by perjury or by shedding the blood of citizens; lastly, all whom wickedness, indigence, or a guilty conscience disquieted — were united to Catiline in the firmest bonds of friendship and intimacy. Or if any person of blameless character became familiar with him, then by daily conversation, and the snares that were laid to corrupt him, he too soon resembled, and even equaled, the rest. But what Catiline chiefly courted was the intimacy of young men: their minds, being soft and pliable, were easily en-

snared. Some of these he provided with mistresses; bought horses and dogs for others: gratifying the favorite passion of each; — in a word, he spared no expense, nor even his own honor, to engage them heartily in his interests. Some there were, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented Catiline's house were guilty of unnatural lust; but this rumor, I apprehend, was more owing to other reasons than that there was any clear evidence of the fact.

As for Catiline himself, he had, when very young, been guilty of many atrocious crimes, in open contempt of all law and order: afterward he conceived a passion for Aurelia Orestilla — one who had nothing but her beauty to recommend her; and because she scrupled to marry him, on account of his having a son who was arrived at years of maturity, it is believed as a certain fact that he destroyed that son, and made his house desolate, to open a way for so infamous an alliance. And this indeed appears to me to have been the principal cause that pushed him to the execution of the conspiracy: for his guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly, his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly, his pace one while quick, another slow; and indeed in all his looks there was an air of distraction.

As for the youth whom he had corrupted in the manner above related, they were trained up to wickedness by various methods: he taught them to be false witnesses, to forge deeds, to throw off all regard for truth, to squander their fortunes, and to slight dangers; and after he had stripped them of all reputation and shame, he pushed them on to crimes still more heinous; and even when no provocation was given, it was their practice to ensnare and murder those who had never injured them, as well as those who had. For he chose to be cruel and mischievous without any cause, rather than that the hands and spirits of his associates should lose their vigor for want of employment.

Confiding in these friends and accomplices, Catiline formed a design to seize the government: he found an additional encouragement from the number of those who were oppressed with debts throughout the state, and in the disposition of Sulla's soldiers, who, having squandered away what they had lately acquired, and calling to remembrance their former conquests and depredations, longed for a civil war. Besides, there was no army in Italy; Pompey was carrying on a war in the remotest parts of the earth; he himself was in great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the Senate seemed careless of the public; and all things were quiet: a conjuncture of circumstances extremely favorable to his designs.

CATILINE'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PISTORIA

From the 'History of Catiline's Conspiracy'

WHEN Catiline saw himself inclosed by the mountains and two hostile armies, and knew that his designs had miscarried in the city, and that there was neither hope of escaping nor of receiving any succor, he thought his best way, in such a situation, was to try the fortune of a battle; and determined to engage Antonius as soon as possible. Accordingly, assembling his troops, he thus addressed them:

"I have learned by experience, fellow-soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage, nor a general's speech render a spiritless army brave and intrepid. Every man displays in battle just so much courage as nature or habit has given him, and no more. It is to no purpose to exhort him whom neither glory nor danger can animate: his fear deprives him of his hearing. I have assembled you, fellow-soldiers, to instruct you in a few particulars, and to lay before you the grounds of my final resolution.

"You all know what a dreadful calamity Lentulus, by his slow and spiritless conduct, has brought on himself and us; and how I have been prevented from marching into Gaul, by waiting for reinforcements from Rome. In what posture our affairs now are, you all see.

"Two armies — one from Rome, another from Gaul — obstruct our advance. Want of provisions and other necessities will not allow us to stay longer here, were we ever so desirous of doing it. To whatever place you think of marching, you yourselves must open a passage with your swords. I conjure you then to summon up all your courage; to act like men resolute and undaunted; to remember, when you engage, that you carry in your hands riches, honor, and glory — nay, even your liberty and your country. If we overcome, all will be safe; we shall have plenty of provisions; the corporate towns and colonies will be all ready to receive us. But if we fail through fear, the very reverse will be our fate; nor will any place or friend protect those whom arms could not. Let me add to this, my fellow-soldiers, that we have different motives to animate us from what the opposing army has. We fight for our country, for our liberty, for our lives; they, for no interest of their own, but only to support the power of a few. Let this consideration, then, engage you to fall on them the more courageously, remembering your former bravery.

"We might indeed have passed our remaining days, with the utmost infamy, in banishment; some of you too might have lived at Rome, depending for your subsistence on others, after having lost your own estates. But such a condition appearing equally disgraceful and intolerable to men of spirit, you resolved on the present course. If you repent of the step, remember that even to

secure a retreat, the firmest valor is still indispensable. Peace must be procured by victory alone, not by a groveling cowardice. To hope for security in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms which serve to defend you, is the height of madness. In battle, the most cowardly are always in most danger: courage is a wall of defense. When I consider your characters, fellow-soldiers, and reflect on your past achievements, I have great hopes of victory: your spirit, your age, your virtue encourage me; and our necessity too, which even inspires cowards with bravery — for the narrowness of our position will prevent the enemy's numbers from surrounding us. But should fortune envy your valor, be sure you fall not without taking due vengeance on the foe: suffer not yourselves to be captured and slaughtered like cattle; but fight rather like men, and leave our opponents a bloody and mournful victory."

A NUMIDIAN DEFEAT

From the 'History of the War against Jugurtha'

IN that part of Numidia which on the partition of the kingdom fell to the share of Adherbal, was a river called Muthul, flowing from the south; parallel to which, at the distance of about twenty miles, was a mountain of equal length, desert and uncultivated. Between this mountain and the river, almost at an equal distance from each, rose a hill of prodigious height, covered with olives, myrtles, and other trees, such as grow in a dry and sandy soil; the intermediate plain was uninhabitable for want of water — those parts only excepted which bordered on the river, in which were many groves, and abundance of cattle.

Jugurtha took possession of this hill, which flanked the Romans in their march to the river, extending his front as far as possible; and giving the command of the elephants and part of the infantry to Bomilcar, with orders how to act, he posted himself with all the horse and the choicest of the foot nearer the mountain. Then he rode round the several squadrons and battalions, conjuring them "to summon up their former bravery, and mindful of their late victory, to defend themselves and their country from Roman avarice. They were to engage with those whom they had already vanquished, and forced to pass under the yoke; and who had only changed their general, but not their character. As for himself, he had done all that was incumbent on a general: had secured to them the advantages of the ground, which they were well acquainted with, and to which the enemy were strangers; and had taken care not to expose them to an unequal contest with an enemy superior in number or skill: they should therefore, when the signal was given, fall vigorously on the Romans; that day would either crown their former toils

and victories, or be a prelude to the most grievous calamities." Besides addressing himself singly to such as he had rewarded with honors or money for their gallant behavior, he reminded them of his liberality, and proposed them to others as patterns for their imitation. In a word, he appealed to all, in a manner suited to the disposition and character of each; and by promises, threatenings, and entreaties, labored to excite their courage.

In the meantime Metellus, descending from the mountain with his army, without any knowledge of the enemy's motions, discovered them on the hill. At first he was doubtful what to think of so strange an appearance; for the Numidian horse and foot were posted among the bushes, by reason of the lowness of which they were neither altogether covered nor yet entirely discernible. The rugged nature of the place, united to the artifice with which the whole was conducted, gave ample room for suspicion: but soon finding that it was an ambush, the general halted his army, and altering the disposition of it, made the flank next the enemy thrice as strong as before, distributed the slingers and archers among the infantry, placed all the cavalry in the wings; and animating them by a short speech suitable to the occasion, he advanced in this order towards the plain.

Observing the Numidians to keep their ground, without offering to quit their station, and fearing that from the heat of the season and the scarcity of water his army would be distressed by thirst, Metellus ordered his lieutenant Rutilius, with the light-armed cohorts and a detachment of horse, to proceed towards the river, and secure a place to encamp on; judging that the enemy would, by frequent skirmishes and attacks on his flank, endeavor to retard his march, and to harass his men by means of thirst and fatigue, as they could entertain no hope of success in battle. He then advanced slowly, as his circumstances and situation allowed him, in the same order as he had descended from the mountain; posting Marius in the center, and marching himself in the left wing, at the head of the cavalry, which was now become the front.

Jugurtha, when he saw that the Roman rear extended beyond his first rank, detached two thousand foot to take possession of that part of the mountain from which Metellus had descended, that it might not serve the Romans for a place of security if they were routed; and then, giving the signal, suddenly fell on them.

Some of the Numidians made great slaughter in our rear, while others charged us on the right and left; they advanced furiously, fought vigorously, and everywhere broke our ranks. Even those of our men who opposed them with the greatest firmness and resolution were baffled by their disorderly manner of fighting: finding themselves wounded from a distance, and unable to return the blow or come to a close engagement; for the Numidian cavalry, according to the instructions they had received from Jugurtha, when any of the Roman troops advanced against them, immediately fled, not in close

order or in a body, but dispersed as widely as possible. Though they could not by these means discourage us from the pursuit, yet being superior in number, they charged us either in flank or rear: and when it appeared more convenient to fly to the hill than the plain, the Numidian horses, being accustomed to it, made their way more easily through the thickets; while the Roman trooper, unaccustomed to such rough and difficult places, was unable to follow them.

The whole field presented a distressing spectacle, full of doubt and perplexity and wild disorder: some flying, others pursuing; all separated from their fellows; no standard followed; no ranks preserved; everyone standing on his own defense, and repulsing his adversary wherever he was attacked; arms and darts, horses and men, enemies and fellow-citizens, blended together in wild confusion. In this scene of distraction, all order was at an end: chance ruled supreme, and guided the tumult; so that though the day was already far spent, the issue of the contest was still uncertain.

At length, both sides being oppressed with fatigue and the heat of the day, Metellus, perceiving the Numidian vigor abate, rallied his men by degrees, restored their ranks, and posted four legionary cohorts against the enemy's foot; a great part of which had, through weariness, retired to the rising grounds for repose. At the same time he entreated and exhorted his men not to lose their courage, nor suffer a flying enemy to be victorious; adding that they had no intrenchment or stronghold to which they could retire, but all their hopes were in their arms and valor.

Nor was Jugurtha in the meantime inactive, but appeared on horseback, animated his men, renewed the battle, and at the head of a select body made every possible effort: supported his men where they were pressed; charged the Romans vigorously where they seemed to waver; and where they stood firm, annoyed them with darts from a distance.

Thus did the two generals contend for glory: both officers of consummate ability, but differently situated, and as unequally supported. Metellus had brave men, but a bad situation; Jugurtha had every other advantage but that of soldiers. At last the Romans—considering that no place of refuge was left them, that the enemy avoided every attempt to bring them to a regular engagement, and that night was fast approaching—advanced up the hill, according to orders, and made themselves masters of it.

The Numidians, having lost this post, were routed and put to flight, but few of them were slain: their own swiftness, and the nature of the country, with which our men were unacquainted, saving most of them.

In the meantime Bomilcar, to whom Jugurtha, as already stated, had given the command of the elephants and part of the infantry, when he saw that Rutilius had passed him, drew down his men slowly into the plain; where without interruption he ranged them in order of battle, as the exigency required, while the lieutenant was marching in great haste to the river: nor

did he neglect to watch the motions and to learn the designs of the Romans. On receiving intelligence that Rutilius was encamped and appeared to consider himself in a state of security, Bomilcar — perceiving that the noise of the battle in which Jugurtha was engaged still increased, and fearing lest the lieutenant should return to reinforce the consul — resolved to obstruct his passage; and extending the front of his line, which before, distrustful of the steadiness of his troops, he had formed close and compact, in this order advanced to the camp of Rutilius.

The Romans on a sudden perceived a vast cloud of dust, which at first they conjectured to be raised by the wind sweeping over an arid and sandy surface; for the country was covered on all sides with copsewood, which obstructed their view of the Numidians: but observing the cloud to move with regularity, and approach nearer and nearer as the Numidians marched forward, they perceived the cause of the phenomenon; and flying to their arms, drew up before the camp according to orders. When the enemy came up, a tremendous shout was raised on both sides, and they rushed with fury to the onset.

The Numidians maintained the contest as long as their elephants could be of any service to them: but when they saw them entangled among the branches of the trees and surrounded by the Romans, they betook themselves to flight; and throwing away their arms, escaped, most of them unhurt — partly by the advantage of the hill, and partly by favor of the night. Four elephants were taken; the rest, forty in number, were all slain.

The Romans, however much exhausted by their march, by fortifying their camp, and by the late unexpected encounter, were flushed with success; and as Metellus tarried beyond their expectation, they advanced resolutely in order of battle to meet him: for such was the subtlety of the Numidians as to leave no room for inactivity or remissness. When the heads of the two friendly columns approached each other in the darkness of the night, the noise on both sides occasioned mutual apprehensions of an approaching enemy; and this mistake had well-nigh produced the most fatal consequences, had not some horsemen despatched by both parties discovered the true cause of it. Mutual congratulations quickly succeeded to apprehension: the soldiers joyfully called to one another by name, recounting their late exploits, and everyone extolling his own gallant behavior; for such is the nature of human affairs, that when victory is obtained, cowards may boast, while defeat casts reproach even on the brave.

Metellus continued four days in the same camp: administered relief to the wounded; conferred the usual military rewards on such as had distinguished themselves in the late engagements; commended the whole army, which he assembled with that view; returned them his public thanks; and exhorted them "to act with equal courage in what further remained, which was but little. They had already fought sufficiently for victory: their future labors would be only to enrich themselves by the spoils of conquest."

SPEECH OF MARIUS

From the 'History of the War against Jugurtha'

I KNOW, Romans, that most of those who apply to you for preferment in the state assume a different conduct from what they observe after they have obtained it. When they are candidates, they are active, condescending, and modest; when magistrates, haughty and indolent: but to me the contrary conduct appears reasonable; for in proportion as the good of the state is of more importance than the consulship or prætorship, the greatest care and attention is requisite to govern the commonwealth than to court its dignities.

I am very sensible what an arduous task is imposed on me by your generous choice of me: to make preparations for the war, and yet to be sparing of the treasury; to oblige those to serve whom you would not willingly offend; to attend to everything both at home and abroad; and to perform all this amid a confederacy of envious men, eternally obstructing your measures and caballing against you—it is, O Romans! a more difficult undertaking than can be readily imagined. Moreover, if others fail in the discharge of their duty, the ancient luster of their family, the heroic actions of their ancestors, the credit of their kindred and friends, and their numerous dependents, afford them protection. But for me, my resources lie solely in myself; my firmness and integrity alone must protect me: every other support would be of little avail.

I am well aware too, Romans, that the eyes of all are on me: that all honest, all candid men, pleased with my successful endeavors to serve the state, wish well to me; but that the nobility watch for an opportunity to ruin me. Hence I must labor the more strenuously that you be not ensnared by them, and that they be disappointed. From my childhood to the present time, my manner of life has been such that toils and dangers are now habitual to me. The course I pursued, Romans, merely from a disinterested principle, before you conferred any favors on me, I shall not discontinue now that you have bestowed so noble a recompense. Those who put on the deceitful guise and semblance of virtue to obtain power, must when possessed of it find it difficult to act with moderation; but to me, whose whole life has been an uninterrupted series of laudable pursuits, virtue, through the force of habit, is become natural.

You have ordained that I should have the management of the war against Jugurtha: an ordinance highly displeasing to the nobility. Now I pray you, consider within yourselves whether you had not better alter your choice, and employ on this, or any other similar occasion, one of the tribes of the nobility: a man of ancient family, surrounded with the images of his ancestors, and

who has never been in the service. See how, on such an important occasion, he will hurry and be confounded; and, ignorant of his whole duty, apply to some plebeian to instruct him in it. And thus it commonly happens that he whom you have appointed your general is obliged to find another from whom to receive his orders.

I know, Romans, some who, after entering on the consular office, began to study the history of our ancestors, and the military precepts of the Greeks. Preposterous method! For though, in the order of time, the election to offices precedes the exercise of men — yet in the order of things, qualifications and experience should precede election.

New man as I am, Romans, compare me with these haughty nobles. What they have only read or heard of, I have seen performed or performed myself; what they have gathered from books, I have learned in the service. Now do you yourselves judge whether practice or speculation is of greater value. They despise me for the meanness of my descent; I despise them for their indolence: I am upbraided with my success; they with their crimes. I am of opinion that nature is always the same, and common to all; and that those who have most virtue have most nobility. Suppose it were possible to put the question to the fathers of Albinus or Bestia, whether they would rather have chosen me for their descendant, or them? What answer do you think they would make, but that they should have desired to have had the most deserving men for their sons? But if they have reason to despise me, they have the same cause to despise their ancestors, whose nobility, like mine, took its rise from their military virtue. They envy my advancement: let them likewise envy my toils, my integrity, my dangers; for by these I gained it.

These men, in truth, blinded with pride, live in such manner as if they slighted the honors you have to bestow, and yet sue for them as if they had deserved them. Deluded men! to aspire at once after two things so opposite in their nature — the enjoyment of the pleasures of effeminacy, and the fruits of a laborious virtue! When they harangue too before you, or in the Senate, they employ most of their eloquence in celebrating their ancestors, and vainly imagine that the exploits of these great men reflect a luster on themselves: whereas it is quite the reverse; for the more illustrious were the lives of the dead, the more scandalous is the spiritless and unmanly behavior of these their descendants. The truth of the matter is plainly this: the glory acquired by ancestors is like a light diffused over the actions of their posterity, which suffers neither their good nor bad qualities to be concealed.

This light, Romans, is what I lack; but what is much more noble, I can recount my own achievements. Mark the inconsistency of my adversaries! What credit they arrogantly claim to themselves for the exploits of others, they deny me for my own; and what reason do they give for it? why, truly this: that I have no images of my ancestors to show, and my nobility is no

older than myself. But surely it is more honorable for one to acquire nobility himself than to debase that which he derives from his predecessors.

I am sensible, Romans, that if they were to reply to what I now advance, they would do so with great eloquence and force. Yet as they have given a loose rein to their calumniating tongues on every occasion — not only against me, but likewise against you — ever since you have conferred this dignity on me, I was resolved to speak, lest some should impute my silence to a consciousness of guilt. Though I am abundantly satisfied that no words can injure me — since if what is said be true, it must be to my honor; if false, my life and conduct will confute it — yet because your determination is blamed, in bestowing on me the highest dignity of the state, and trusting me with the conduct of affairs of such importance, I beseech you to consider whether you had not better alter your choice. I cannot indeed boast of the images, triumphs, or consulships of my ancestors, to raise your confidence in me; but if it be necessary, I can show you spears, banners, collars of merit, and other military distinctions, besides a body scarred with honorable wounds. These are *my* statues! These are the proofs of *my* nobility! not derived from ancestors, as theirs are, but such as I have myself won by many toils and dangers.

My language too is unpolished; but that gives me small concern — virtue shows itself with sufficient clearness. They stand in need of the artful colorings of eloquence to hide the infamy of their actions. Nor have I been instructed in the Grecian literature! Why, truly, I had little inclination to that kind of instruction, which did not improve the authors of it in the least degree of virtue. But I have learned other things far more useful to the state: to wound the enemy; to watch; to dread nothing but infamy; to undergo cold and heat alike; to lie on the bare ground; to bear hunger and fatigue. These lessons shall animate my troops; nor shall I ever be rigorous to them and indulgent to myself, or borrow my glory from their toils. This is the mode of commanding most useful to the state; this is what suits the equality of citizens. To treat the army with severity while you indulge yourself in ease and pleasure is to act the tyrant, not the general.

By conduct like this, our forefathers gained immortal honor both to themselves and the Republic: while our nobility, though so unlike their ancestors in character, despise us who imitate them; and demand of you all public honors, not on account of their personal merit, but as due to their high rank. Arrogant men — how mistaken! Their ancestors left them everything in their power to bequeath: their wealth, their images, their high renown; but their virtue they did not leave them, nor indeed could they; for it can neither be given nor received as a gift.

They hold me to be unpolished and ill-bred, because I cannot entertain elegantly, have no buffoon, and pay no higher wages to my cook than to my steward — every part of which accusation, Romans, I readily admit: for I

have learned from my father and other venerable persons that delicacy belongs to women, labor to men; that a virtuous man ought to have a larger share of glory than of riches; and that arms are more ornamental than splendid furniture.

But let them still pursue what is so dear and delightful to them: let them indulge in wine and pleasure; let them spend their old age, as they did their youth, in banqueting and the lowest sensual gratifications; let them leave the fatigues and dangers of the field to us, to whom they are more welcome than the most elegant entertainments! Even this they will not do; for after debasing themselves by the practice of the foulest and most infamous vices, these most detestable of all men endeavor to deprive the brave of the rewards that are due to them. Thus — by the greatest injustice — luxury and idleness, the worst of vices, are no way prejudicial to those who are guilty of them; while they threaten the innocent commonwealth with unmerited ruin.

Now, since I have answered these men as far as my own character was concerned, though not so fully as their infamous behavior deserved, I shall add a few words concerning the state of public affairs. And first, Romans, be of good courage as to Numidia: since you have now removed all that hitherto secured Jugurtha; namely, the covetousness, incapacity, and haughtiness of our commanders. There is an army stationed in Africa, well acquainted with the country, but indeed less fortunate than brave; for a great portion of it has been destroyed by the rapaciousness and rashness of its commanders. Do you, therefore, who are of age to bear arms, join your efforts to mine, and assume the defense of the commonwealth; nor let the fate of others, or the haughtiness of the late commanders, discourage any of you: when you march, when you engage, I will always be with you to direct your campaign, and to share every danger. In a word, I shall desire you to act no otherwise in any instance than as you see me act. Moreover, all things are now ripe for us — victory, spoil, and glory; and even though they were uncertain or distant, it would still be the duty of every good citizen to assist the state. No man ever became immortal by inactivity; nor did ever any father wish his children might never die, but rather that they might live like useful and worthy men. I should add more to what I have already said, if words could inspire cowards with bravery: to the valiant I think I have said enough.

CATULLUS

THE last thirty years of the Roman Republic are, alike in thought and action, one of the high-water marks of the world's history. This is the age of Cicero and of Julius Cæsar. This brief period includes the conquest of Gaul, the invasion of Britain, the annexation of the Asiatic monarchies founded by Alexander's marshals; the final collapse of the Roman oligarchy which had subdued the whole known world; the development of the stateliest and most splendid prose that the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see; and lastly, a social life among the Roman upper classes so brilliant, so humane, so intimately known to us from contemporary historians, poets, orators, letter-writers, that we can live in it with as little stretch of imagination as we can live in the England of Queen Anne. Among the foremost figures of this period is Valerius Catullus, the first of Latin lyric poets, and perhaps the third, alongside of Sappho and Shelley, in the supreme rank of the lyric poets of the world.

He represents in his life and his genius the fine flower of his age and country. He was born at Verona of a wealthy and distinguished family, while Italy was convulsed by the civil wars of Marius and Sulla; he died at the age of thirty, while Cæsar was completing the conquest of Gaul, and the Republic, though nearing its extinction, still seemed full of the pride of life. The excitement of those thrilling years is mirrored fully in the life and poetry of Catullus. Fashion, travel, politics, criticism, all the ever-changing events and interests of the age, come before us in their most vivid form and at their highest pressure, in this brief volume of lyrics. But all come involved with a story wholly personal to himself and immortal in its fascination: the story of an ill-fated love that "fed its life's flame with self-substantial fuel," and mounted in the morning glories of sunrise only to go down in thunder and tempest before noon.

There are perhaps no love poems in the world like these. Of Sappho, seemingly the greatest poet of her sex, we can only dally with surmise from mutilated fragments. No one else in the ancient world comes into the account. The Middle Ages involved love inextricably with mysticism. When Europe shook the Middle Ages off, it had begun to think. Exquisite reflections on love, innocent pastorals, adorable imagery — these it could produce; in the France of the Pleiade for instance, or in the England of Greene and Campion: but thought and passion keep ill company. Once only, in the eighteenth century, a genius as fierce and flame-like as Catullus rose to the height of this argument. An intractable language, sterilizing surroundings, bad models,

imperfect education, left Burns hopelessly distanced; yet the quintessential flame that he shares with Catullus has served to make him the idol of a nation, and a household word among many millions of his race.

Clodia, the "Lady of the Sonnets" in Catullus, whom he calls Lesbia by a transparent fiction, has no ambiguous or veiled personality. She was one of the most famous and most scandalous women of her time. By birth and marriage she belonged to the innermost circle of that Roman aristocracy which had accumulated the wealth of the world into its hands, and sent out its younger sons carelessly to misgovern and pillage empires. When Catullus made her acquaintance, she was a married woman some six or seven years older than himself. "Through a little arc of heaven" the poems show his love running its sorrowful and splendid course. Rapture of tenderness, infatuation, revolt, relapse, re-entanglement, agonized stupor, the stinging pain of reviving life, fierce love passing into as fierce a hatred, all sweep before us in dazzling language molded out of pure air and fire.

So far, Burns alone, and Burns only at his rarer heights, can give a modern reader some idea of Catullus. But Burns had little education and less taste; and so when he leaves the ground of personal emotion — that is to say, in nineteen-twentieths of his poetry — he is constantly on the edge, and often over it, of tawdriness, vulgarity, commonplace. Catullus was master of all the technical skill then known to poetry. Without anything approaching the immense learning of Vergil or Milton, he had, like Shelley among English poets, the instincts and training of a scholar. It is this fine scholarship — the eye and hand of the trained artist in language — combined with his lucid and imperious simplicity, like that of some gifted and terrible child, that makes him unique among poets. When he leaves the golden fields of poetry and dashes into political lampoons, or insolent and unquotable attacks on those who had the misfortune to displease him, he becomes like Burns again, Burns the satirist; yet even here nimbler witted, lighter of touch, with the keenness of the rapier rather than of the Northern axe-edge.

His scholarliness — like that of most scholars — was not without its drawbacks. His immediate masters, the Greeks of the Alexandrian school, were a coterie of pedants; it would be idle to claim that he remained unaffected by their pedantry. In the last years of his life he seems to have lost himself somewhat in technical intricacies and elaborate metrical experiments; in translations from that prince in preciousity, the Alexandrian Callimachus; and idyllic pieces of overloaded ornament studied from the school of Theocritus. The longest and most ambitious poem of these years, the epic idyl on 'The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis,' is full of exquisite beauties of detail, but taken in its whole effect is languid, cloying, and monotonous. He makes a more brilliant success in his other long poem, the famous 'Atys,' the single example in Latin of the large-scale lyric so familiar to Greece and England.

But indeed in every form of lyric poetry attempted by him his touch is

infallible. The lovely poems of travel which he wrote during and after a voyage to Asia are as unequaled in their sunny beauty as the love-lyrics are in fire and passion. Alongside of these there are little funny verses to his friends, and other verses to his enemies which they probably did not think funny in the least; verses of occasion and verses of compliment; and verses of sympathy, with a deep human throb in them that shows how little his own unhappy love had embittered him or shut him up in selfish broodings. Two of these pieces are pre-eminent beyond all the rest. The one is a marriage song written by him for the wedding of two of his friends, Manlius Torquatus and Vinia Aurunculeia. In its straightforward unassuming grace, in its musical clearness, in the picture it draws, with so gentle and yet so refined and distinguished a touch, of common household happiness, it is worthy of its closing place in the golden volume of his lyrics.

The other is a brief poem, only ten lines long, written at his brother's grave near Troy. It is one of the best known of Latin poems; and before its sorrow, its simplicity, its piteous tenderness, the astonishing cadence of its rhythms, praise itself seems almost profanation.

"Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago —" so Tennyson in one of his own beautiful lyrics addresses Catullus; and it is this unsurpassed tenderness that more than all his other admirable qualities, his consummate technical skill, his white heat of passion, his "clearness as of the terrible crystal," brings him and keeps him near our hearts.

That wonderful Ciceronian age has left its mark as few ages have, deep upon human history. The conquests and legislation of Julius Cæsar determined the future of Europe and laid the foundation of the modern world. The prose invented by Cicero became and still remains the common language of civilized mankind. Among the poems of Catullus are verses addressed to both of these men; but his own young ivy-crowned brows shine out of the darkness and the distance with no less pure a radiance and no less imperishable a fame.

J. W. MACKAIL

DEDICATION FOR A VOLUME OF LYRICS

THIS dainty little book and new,
Just polished with the pumice, who
Shall now receive? — Cornelius, you!

For these my trifles even then
You counted of some value, when
You only of Italian men

Into three tomes had dared to cast
 The story of all ages past —
 Learned, O Jupiter, and vast!

So take it, prize it as you may.
 — And, gracious Virgin, this I pray:
 That it shall live beyond our day!

Translated by William C. Lawton

A MORNING CALL

VARUS would take me t'other day
 To see a little girl he knew —
 Pretty and witty in her way,
 With impudence enough for two.

Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters
 (As pretty girls are wont to do)
 About all persons, places, matters: —
 "And pray, what has been done for *you*?"

"Bithynia, lady!" I replied,
 "Is a fine province for a prætor;
 For none (I promise you) beside,
 And least of all am I her debtor."

"Sorry for that!" said she. "However,
 You have brought with you, I dare say,
 Some litter-bearers; none so clever
 In any other part as they.

"Bithynia is the very place
 For all that's steady, tall, and straight;
 It is the nature of the race.
 Could you not lend me six or eight?"

"Why, six or eight of them or so,"
 Said I, determined to be grand;
 "My fortune is not quite so low
 But these are still at my command."

"You'll send them?" — "Willingly!" I told her,
 Although I had not here or there

One who could carry on his shoulder
The leg of an old broken chair.

"Catullus! what a charming hap is
Our meeting in this sort of way!
I would be carried to Serapis
Tomorrow!" — "Stay, fair lady, stay!"

"You overvalue my intention.
Yes, there *are* eight . . . there may be nine:
I merely had forgot to mention
That they are Cinna's, and not mine."

Paraphrase of W. S. Landor

HOME TO SIRMIO

DEAR Sirmio, that art the very eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;
Joy of all joys, to gaze on thee once more!
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care set free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed!
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!
Smile, then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please —
And you, ye dancing waters of the lake,
Rejoice; and every smile of home awake!

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

THE PINNACE

THIS pinnace, friends, which here you see,
Avers erewhile she used to be
Unmatched for speed, and could outstrip
Triumphantly the fastest ship

That ever swam, or breasted gale,
 Alike with either oar or sail.
 And this, she says, her haughty boast,
 The stormy Adriatic coast,
 The Cyclad islands, Rhodes the grand,
 Rude Thrace, the wild Propontic strand,
 Will never venture to gainsay;

Nor yet the Euxine's cruel bay,
 Where in her early days she stood,
 This bark to be, a shaggy wood;
 For from her vocal locks full oft,
 Where o'er Cytorus far aloft
 The fitful mountain-breezes blow,
 She piped and whistled loud or low.

To thee, Amastris, on thy rocks,
 To thee, Cytorus, clad with box,
 Has long been known, my bark avers,
 This little history of hers.

In her first youth, she doth protest,
 She stood upon your topmost crest,
 First in your waters dipped her oars,
 First bore her master from your shores
 Anon unscathed o'er many a deep,
 In sunshine and in storm to sweep;
 Whether the breezes, as she flew,
 From larboard or from starboard blew,
 Or with a wake of foam behind,
 She scudded full before the wind.
 Nor to the gods of ocean e'er
 For her was offered vow or prayer,
 Though from yon farthest ocean drear
 She came to this calm crystal mere.

But these are things of days gone past.
 Now, anchored here in peace at last,
 To grow to hoary age, lies she,
 And dedicates herself to thee,
 Who hast alway her guardian been,
 Twin Castor, and thy brother twin!

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

AN INVITATION TO DINNER

IF the gods will, Fabullus mine,
With me right heartily you'll dine.
Bring but good cheer — that chance is thine
Some days hereafter;
Mind, a fair girl too, wit, and wine,
And merry laughter.

Bring these — you'll feast on kingly fare;
But bring them — for my purse — I swear
The spiders have been weaving there;
But thee I'll favor
With a pure love, or what's more rare,
More sweet of savor,

An unguent I'll before you lay
The Loves and Graces t'other day
Gave to my girl — smell it — you'll pray
The gods, Fabullus,
To make you turn all nose straightway.
Yours aye, CATULLUS.

Translated by James Cranstoun

A BROTHER'S GRAVE

BROTHER! o'er many lands and oceans borne,
I reach thy grave, death's last sad rite to pay;
To call thy silent dust in vain, and mourn,
Since ruthless fate has hurried thee away:
Woe's me! yet now upon thy tomb I lay —
All soaked with tears for thee, thee loved so well —
What gifts our fathers gave the honored clay
Of valued friends; take them, my grief they tell:
And now, forever hail! forever fare thee well!

Translated by James Cranstoun

FAREWELL TO HIS FELLOW-OFFICERS

THE milder breath of Spring is nigh;
 The stormy equinoctial sky
 To Zephyr's gentle breezes yields.
 Behind me soon the Phrygian fields,
 Nicæa's sun-beat realm, shall lie.
 To Asia's famous towns we'll hie.
 My heart, that craves to wander free,
 Throbs even now expectantly.
 With zeal my joyous feet are strong;
 Farewell, dear comrades, loved so long!
 Afar together did we roam;
 Now ways diverse shall lead us home.

Translated by W. C. Lawton

VERSES FROM AN EPITHALAMIUM

AND now, ye gates, your wings unfold!
 The virgin draweth nigh. Behold
 The torches, how upon the air
 They shake abroad their gleaming hair!
 Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
 The day is hurrying fast away!

But lost in shame and maiden fears,
 She stirs not — weeping, as she hears
 The friends that to her tears reply —
 "Thou must advance, the hour is nigh!
 Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
 The day is hurrying fast away!"

Dry up thy tears! For well I trow,
 No woman lovelier than thou,
 Aurunculeia, shall behold
 The day all panoplied in gold,
 And rosy light uplift his head
 Above the shimmering ocean's bed!

As in some rich man's garden-plot,
With flowers of every hue inwrought,
Stands peerless forth with drooping brow
The hyacinth, so standest thou!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!

.

Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
Young Torquatus on the lap
Of his mother, as he stands
Stretching out his tiny hands,
And his little lips the while
Half-open on his father smile.

And oh! may he in all be like
Manlius his sire, and strike
Strangers, when the boy they meet,
As his father's counterfeit,
And his face the index be
Of his mother's chastity!

Him, too, such fair fame adorn,
Son of such a mother born,
That the praise of both entwined
Call Telemachus to mind,
With her who nursed him on her knee,
Unparagoned Penelope!

Now, virgins, let us shut the door!
Enough we've toyed, enough and more!
But fare ye well, ye loving pair,
We leave ye to each other's care;
And blithely let your hours be sped
In joys of youth and lustihead!

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

NOTE. — The remaining poems of our selection are all associated with the poet's passion for Lesbia.

LOVE IS ALL

LET us, Lesbia darling, still
 Live our life, and love our fill;
 Heeding not a jot, howe'er
 Churlish dotards chide or stare!
 Suns go down, but 'tis to rise
 Brighter in the morning skies;
 But when sets our little light,
 We must sleep in endless night.
 A thousand kisses grant me, sweet:
 With a hundred these complete;
 Lip me a thousand more, and then
 Another hundred give again.
 A thousand add to these, anon
 A hundred more, then hurry one
 Kiss after kiss without cessation,
 Until we lose all calculation;
 So envy shall not mar our blisses
 By numbering up our tale of kisses.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

ELEGY ON LESBIA'S SPARROW

LOVES and Graces, mourn with me,
 Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
 Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
 Sparrow that was all her bliss,
 Than her very eyes more dear;
 For he made her dainty cheer;
 Knew her well, as any maid
 Knows her mother; never strayed
 From her bosom, but would go
 Hopping round her to and fro,
 And to her, and her alone,
 Chirruped with such pretty tone.
 Now he treads that gloomy track
 Whence none ever may come back.
 Out upon you, and your power,
 Which all fairest things devour,

Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
 Ye took my bird that was so fair!
 Ah, the pity of it! Thou
 Poor bird, thy doing 'tis, that now
 My loved one's eyes are swollen and red,
 With weeping for her darling dead.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

"FICKLE AND CHANGEABLE EVER"

NEVER a soul but myself, though Jove himself were to woo her,
 Lesbia says she would choose, might she have me for her mate.
 Says — but what women will say to a lover on fire to possess her,
 Write on the bodiless wind, write on the stream as it runs.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

TWO CHORDS

IHATE and love — the why I cannot tell,
 But by my tortures know the fact too well.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

LAST WORD TO LESBIA

OFURIUS and Aurelius! comrades sweet!
 Who to Ind's farthest shore with me would roam,
 Where the far-sounding Orient billows beat
 Their fury into foam;

Or to Hyrcania, balm-breathed Araby,
 The Sacian's or the quivered Parthian's land,
 Or where seven-mantled Nile's swell'n waters dye
 The sea with yellow sand;

Or cross the lofty Alpine fells, to view
 Great Cæsar's trophied fields, the Gallic Rhine,
 The paint-smear'd Briton race, grim-visaged crew,
 Placed by earth's limit line;

To all prepared with me to brave the way,
To dare whate'er the eternal gods decree —
These few unwelcome words to her convey
Who once was all to me.

Still let her revel with her godless train,
Still clasp her hundred slaves to passion's thrall,
Still truly love not one, but ever drain
The life-blood of them all.

Nor let her more my once fond passion heed,
For by her faithlessness 'tis blighted now,
Like flow'ret on the verge of grassy mead
Crushed by the passing plow.

Translated by James Cranstoun

VERGIL

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO, purest, gentlest, best beloved among all poets since the dawn of civilization, was born at Andes, a village near Mantua, in 70 B.C. His birthplace, his name, perhaps too his wealth of romantic imagination, may indicate Celtic origin. At any rate, his father was a man of humble station, some say a potter, who married his master's daughter, Magia. (This name of Vergil's mother helped on the wild medieval invention of Vergil the magician.) Living north of the Po the family shared the general gratitude toward the great Julius who in 49 B.C. conferred full Roman citizenship upon the provincials. Vergil apparently never had personal relations with Catullus, Calvus, and their brilliant group of young aristocrats and anti-Cæsarian poets.

He studied both at Milan and in Rome. A doubtful tradition makes him the fellow-student of Antony and Augustus. In a youthful poem, perhaps authentic, he takes reluctant farewell of verse, when devoting himself to philosophy as the pupil of the Epicurean sage Siron: —

Begone, O Muses: ay, begone — although
Sweet Muses; for we will the truth confess,
Sweet have ye been! And on my pages look
Ye yet again — but modestly, nor oft.

The undertone of doubt in these words proved doubly prophetic. Much in the tranquil Epicurean acceptance of life — and much indeed of Lucretius' large view of nature's eternal pageant — the Augustan poet-laureate always retained. Perhaps he even envies that most fearless of atheistic philosophers: —

Happy the man whose steadfast eye surveys
The whole world's truth, its hidden works and ways —
Happy, who thus beneath his feet has thrown
All fears and fates, and Hell's insatiate moan!
(*'Georgics,'* ii, 490-492, translation of F. W. H. Myers)

These lines are supposed to be a tribute to Lucretius. But Vergil's intensely religious spirit clung most anxiously to those two beliefs which Lucretius puts scornfully behind him: the faith in all-wise, all-powerful Divine beings, and in the soul's existence after death.

Vergil was certainly no untutored child of the soil, like Burns. Even more than his friend Horace, he everywhere reveals the loftiest refinement, and lov-

ing familiarity with the best in literature and art. He turns away, indeed, like Lucretius, from the splendor and the noisy throng of clients in ministerial palaces, to seek refreshment on nature's heart.

Oh, happy beyond all happiness — did they
 Their weal but know — those husbandmen obscure,
 Whose life, deep hidden from strife of arms away,
 The all-righteous earth and kind, doth well secure.
 What though for them no towering mansion pours
 At early morning, forth of its haughty doors
 And halls, a surge of courtiers untold,
 Gaping on the rich portals, as they pass,
 Fair with mosaic of tortoise-shell, the gold
 Of broidered vestments and the Corinthian brass? . . .

But they are at peace in life, in guile untaught,
 And dowered with manifold riches. Theirs the ease
 Of acres ample, and many a shady grot,
 And slumber of sweetness under sheltering trees,
 And living lakes, and the cool of Tempe's valley,
 And the lowing of herds are theirs continually;
 Theirs are the haunts of game on the wooded hill;
 And theirs a hardy youth, unto humble ways
 Attempered, and patient in their toil; and still
 The old have honor of them, and the gods have praise.
 Justice, methinks, when driven from earth away,
 Left her last footprint among such as they.

('Georgics' ii, 458-474, version of Harriet Waters Preston)

There is abundant evidence here (as in the pictures of Carthaginian splendor in *Æneid*, Books i and iv) that Vergil knew the luxury of courts as thoroughly as he did the better beloved rural peace he craves. The last phrase betrays the melancholy tone, the vein of pathos, which all lovers of our poet remember so well.

In truth, the best stage of the national life had already passed with the age of the two Scipios. The lordship of Italy fully attained, Rome passed on to more fatal successes. She overthrew Carthage and Corinth in a single year (146 B.C.); but Cato was more than half right — the national character was rapidly undermined by foreign wealth, and by culture too easily and swiftly won from without, not bred steadily from within. Doubtless Ennius' historical poem, if ever it shall come again to light, will seem rugged and inartistic to us, as it certainly did to most of the later Romans. Yet it was more truly an epic of manly freedom and patriotic pride than was possible under the early empire.

The empire itself indeed was generally, and rightly, welcomed. But it was —

As he who, with distressful breath,
Forth issued from the sea upon the shore,
Turns to the water perilous and gazes.

Augustus' rule came as the only hope of peace and order after a century full of civic strife, beginning with the death of the generous far-sighted patrician radical, Tiberius Gracchus, under the clubs of an aristocratic mob (133 B.C.).

If ever conditions were such that the stanchest republican patriot must welcome "the man on horseback," it was in the year after the great Julius' death (43 B.C.); when the Roman State, already rudely shaken and drained of its life-blood by previous civil wars, now lay utterly helpless, and rent asunder between the dissolute rapacity of Mark Antony, and the imperious selfishness of would-be reactionaries, like Cassius and Brutus. Rome and civilization seemed about to sink together into that rift of civic strife, too wide for any Cúrtius to close. It was at this juncture that the cold-hearted, long-headed boy Octavian — heir to Julius' name and fortune, far more than heir to his self-control and mastery of other men — came upon the scene. Pretending to side with the assassins of Julius Cæsar, he presently threw himself into Antony's arms; perhaps because he saw that Antony could more easily be first utilized and then despatched.

The next dozen years were to cost the commonwealth much bloodshed still; many of her noblest lives were to be cut short by the soldier's or the bravo's sword: for we can hardly set earlier than the decisive battle of Actium (31 B.C.), the end of the century of turmoil opened by the death of Tiberius Gracchus under Nasica's bludgeon. Yet even so, the mighty emperor Augustus could point to a reign of fully forty-five years, marked by prosperity and union within, and by foreign wars in the main successful, when he passed on the firm-held scepter to his unloved and unloving kinsman, and took his own place beside Julius among the deities of Rome. Did the august Augustus ever forget, as we are prone to do, his own identity with the dissolute stripling Octavianus Cæsar, the murderer of his tutor Cicero? Through this long period — this cardinal half-century of the world's life — the restoration of civic order, the rebuilding of the city and its temples, the revival, so far as might be, of popular faith in the national gods, the glorification of Rome in art and literature, were all purposes dear to Augustus' heart, all fused in the steady central purpose of his life. In all these efforts, Vergil the poet was as loyal and helpful as Agrippa the soldier and Mæcenas the diplomat; and he met quite as generous appreciation as they, both from his imperial master and from the Roman people.

Horace never ceased to be proud that he had led his battalion in the last hopeless struggle against the incoming despotism. Nor did he ever wholly sur-

render his sturdy independence. Those who love him best may well regret that his life fell in a time when his genuine manliness and liberty-loving frankness were so largely hidden under the courtier's mask and cloak.

Vergil, on the contrary, more largely than any other great poet, we evidently owe to the sunshine of imperial favor. The marvelous charm of his verse, the exquisite commingling of clear-cut meaning and haunting suggestion, is indeed the unique and inexplicable gift of his genius. Yet his languid Theocritean mock-pastorals might have perished with him — at best he would probably have remained the idle singer of a rather ignoble provincial life — had Mæce-nas not summoned him before a far greater audience, and urged him on to more ambitious themes.

Quite unlike Horace or any other Roman poet down to their day, Vergil in his first undoubted utterance strikes the note of utmost servility and adulation.

Yea, for a god shall he be evermore unto me, and his altar
Often a tender lamb of our fold shall stain with his heart's blood!

cries the shepherd Tityrus in the first Eclogue. It is the voice of Vergil himself — one of the first to deify the half-reluctant Emperor. The cause for gratitude was most inadequate. Vergil's little farm by Mantua, wrongfully wrested from its loyal owner and bestowed on one of Octavian's veterans, had been tardily and reluctantly restored. Moreover there is a tradition of a second expulsion, attended with danger to the poet's life; and the urgent intercession of three powerful friends — Varus, Gallus, and Pollio — as well as Vergil's own appeal at Rome to the dictator, was required to secure this act of scanty justice (41 B.C.). Indeed, some scholars doubt if Vergil ever returned to his old home. Perhaps Augustus never lost sight of the gifted youth whose value he promptly realized.)

We cannot hope to find in this timid courtly poet the exultant manliness of an Æschylus, an Ennius, or even of a Dante, unbending in homeless exile, and fearless of speech even under peril of death. More than any other artist, the heroic poet needs to breathe the air of freedom. Vergil the man, like his hero, is always conscious that his actual lot is, at best, but a second choice. Æneas tells Dido: —

If fate permitted me to shape my life
To my desire, and freely end my woes,
The precious remnant of my folk, and Troy,
I then would cherish. Priam's halls would rise;
With home-returning band I would have built
Again our citadel — for vanquished men.

This note of regret for vanished hopes is so recurrent as to impress every listener. It is indeed the tone not merely of the poet but of his whole race and

generation. But submission to fate, the merging of the individual life in the larger current of destiny, is in all ages a peculiarly Roman ideal. Perhaps his very limitations have helped Vergil to crystallize into epic, more than any other artist has ever done, the whole national life of so many centuries.

Honored and beloved though he was by all, Vergil's own life seems not to have been a happy one. His health was delicate, his nature shy and sensitive, he had misgivings as to his ability to master the high themes assigned him; and his life ends with that unavailing appeal to his friends to destroy the uncompleted epic on which so many years of toil had been spent. But indeed the living Vergil is less real to us than the stately shade, so gladly described by the Florentine pilgrim in the gloom of the Valley, the

courteous Mantuan spirit,
Of whom the fame yet in the world endures,
And shall endure eternal as the world.

The ten brief pastorals known as the 'Bucolics' or 'Eclogues' were published at Rome in 37 B.C. They are often mere paraphrases from the more sincere Greek pastorals of the school of Theocritus. The shepherd's names are Greek; Sicily and Arcadia are often mentioned, but commingled with the scenery and life of Lombardy, or again, with thinly veiled allusions to Roman politics. Allegory is hopelessly confused with realism, and there is for the most part no adequate purpose in the poems. These affectionate or abusive dialogues of Græco-Roman shepherd-courtiers, their responsive songs or contests for some rustic prize, are nevertheless rich in beautiful phrases and tender thoughts. Already the hexameter takes a more delicate and varied cadence than Lucretius or Catullus could give it. Even the imitation of the Greek originals is never slavish. It is, at its closest, such free, joyous, artistic translation as delights us in Shelley's 'Homeric Hymns.' Some of these poems date apparently from the time of Vergil's obscurity. Others allude to passing events in the years 41 to 37 B.C. The tenth and latest is dedicated to Vergil's friend, the soldier-poet Gallus — who is a gallant but incongruous figure, lying under the shadow of an Arcadian rock, among the Hamadryads and piping shepherds, Silenus, Pan, and all their company.

The most important among the Eclogues is the fourth, addressed to Pollio, announcing the recent or approaching birth, in Pollio's consulate, of a child who shall bring back the golden age. Professor Sellar thinks the child alluded to was the daughter of Augustus, the brilliant and infamous Julia. The imagery of the poem is often astonishingly like that of the Hebrew prophets. That the widespread expectation of a Messiah may have been known to the scholarly poet seems possible. Still there is no single touch in the poem which points unmistakably to Isaiah's influence. Every image can be paralleled in earlier Greek or Latin literature.

The next seven years of Vergil's life (37–30 B.C.) were devoted to the

'Georgics.' The general purpose of these four books is the revival of agriculture in Italy; or as Merivale and Conington agree to put it, the "Glorification of Labor." Instead of Theocritus, Hesiod's 'Works and Days' was most largely influential here, though Lucretius' large and majestic treatment of natural scenery has also been closely studied. The four sections treat of tillage for grain, of tree culture, of cattle breeding, and the care of bees. Mythological digressions are gracefully introduced, the poetic and religious tone of the whole work is most perfect and harmonious, and in general no serious didactic purpose was ever more perfectly accomplished in verse. Vergil is now the complete master of the hexameter. Its alien origin, its inherent difficulty, are forgotten. The sway of this rhythm became for centuries as tyrannous as the heroic couplet under Dryden and Pope. Well might Tennyson end his loyal greeting to the Mantuan with the words: —

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever molded by the lips of man.

The fourth Georgic closes with the story of the Greek shepherd Aristæus and his quest for bees. But Servius, the learned ancient commentator, says of the poet Cornelius Gallus, mentioned above: "He was so much the friend of Vergil, that the fourth book of the Georgics, from the middle to the close, was taken up with praise of him. This, at Augustus' bidding, the poet afterward altered into the tale of Aristæus." The first part of this statement is made probable by the tenth Eclogue already outlined: the latter is, it is to be feared, quite credible — though not creditable, either to patron or poet. Gallus' fall from favor and consequent suicide occurred in 27 B.C., so the earlier form of the poem must have been in circulation for years; yet no other trace of it survives save this allusion. At present the fourth book opens with a renewed appeal to Mæcenas; and it closes with a half-dozen lines of modest autobiographical tone. By the allusions, however, in this closing passage, to Augustus' victories in these same years, the poet intimates a lofty claim for his own task and accomplishment; perhaps as bold a claim as Horace's "monument more lasting than bronze." Indeed, we are faintly reminded of Pindar's proud greeting to Hiero at the close of the first Olympian.

As a rule, however, the allusions to Augustus and Mæcenas in the 'Georgics' voice the adulation of the courtier. Mæcenas' patronage is the poet's chief claim to honor. "Cæsar" is the especial care of the gods, among whom he is to take his place. This ascription of divinity to Julius and Augustus is particularly repugnant to our instincts. Full sincerity in these matters we can hardly claim for our poet. We could wish Vergil might have heard Tiberius' calm words: "I, conscript Fathers, call you to witness that I am but a mortal, and am performing human duties, and consider it enough if I fill the foremost place." Perhaps in perfect freedom of utterance, Vergil would have confessed that only the imperial task of keeping a world in order seemed to him divine. We may recall that Cicero's popular orations, and Horace's public odes, are

full of orthodox piety; but the familiar satires and epistles of the one, the private letters of the other, utterly ignore the divinities of the folk! In Vergil's case we have only his poems, however; and they indicate that the poet, if not the man, made a lifelong effort to believe in that overcrowded Græco-Roman pantheon wherein every generation sets up new figures — whether dead rulers, vague abstractions like Faith, Honor, Necessity, or grotesque special guardians, from Roma herself down to Volutina the goddess of corn-husks! Moreover, the patriotic poet is not an analytical critic nor a radical. His task is not to tear down whatever is traditional, popular, conservative, but to revive, complete, and beautify it.

These questions cannot be separated from the account of the great national epic, the *Æneid*, to which Vergil devoted the remaining years of his life (30–19 B.C.). The tale of the famous Trojan, Venus' son, escaping from the doomed city, and reaching Italy after world-wide wanderings, had been made familiar by poets for centuries. The direct descent of the Julii from this demi-god *Æneas* was not to be questioned. A national epic could build on no other foundation than this. The wonder is, that under these cramping conditions the poet rose to the full dignity of his theme. Larger than imperial patron or ancestral hero, there marches through the epic the Roman people itself — that rude martial clan, that strides ever on and on to the lordship of Latium, of Italy, of the Mediterranean, of the civilized world!

Even if we be inclined to regret that Vergil employed again the divine machinery, already familiar from Homer, to set his action in movement, we must all feel the noble scope of the long prophecy uttered by Jupiter early in the poem. Here *Æneas* becomes a mere link in the mighty chain. He is not even to be victorious nor long-lived in Italy. He shall reign in his own city for three years, his son for thirty, their Alban posterity through three centuries — the younger Romans forever.

Again, the tragedy of Dido's approaching death is forgotten in an infinitely grander drama, when from her dying lips, as an imprecation on her faithless lover, comes the prophecy of a deadly scourge for his descendants, destined to arise from her line, and more and more boldly the figure of Hannibal shapes itself in her vision.

Perhaps the most effective passage to be cited here, however, is the apostrophe of Anchises in the underworld to his descendants: —

Others may mold more deftly the breathing bronze, I concede it,
Others out of the marble the living features will summon;
They shall surpass us in pleading of causes, delineate better
Motions of heavenly bodies, and tell of the stars and their risings.
Thou, O Roman, remember to curb with thy empire the peoples.
These thine arts shall be, and of peace to impose the conditions,
Sparing them that yield, but quelling in battle the haughty.

Though uncompleted in many details, the *Æneid* is no fragmentary work. Its whole plan lies clear before the reader, all the salient episodes are completely worked out. The after-world may read it by preference in parts, and even the poet himself set the fashion in his own lifetime. We could well spare, in truth, some of the wearisome battle scenes in the later books; and in general, the Italian episodes no longer interest us as they did the original auditors. Yet it is a pity that such stately figures as royal Evander and the maiden Camilla should ever become unfamiliar. The latter seems to have appealed especially to Francesca's grim Tuscan poet, and she is the first of Vergil's characters named in the 'Commedia.' Upon the whole, however, the sack of Troy, the loves of Dido and *Æneas*, and the pageant of future Roman heroes, defiling before *Æneas*' eyes, will always hold the supreme place in the hearts of Vergil's lovers. Perhaps this superiority of the part over the whole is inevitable in any poem of ten thousand verses. The poet himself selected these three books (ii, iv, vi) to read in Augustus' presence.

Professor Sellar, in his study of Vergil, is rarely epigrammatic; but he makes in a single sentence a striking antithesis, calling Vergil the most imitative, yet one of the most original, among the great classic poets. This suggests a few words upon the striking position held by Vergil between the two most independent and creative of all poets, Homer and Dante.

It was apparently a general feeling among the Greeks and Romans, that a thought once well uttered, a phrase rightly turned, could no longer be improved, but became common property, belonging at last to him who could set it in its fittest association. This high privilege is used above all by Vergil. He borrows from nearly every older master of style. Yet the result, if a mosaic, remains clear, beautiful, and harmonious in its general design and effect. His philosophic and antiquarian lore, again, is much more completely fused into pure and limpid poetry than Milton's similar treasures in 'Paradise Lost.'

Vergil's debt to Homer is especially heavy, and includes much that is essential, even, in the framework of the plot. Of course there is no charge of "plagiarism" in this statement. Vergil's audience was more familiar with Greek poetry than with Latin. Horace actually began his poetical career with Greek verses, as Dante and Petrarch did with Latin, but reverted to his own speech. A Roman gentleman's son went to Athens as naturally as we go to college, to finish his education, which had usually been begun by a Greek tutor, slave or free. The striking confession in the oration for the poet Archias will be remembered: "For if anyone supposes less fame is acquired through Greek poetry than through Latin, he is greatly in error; since Greek is read among nearly all nations, whereas Latin is confined within our own rather narrow boundaries."

When Vergil, then, in his plot, his incidents, his scenery, his similes, follows closely in Homer's footsteps, it can only be regarded as a loyal acknowledgment of his supremacy. He often reminds us that his hero is retracing the

route of Odysseus: as, for instance, Æneas picks up on the Sicilian shore a Greek of the Ithacan crew, left behind in their hasty flight from the Cyclops' cave a few weeks before; and he even catches a terrified glimpse of the blinded ogre Polyphemus himself. When the Trojan wanderer hurries by the Sirens' shore or Circe's isle without pausing, it may well be interpreted as a confession of Homer's unapproachable mastery there. In the Vergilian account of Troy's downfall, such a verse as

The final day, the inevitable hour
Of Troy is come!

is clearly an echo of Hector's foreboding —

The day shall come when sacred Troy shall perish.

In the seventh year of his wanderings Æneas comes unexpectedly upon Andromache, in her Grecian home of exile. She faints at the sight, and the whole interview is saddened with bitter memories. In the scene of farewell, Andromache's tenderest words are addressed to the boy Ascanius, cousin of her own son by Hector — that son who was murdered in the sack of Troy:

O sole surviving image of my boy
Astyanax! Such eyes, such hands, had he,
Such features; and his budding youth would just
Have equaled thine in years.

Now Vergil does not feel that the pathos of these words needs the slightest explanation: and rightly; for every Roman reader had present before him in imagination the immortal group of Hector with his wife and child, from the parting scene in *Iliad* vi.

Vergil often — but not always — justifies his claim to what he has borrowed. Thus the description of Achilles' shield in the *Iliad* is a beautiful series of idyllic pictures, but they form a mere digression; whereas Vergil's genius has filled Æneas' shield with some of the most striking and noble scenes in Roman story. So the idea of taking his hero to the underworld is frankly borrowed from the *Odyssey*; but here again the ghostly array of future Roman heroes is Vergil's own addition. To be sure, the general superiority of this grand Augustan picture of the Inferno to the mere pallid replica of earthly life offered us in the Greek poem, is largely due to the influence of Plato's splendid visions and noble philosophy. Still we may say in general that Vergil never *merely* borrows — and at the worst he is always the most interesting of translators.

Dante's reasons for taking Vergil as his guide cannot be adequately discussed here. Above all else, indeed, the belief in a supreme temporal power as a necessity to the orderly government of the world, glowed far more fiercely, as a

lifelong unattained desire, in Dante's homeless heart, than in the more contented breast of the poet who could see Augustus daily in the flesh. This very descent of Æneas to Hades, just mentioned, suggested many details to Dante. The later poet is indeed too loyal in saying that he learned from his master "the fair style which has won him honor." The style, like the meter, of Dante, is very remote from the more sweeping cadences of the Latin epic; and it owes astonishingly little to *any* master. But next only to Vergil's own poems (as Myers has remarked), the 'Inferno' and 'Purgatorio' will help us to an adequate appreciation of the Roman poet.

This peculiar position of Vergil between two of the world's greatest poets — who never knew each other — is one of his many claims to our tender regard. The general opinion agrees with Charles Eliot Norton's statement, that Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare stand alone. Each belongs to the world, not to a nation; for each in a large sense created an ideal world of art. In his own class, however, as a poet in whose work a great nation's life has been worthily typified and interpreted, the Roman Vergil will doubtless long maintain the foremost position.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

THE FIRST ECLOGUE

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company, publishers

MELIBŒUS

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclining,
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,
We our country fly; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created,
For he will be unto me a god forever; his altar
Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.
He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

MELIBŒUS

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather; on all sides
In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,

Heartsick, further away: this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I;
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,
Hope of the flock, ah me! on the naked flint she hath left them.
Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,
Oak-trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember;
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted.
Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

TITYRUS

O Melibæus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined,
Foolish I! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds
Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.
Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,
Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.
But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted
As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

MELIBÆUS

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee?

TITYRUS

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,
After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving —
Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while,
Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me.
For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me,
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.
Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,
Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

MELIBÆUS

I have wondered why sad thou invokedst the gods, Amaryllis,
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches!
Tityrus hence was absent! Thee, Tityrus, even the pine-trees,
Thee, the very fountains, the very copses, were calling.

TITYRUS

What could I do? No power had I to escape from my bondage,
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognize gods so propitious.
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibæus,

During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.
 Here first gave he response to me soliciting favor:
 "Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks."

MELIBŒUS

Fortunate old man! So then thy fields will be left thee,
 And large enough for thee, though naked stone and the marish
 All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.
 No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,
 Nor of the neighboring flock the dire contagion infect them.
 Fortunate old man! Here among familiar rivers
 And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.
 On this side, a hedge along the neighboring cross-road,
 Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,
 Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall persuade thee.
 Yonder beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes;
 Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse wood-pigeons,
 Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aerial elm-trees.

TITYRUS

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether,
 And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore,
 Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled
 Parthian drink of the Saone, or the German drink of the Tigris,
 Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom!

MELIBŒUS

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,
 Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes,
 And to the Britons from all the universe utterly sundered.
 Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country
 And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward
 Seeing, with wonder behold? my kingdoms, a handful of wheat-ears!
 Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,
 And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo, whither discord
 Us wretched people hath brought! for whom our fields we have planted!
 Graft, Melibæus, thy pear-trees now; put in order thy vineyards.
 Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy aforetime.
 Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern
 Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.
 Songs no more shall I sing; not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,
 Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

TITYRUS

Nevertheless this night together with me canst thou rest thee
 Here on the verdant leaves; for us there are mellowing apples,
 Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance;
 And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,
 And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

Translated by H. W. Longfellow

MY HEART'S DESIRE

From the 'Georgics.' Copyright, 1881, by James R. Osgood & Co.

MY heart's desire, all other desires above,
 Is aye the minister and priest to be
 Of the sweet Muses, whom I utterly love.
 So might they graciously open unto me
 The heavens, and the courses that the stars do run
 Therein, and all the labors of moon and sun,
 And source of the earthquake, and the terrible swell
 Of mounting tides, all barriers that break
 And on themselves recoil. Me might they tell
 Wherefore the suns of the wintry season make
 Such haste to their bath in the ocean bed, and why
 The reluctant nights do wear so slowly by.
 Yet if it be not given me to fulfil
 This my so great desire to manifest
 Some part of Nature's marvel, or ere the chill
 Of age my abounding pulses do arrest —
 Yet will I joy the fresh wild vales among,
 And the streams and the forest love, myself unsung!
 Oh, would that I might along thy meadows roam,
 Spercheus, or the inspirèd course behold
 Of Spartan maids on Taygetus! Who will come
 And lead me into the Hæmian valleys cold,
 Where, in the deep shade, I may sit me down?
 For he is verily happy who hath known
 The wonderful wherefore of the things of sense,
 And hath trodden under foot implacable Fate,
 And the manifold shapes of Fear, and the violence

Of roaring Acheron, the insatiate;
 Yet blessed is he as well, that homely man,
 Who knoweth the gods of the country-side and Pan,
 Silvanus old, and the Nymphs their sisterhood!

Him not the purple of kings, the fagots of power,
 Lure ever aside from his meek rectitude,

Nor the brethren false whom their own strifes devour,
 Nor the Dacian hordes that down the Ister come,
 Nor the throes of dying states, nor the things of Rome.
 Not his the misery of another's need,

Nor envy of his abundance; but the trees
 Glad unto his gathering their fruits concede,

And the willing fields their corn. He never sees
 What madness is in the forum, nor hath awe
 Of written codes, or the rigor of iron law.
 There be who vex incessantly with their oars

The pathless billows of ocean; who make haste
 Unto the fray, or hover about the doors

Of palace chambers, or carry ruthless waste
 To the homes of men, and to their firesides woe.
 One heapeth his wealth and hideth his gold, that so
 He may drink from jeweled cups and take his rest

Upon purple of Tyre. One standeth in mute amaze
 Before the Rostra — vehemently possessed

With greed of the echoing plaudits they upraise,
 The plebs and the fathers in their places set.
 These joy in hands with the blood of their brothers wet;
 And forth of their own dear thresholds, many a time,

Driven into exile, they are fain to seek
 The alien citizenship of some far clime.

But the tillers of earth have only need to break,
 Year after year, the clods with the rounded share,
 And life is the fruit their diligent labors bear
 For the land at large, and the babes at home, and the bees

In the stall, and the generous bullocks. Evermore
 The seasons are prodigal of wheaten sheaves

And fruits and younglings, till, for the coming store
 Of the laden lands, the barns too strait are grown:
 For winter is near, when olives of Sicyon
 Are bruised in press, and all the lusty swine

Come gorged from thickets of arbutus and oak;
 Or the autumn is dropping increase, and the vine

Mellowing its fruit on sunny steeps, while the folk

Indoors hold fast by the old-time purity,
 And the little ones sweetly cling unto neck and knee.
 Plump kids go butting amid the grasses deep,
 And the udders of kine their milky streams give down;
 Then the hind doth gather his fellows, and they keep
 The merry old feast-days, and with garlands crown,
 Lenæan sire, the vessels of thy libation,
 By turf-built altar-fires with invocation!
 And games are set for the herdsmen, and they fling
 At the bole of the elm the rapid javelin,
 Or bare their sturdy limbs for the rustic ring;
 Oh, such, methinks, was the life the old Sabine
 Led in the land, and the illustrious two,
 Romulus and Remus! Thus Etruria grew
 To greatness, and thus did Rome, beyond a doubt,
 Become the crown of the cities of earth, and fling
 A girdle of walls her seven hills round about,
 Before the empire of the Dictæan king
 Began, or the impious children of men were fain
 To feast on the flesh of kindly oxen slain.
 Ay, such the life that in the cycle of gold
 Saturn lived upon earth, or ever yet
 Men's ears had hearkened the blare of trumpets bold,
 Or the sparkle of blades on cruel anvils beat.

But the hour is late, and the spaces vast appear.
 We have rounded in our race, and the time is here
 To ease our weary steeds of their steaming gear.

Translated by Harriet Waters Preston

THE FALL OF TROY

From the *Æneid*

[Priam's palace is sacked, and the old king himself is slain, with his son, by Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, Achilles' youthful heir. The episode is part of the story related by *Æneas* to Dido the queen in Carthage.]

FORWARD we fare,
 Called to the palace of Priam by war-shouts rending the air.
 Here of a truth raged battle, as though no combats beside
 Reigned elsewhere, no thousands about all Ilion died.

Here we beheld in his fury the war-god; foemen the roof
 Scaling, the threshold blocked with a penthouse, javelin-proof.
 Ladders rest on the walls, armed warriors climb by the door
 Stair upon stair, left hands, to the arrows round them that pour,
 Holding a buckler, the battlement ridge in the right held fast.
 Trojans in turn wrench loose from the palace turret and tower;
 Ready with these, when the end seems visible — death's dark hour
 Closing around them now — to defend their lives to the last.
 Gilded rafters, the glory of Trojan kings of the past,
 Roll on the enemy. Others, with javelins flashing fire,
 Form at the inner doors, and around them close in a ring.
 Hearts grow bolder within us to succor the palace, to bring
 Aid to the soldier, and valor in vanquished hearts to inspire.

There was a gate with a secret door, that a passage adjoined
 Thridding the inner palace — a postern planted behind.
 Here Andromache, ill-starred queen, oft entered alone,
 Visiting Hector's parents, when yet they sate on the throne;
 Oft to his grandsire with her the boy Astyanax led.
 Passing the covered way to the roof I mount overhead,
 Where Troy's children were hurling an idle javelin shower.
 From it a turret rose, on the topmost battlement height
 Raised to the stars, whence Troy and the Danaan ships and the white
 Dorian tents were wont to be seen in a happier hour.
 With bright steel we assailed it, and where high flooring of tower
 Offered a joint that yielded, we wrenched it loose, and below
 Sent it a-drifting. It fell with a thunderous crash on the foe,
 Carrying ruin afar. But the ranks close round us again,
 Stones and the myriad weapons of war unceasingly rain.

Facing the porch, on the threshold itself, stands Pyrrhus in bright
 Triumph, with glittering weapons, a flashing mirror of light.
 As to the light some viper, on grasses poisonous fed,
 Swollen and buried long by the winter's frost in his bed,
 Shedding his weeds, uprises in shining beauty and strength,
 Lifts, new-born, his bosom, and wreathes his slippery length,
 High to the sunlight darting a three-forked flickering tongue —
 Periphas huge strides near, and the brave Automedon, long
 Charioteer to Achilles, an armor-bearer today.
 All of the flower of Scyros beside him, warriors young,
 Crowd to the palace too, while flames on the battlement play.
 Breaches the stubborn doors, from the hinges rends with his brand
 Pyrrhus in front of the host, with a two-edged axe in his hand,
 Brass-clamped timbers, a panel cleaves, to the heart of the oak
 Strikes, and a yawning chasm for the sunlight gapes at his stroke.

Bare to the eye is the palace within: long vistas of hall
Open; the inmost dwelling of Priam is seen of them all:
Bare the inviolate chambers of kings of an earlier day,
And they descry on the threshold the armed men standing at bay.

Groaning and wild uproar through the inner palace begin;
Women's wailings are heard from the vaulted cloisters within.
Shrieks to the golden stars are rolled. Scared mothers in fear
Over the vast courts wander, embracing the thresholds dear,
Clasping and kissing the doors. On strides, as his father in might,
Pyrrhus: no gate can stay him, nor guard withstand him tonight;
Portals yield at the thunder of strokes plied ever and aye;
Down from the hinges the gates are flung on their faces to lie.
Entry is broken; the enemy's hosts stream inwards and kill
All in the van, each space with a countless soldiery fill.
Not so rages the river, that o'er its barriers flows
White with foam, overturning the earth-built mounds that oppose,
When on the fields as a mountain it rolls, by meadow and wold,
Sweeping to ruin the herd and the stall. These eyes did behold
Pyrrhus maddened with slaughter; and marked on the sill of the gate
Both the Atridæ brethren. I saw where Hecuba sate,
Round her a hundred brides of her sons — saw Priam with blood
Staining the altar-fires he had hallowed himself to his god.
Fifty his bridal chambers within — each seeming a sweet
Promise of children's children — in dust all lie at his feet!
Doors emblazoned with spoils, and with proud barbarian gold,
Lie in the dust! Where flames yield passage, Danaans hold!

"What was the fate," thou askest, "befell King Priam withal?"
When he beholds Troy taken, his gates in confusion fall,
Foes in the heart of his palace, the old man feebly essays
Round his trembling shoulders the armor of bygone days;
Girds, now harmless forever, his sword once more to his side;
Makes for the midst of the foemen, to die as a chieftain had died.
Deep in the palace heart, and beneath heaven's canopy clear,
Lay a majestic altar; a veteran bay-tree near
Over it hung, and in shadow inclosed the Penates divine.
Hecuba here, and her daughters, in vain surrounding the shrine —
Like doves swooping from heaven in a tempest's gloom to the ground,
Sate all huddled, and clinging the gods' great images round!
When in the arms of his youth she beheld her Priam arrayed —
"What wild purpose of battle, my ill-starred husband," she said,
"Ails thee to don these weapons, and whither fondly away?
Not such succor as thine can avail us in this sad day:

No man's weapons — if even our Hector came at the call.
 Hither, I pray thee, turn. One shrine shall shelter us all,
 Else one death overwhelm us." She spake, then reaching her hand,
 Gently the old man placed by the hallowed gods of his land.

Lo! from the ravaging Pyrrhus, Polites flying for life,
 One of the sons of the king! Through foes, through weapons of strife,
 Under the long colonnades, down halls now empty, he broke,
 Wounded to death. On his traces aflame with murderous stroke,
 Pyrrhus — behind — the pursuer! Behold, each minute of flight,
 Hand outreaching to hold him, and spear uplifted to smite!
 When in his parents' view and before their faces he stood,
 Fainting he fell; in a torrent his life poured forth with his blood!
 Then — though about and around him already the death-shade hung —
 Priam held not his peace, gave rein to his wrath and his tongue!
 "Now may the gods, thou sinner, for this impiety bold —
 If there still be an eye in the heaven these deeds to behold —
 Pay thee," he cried, "all thanks that are owed thee, dues that are meet —
 Thou who hast made me witness mine own son die at my feet,
 Yea, in the father's presence the earth with slaughter hast stained.
 Not this wise did Achilles, the sire thou falsely hast feigned,
 Deal with his enemy Priam. His heart knew generous shame,
 Felt for a suppliant's honor, a righteous suppliant's claim —
 Hector's lifeless body to lie in the tomb he restored;
 Home to my kingdom sent me, to reign once more as its lord."
 The old man spake, and his weapon, a harmless, impotent thing,
 Hurl'd; on the brass of the buckler it smote with a hollow ring,
 Hung from the eye of the boss all nerveless. Pyrrhus in ire —
 "Take these tidings thou, and relate this news to my sire:
 Seek Pelides and tell him the shameless deeds I have done;
 Fail not to say his Pyrrhus appears a degenerate son!
 Die meanwhiles." And the aged king to the altar he haled,
 Trembling, and sliding to earth in his own son's blood as he trailed;
 Twined in the old man's tresses his left, with his right hand drew
 Swiftly the sword, to the hilt in his heart then sheathed it anew.
 This was the story of Priam — the end appointed that came,
 Sent by the Fates — to behold as he died Troy's city aflame,
 Pergama falling around him, who once in his high command
 Swayed full many a people, in pride ruled many a land,
 Asia's lord. He is lying a giant trunk on the shore,
 Head from his shoulders severed, a corpse with a name no more.

Translated by Sir Charles Bowen

THE CURSE OF QUEEN DIDO

From the *Æneid*

[Queen Dido, deserted by *Æneas*, curses him and his Roman posterity. She foreshadows the career of Hannibal.]

NOW from the saffron bed of Tithonus morning again
 Rises, and sprinkles with new-born light earth's every plain.
 Soon as the sleepless Queen, from her watch-towers set on the steep,
 Saw day whiten, the vessels with squared sails plowing the deep,
 Desolate shores and abandoned ports — thrice beating her fair
 Breasts with her hand, thrice rending her yellow tresses of hair —
 "Father of earth and of heaven! and shall this stranger," she cries,
 "Wend on his treacherous way, flout Dido's realm as he flies?
 Leaps no sword from the scabbard? Is Tyre not yet on his trail?
 None of ye warping the ships from the dock-yards, hoisting the sail?
 Forth with the flame and the arrow! To sea, and belabor the main!
 Ah, wild words! Is it Dido? Has madness troubled her brain?
 Ah, too late, poor Dido! the sin comes home to thee now!
 Then was the hour to consider, when thou wast crowning his brow.
 Look ye! — The faith and the honor of him who still, as they say,
 Carries on shipboard with him his Trojan gods on the way!
 Bore on his shoulders his aged sire! Ah! had I not force
 Limb from limb to have torn him, and piecemeal scattered his corse
 Over the seas? his crews to have slain, and, banquet of joy,
 Served on the father's table the flesh of Iulus the boy?
 Even were chance in the battle unequal — death was at hand.
 Whom had Dido to fear? I had borne to the vessels the brand,
 Filled with flames each deck, each hold — child, people, and sire
 Whelmed in the blazing ruin, and flung myself on the pyre!
 Sun, whose flaming torches reveal earth's every deed;
 Juno, witness of sad love's pains, who knowest my need;
 Name on the midnight causeways howled — thou, Hecate dire;
 Sister avengers, Genius of Dido, soon to expire —
 Gently receive her and give to her crying misery heed;
 Listen and hear these prayers! If the heavens' stern laws have decreed
 Yon base soul shall find him a harbor, and float to the land;
 Thus Jove's destinies order, and so fate finally stand; —
 Harassed in war by the spears of a daring people and wild,
 Far from the land of his fathers and torn from the arms of his child,
 May he in vain ask succor, and watch his Teucrian band

Dying a death untimely! and when this warrior proud
 Under the hard conditions of peace his spirit has bowed,
 Neither of monarch's throne nor of sunlight sweet let him taste;
 Fall ere time overtakes him, and tombless bleach on the waste.
 This last prayer as my life ebbs forth I pour with my blood;
 Let not thy hatred sleep, my Tyre, to the Teucrian brood;
 Lay on the tomb of Dido for funeral offering this! —
 Neither be love nor league to unite my people and his!
 Rise! thou Nameless Avenger from Dido's ashes to come,
 Follow with fire and slaughter the false Dardanians home!
 Smite them today, hereafter, through ages yet unexplored,
 Long as thy strength sustains thee, and fingers cling to the sword!
 Sea upon sea wage battle forever! shore upon shore,
 Spear upon spear! To the sires and the children strife evermore! ”

Translated by Sir Charles Bowen

THE VISION OF THE FUTURE

From the *Æneid*

[*Æneas* meets in the Elysian Fields his father, *Anchises*, who shows him their most illustrious descendants.]

AFTER the rite is completed, the gift to the goddess addressed,
 Now at the last they come to the realms where Joy has her throne:
 Sweet green glades in the Fortunate Forests, abodes of the blest,
 Fields in an ampler ether, a light more glorious dressed,

Lit evermore with their own bright stars and a sun of their own.
 Some are training their limbs on the wrestling-green, and compete
 Gayly in sport on the yellow arenas; some with their feet

Treading their choral measures, or singing the hymns of the god
 While their Thracian priest, in a sacred robe that trails,
 Chants them the air with the seven sweet notes of his musical scales,

Now with his fingers striking, and now with his ivory rod.
 Here are the ancient children of *Teucer*, fair to behold,
 Generous heroes, born in the happier summers of old —
Ilus, *Assaracus* by him, and *Dardan*, Founder of *Troy*.

Far in the distance yonder are visible armor and car

Unsubstantial; in earth their lances are planted; and far
 Over the meadows are ranging the chargers freed from employ.
 All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,

All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth's breast they are laid,
Banqueting here he beholds them to right and to left on the sward,
Chanting in chorus the Pæan, beneath sweet forests of bay;
Whence, amid wild wood covers, the river Eridanus, poured,
Rolls his majestic torrents to upper earth and the day.
Chiefs for the land of their sires in the battle wounded of yore,
Priests whose purity lasted until sweet life was no more,
Faithful prophets who spake as beseemed their god and his shrine,
All who by arts invented to life have added a grace,
All whose services earned the remembrance deep of the race,
Round their shadowy foreheads the snow-white garland entwine.

Then as about them the phantoms stream, breaks silence the seer,
Turning first to Musæus — for round him the shadows appear
Thickest to crowd, as he towers with his shoulders over the throng —
“Tell me, ye joyous spirits, and thou, bright master of song,
Where is the home and the haunt of the great Anchises, for whom
Hither we come, and have traversed the awful rivers of gloom?”
Briefly in turn makes answer the hero: “None has a home
In fixed haunts. We inhabit the dark thick glades, on the brink
Ever of moss-banked rivers, and water meadows that drink
Living streams. But if onward your heart thus wills ye to go,
Climb this ridge. I will set ye in pathways easy to know.”
Forward he marches, leading the way; from the heights at the end
Shows them a shining plain, and the mountain slopes they descend.

There withdrawn to a valley of green in a fold of the plain
Stood Anchises the father, his eyes intent on a train —
Prisoned spirits, soon to ascend to the sunlight again —
Numbering over his children dear, their myriad bands,
All their destinies bright, their ways, and the work of their hands.
When he beheld Æneas across those flowery lands
Moving to meet him, fondly he strained both arms to his boy;
Tears on his cheek fell fast, and his voice found slowly employ.

“Here thou comest at last, and the love I counted upon
Over the rugged path has prevailed. Once more, O my son,
I may behold thee, and answer with mine thy voice as of yore.
Long I pondered the chances, believed this day was in store,
Reckoning the years and the seasons. Nor was my longing belied.
O'er how many a land, past what far waters and wide,
Hast thou come to mine arms! What dangers have tossed thee, my child!

Ah, how I feared lest harm should await thee in Libya wild! "

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own disconsolate shade,
Visiting oft my chamber, has made me seek thee," he said.

"Safe upon Tuscan waters the fleet lies. Grant me to grasp
Thy right hand, sweet father; withdraw thee not from its clasp."

So he replied; and a river of tears flowed over his face.

Thrice with his arms he essayed the beloved one's neck to embrace;
Thrice clasped vainly: the phantom eluded his hands in flight,
Thin as the idle breezes, and like some dream of the night.

There Æneas beholds in a valley withdrawn from the rest
Far-off glades, and a forest of boughs that sing in the breeze;
Near them the Lethe river that glides by abodes of the blest.
Round it numberless races and peoples floating he sees.
So on the flowery meadows in calm, clear summer, the bees
Settle on bright-hued blossoms, or stream in companies round
Fair white lilies, till every plain seems ringing with sound.

Strange to the scene Æneas, with terror suddenly pale,
Asks of its meaning, and what be the streams in the distant vale,
Who those warrior crowds that about yon river await.
Answer returns Anchises: "The spirits promised by Fate
Life in the body again. Upon Lethe's watery brink
These of the fountain of rest and of long oblivion drink.
Ever I yearn to relate thee the tale, display to thine eyes,
Count thee over the children that from my loins shall arise,
So that your joy may be deeper on finding Italy's skies."

"O my father! and are there, and must we believe it," he said,
"Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead?
Souls that anew to the body return, and the fetters of clay?
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they?"

"Listen, and I will resolve thee the doubt," Anchises replies.
Then unfolds him in order the tale of the earth and the skies:

"In the beginning, the earth, and the sky, and the spaces of night,
Also the shining moon, and the sun Titanic and bright,
Fed on an inward life, and with all things mingled, a mind
Moves universal matter, with Nature's frame is combined.
Thence man's race, and the beast, and the bird that on pinions flies.

All wild shapes that are hidden the gleaming waters beneath,
Each elemental seed, has a fiery force from the skies;
Each its heavenly being, that no dull clay can disguise,

Bodies of earth ne'er deaden, nor limbs long destined to death.
Hence their fears and desires; their sorrows and joys: for their sight,
Blind with the gloom of a prison, discerns not the heavenly light.

"Nor, when at last life leaves them, do all sad ills, that belong
Unto the sinful body, depart; still many survive

Lingering with them, alas! for it needs must be that the long
Growth should in wondrous fashion at full completion arrive.

So due vengeance racks them, for deeds of an earlier day
Suffering penance, and some to the winds hang viewless and thin,
Searched by the breezes; from others the deep infection of sin
Swirling water washes, or bright fire purges, away.

Each, in his own sad ghost, we endure; then pass to the wide
Realms of Elysium. Few in the fields of the happy abide,

Till great Time, when the cycles have run their courses on high,
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to us only the bright
Sense of heaven's own ether, and fire from the springs of the sky.
When for a thousand years they have rolled their wheels through the night,

God to the Lethe river recalls this myriad train,
That with remembrance lost once more they may visit the light,
And, at the last, have desire for a life in the body again." . . .

[The future heroes of Rome pass by: among the last, the Marcelli. The death of the young Marcellus, nephew and heir of Augustus, had recently occurred when this book was read by Vergil at court. The bereft mother was said to have fainted at this passage.]

"Lo where decked in a conqueror's spoils Marcellus, my son,
Strides from the war! How he towers o'er all of the warrior train!
When Rome reels with the shock of the wild invaders' alarm,
He shall sustain her state. From his war-steed's saddle his arm
Carthage and rebel Gaul shall destroy, and the arms of the slain
Victor a third time hang in his father Quirinus's fane."

Then Æneas — for near him a youth seemed ever to pace,
Fair, of an aspect princely, with armor of glittering grace,
Yet was his forehead joyless, his eye cast down as in grief —
"Who can it be, my father, that walks at the side of the chief?

Is it his son, or perchance some child of his glorious race
Born from remote generations? And hark, how ringing a cheer
Breaks from his comrades round! What a noble presence is here!

Though dark night with her shadow of woe floats over his face! ”
 Answer again Anchises began with a gathering tear: —
 “ Ask me not, O my son, of thy children’s infinite pain!
 Fate one glimpse of the boy to the world will grant, and again
 Take him from life. Too puissant methinks to immortals on high
 Rome’s great children had seemed, if a gift like this from the sky
 Longer had been vouchsafed! What wailing of warriors bold
 Shall from the funeral plain to the War-god’s city be rolled!
 What sad pomp thine eyes will discern, what pageant of woe,
 When by his new-made tomb thy waters, Tiber, shall flow!
 Never again such hopes shall a youth of thy lineage, Troy,
 Rouse in his great forefathers of Latium! Never a boy
 Nobler pride shall inspire in the ancient Romulus-land!
 Ah, for his filial love! for his old-world faith! for his hand
 Matchless in battle! Unharm’d what foemen had offer’d to stand
 Forth in his path, when charging on foot for the enemy’s ranks,
 Or when plunging the spur in his foam-flecked courser’s flanks!
 Child of a nation’s sorrow! if thou canst baffle the Fates’
 Bitter decrees, and break for a while their barrier gates,
 Thine to become Marcellus! I pray thee, bring me anon
 Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers may strew on my son,
 Heap on the shade of the boy unborn these gifts at the least,
 Doing the dead, though vainly, the last sad service.”

Translated by Sir Charles Bowen

HORACE

(QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS)

“**T**AKE care of Horace as you would of me.” The words of the dying Mæcenas to the Emperor Augustus throw a singularly attractive light over the relations of the three famous men whose names they associate. They show the yearning human affection of the great patron of Roman letters for the man of genius whose best work he had made possible, and who had returned his bounty so nobly. They also disclose that redeeming quality in the not too delicate or scrupulous master of the world, which invited on the part of those whom he personally esteemed a homely and trustful familiarity. There is no reason to doubt that the last wish of Mæcenas would have been abundantly heeded; but as the event proved, there was little further occasion for the imperial patronage. Mæcenas passed away after a lingering illness in the summer of 8 B.C.; Horace died suddenly on the 27th of November in the same year: and the affectionate vow not to linger long in life after his good genius had left it, which the poet had recorded in some of his most exquisite verses nearly seventeen years before, thus received a curious and touching fulfilment. The lines were these: —

Why wilt thou kill me with thy boding fears —
 Why, O Mæcenas, why?
Before thee lies a train of happy years;
 Yea, nor the gods, nor I
Could brook that thou shouldst first be laid in dust:
That art my stay, my glory, and my trust!

Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,
 Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on with deadened sense
 And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no — one day shall see thy death and mine!
Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath:
 Yes, we shall go, shall go
Hand linked in hand whene’er thou ledest both
 The last sad road below! ¹

¹ Odes, Book II., xvii., Sir Theodore Martin’s translation.

The outlines of the poet's rather uneventful history may be given briefly. Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born in the year 65 B.C. at Venusia, now Venosa, a small hill town lying about a hundred miles from Naples, eastward toward the Adriatic. His father was a freedman who had acquired a modest competence; and the historic name of Horatius was merely that of the great Latin tribe or *gens* to which his master belonged. That the elder Horace was possessed of great force and dignity, we gather from many passages in the writings of the son: most of all from a peculiarly loyal tribute in the sixth satire of the first book. He would give his only child no less than the best instruction possible in those days. He went with him to Rome, and watched carefully over the boy's manners and morals during his preliminary studies there; and afterward sent him to finish his education at Athens, where only the sons of noblemen and wealthy knights went in those days. There, while attending lectures in philosophy, Horace must have indulged his natural bent, and simply steeped himself in the lyric poetry of Greece: especially in the iambic satires of Archilochus of Paros, and the odes of Sappho, Alcæus, and Anacreon.

But this care-free life at Athens was doomed to receive a rude interruption. Horace had left Rome at about twenty, during the supremacy of Julius Cæsar. A year later, in 44 B.C., the dictator fell, and his assassins took refuge in Athens. The crowd of impressionable young Roman students immediately rallied round Brutus, espoused his cause with the utmost enthusiasm, enlisted in the army he was raising, and worshiped him as a republican hero. In return for their devotion, Brutus, when gathering his forces for the last struggle with Antony, distributed commands among these ardent neophytes, for which they were at best not fitted by previous active service. It was thus that Horace was made military tribune at twenty-two, commanded at the battle of Philippi what would correspond to a regiment in a modern army — and retreated from that fatal field, leaving, as he afterward quaintly confessed, his buckler behind him, when the day and the cause were finally lost (*Odes*, Book II, vii).

He returned to Italy to find his father dead, the little Venusian property confiscated as that of a rebel, and a prospect before him which would have been dismal enough to any but one of his sunny and debonair disposition and happy facility in making friends. He presently secured a small place, as we should say, in the civil service; that of quæstor's clerk. Suetonius says that he purchased it, after making his submission to the authorities; but we may take it for granted that there was no mean abjuration of his republican creed on the part of one whom in after years even imperial blandishments failed to shake in his quiet independence of thought and action.

It is plain, at all events, that the freedman's son never forfeited the place he had won in the best Roman society. Within three years after his return from Greece, we find him upon friendly terms both with Vergil, who was five years his senior, and with the epic poet and tragedian Lucius Varius Rufus. By them he was introduced, at the age of twenty-six, to Mæcenas, the first citizen of

Rome at that moment in social and political influence, and the acknowledged arbiter of literary destinies. The poet himself, in the same satire in which he commemorates the fine character and unselfish devotion of his father (*Satires*, I, vi), has left us a diverting account of this first momentous interview with Mæcenas — which it pleases him to represent as a conspicuous fiasco. He himself, he says, behaved like an awkward child, while the great man — whom, by the way, he was then addressing — was very distant and awful. But after holding aloof, and considering for a number of months the works and ways of the new candidate for his favor, Mæcenas succumbed without reserve to the young man's personal fascination, opened wide both his house and his heart, and ended by becoming almost dotingly fond of him. We find Horace in the spring of the next year, 37 B.C., attached, along with Vergil, to the highly distinguished suite which accompanied Mæcenas on an embassy from Augustus to treat with Antony at Brindisi. About 34 B.C. — the exact date is nowhere recorded, but it must have been before the close of the civil war in 31 B.C. — Horace was made independent of the world, and even of any sordid obligation to literature, by the gift of that beautiful little estate among the Sabine Hills which is so closely associated with his name and fame; and where the pilgrim may yet go and pay his vows to that pleasant memory, as at a sweet undesecrated shrine. It was the fittest gift ever made by a liberal man of fortune to a needy man of parts, and both offered and received in the finest spirit.

During his brief period of storm and stress, Horace had turned his nimble wits to account, and become known to some extent as a satirical poet. "When," he says (*Epistles*, II, ii) — "when I came back with clipped wings from Philippi, poor, insignificant, relieved even of the paternal home and farm, reckless poverty impelled me to verse-making. But now that I am in easy circumstances, you might take it as a symptom of raging fever in me if I could not sleep for the pressure of unwritten poetry!" It is easy to see how this laughing self-depreciation, this refusal to take himself and his brilliant endowments over-seriously, must have helped to endear Horace to his friends in every grade of life. It was a part of the exquisite *savoir-faire* which always marked his bearing in the great world; of that innate good sense and invincible good breeding which were as much a gift of heaven to the freedman's son as his youthful good looks, and were in no way prejudiced by his rustic boyhood, and his early familiarity with such brave sons of the Italian soil as his father and their racy neighbor at Venusia, the yeoman Ofellus (*Satires*, II, ii).

His great love of nature and a country life were in fact a safeguard to the poet's mental health, and the best of all aids to his talent. It breathes in many of the Horatian lines and phrases which linger longest in the memory. Horace never expatiates on his love of natural beauty; rather, it escapes from his verses like a hoarded but volatile perfume. Doubtless he was the more reserved about this deep sentiment of his own, because it was the fashion in his day

to affect a rapturous enjoyment of country scenes and pursuits, and affectation of every kind excited his cordial abhorrence.

From the time when he became a landed proprietor, Horace himself passed a considerable part of every year in his country home. The land was more or less impoverished by neglect when he took possession, and the buildings dilapidated. He had the healthful and inexhaustible amusement of repairing, planting, and beautifying. Here, under his own vine and fig-tree, he could rest his nerves from city bores, and recuperate after city banquets. Here he could throw himself into the interests of his tenants and rustic neighbors, and practise the homely hospitality in which his own soul delighted. He by no means renounced the hospitality of Mæcenas and the gay society of the capital, but he reveled in possessing a convenient retreat from it all. The Sabine property was but thirty miles from Rome. Horace never affected the aristocratic litter, but went and came upon his own ambling mule, over one of the most beautiful roads in all the world: southward across the Campagna, threading the hoary olives of the first ascent, and passing "many-fountained" Tivoli; then up beside the Anio into the higher hills, until he turned aside upon the left into the sunny silence of a yet more secluded valley — that of the tributary Digentia, now Licenza.

The early satires of Horace are plainly an outcome of the studies of Archilochus which he had made at Athens; but he adopts the measure and professes himself rather the disciple of Lucilius, the rude forefather of the Latin satire. Of those first off-hand squibs and sketches — which he wrote for immediate pay — it is uncertain how many he cared afterward to include in his collected writings. The seventh satire of the first book bears marks of having been written very early — perhaps while he was still playing the soldier in Greece. The third, fourth, and tenth of the first book are in the main apologetic. They defend the satire as the most efficient weapon of the moralist, and as a wholesome check upon the follies and excesses of men. They also proclaim his own resolve never to abuse the censor's privilege; and to indulge in no personal criticisms inconsistent with the code of social honor of his age, and with a kindly and tolerant view of the infirmities of humankind. The first satire of the second book is one of the most dramatic and amusing of the whole series. It is in the form of a dialogue with one Trebatius, a rich and famous old lawyer, on the best of terms with the powers that then were, who good-humoredly advises the poet to give up altogether the ticklish trade of a satirist, and when he finds himself growing dangerously hot over the follies of the day, to reduce his temperature by a bath in the Tiber! Great interest attaches to the name of Horace's supposed interlocutor in this witty picce, for he is the selfsame Trebatius for whom Cicero twenty-five years before had procured a place on the staff of Cæsar in Gaul; who had loathed the hardships of that country, and adroitly avoided following the conqueror to Britain; and in whose beautiful villa at Reggio Cicero had found refuge ten years later, when he was himself a fugi-

tive from Rome after the death of Cæsar. Trebatius was never the man to have lost his head through any romantic adhesion to a fallen cause; and it is startling to see how he preserves his identity across a gap of so many years in our knowledge of him.

The eighteen satires of the two books, as well as most of the Epodes, were apparently given to the world under the patronage of Mæcenas, during the ten years or so which intervened between the poet's introduction to that dignitary and the close of the weary civil war by the victory of Actium. In them we find faithfully reflected the daily life of the Roman streets, as well as the fashion of the moment in the most exclusive circles of the capital. The earlier the composition, as a rule, the coarser the language and the more caustic the tone. We fancy that we can see the writer's expression becoming ever more suave and genial as his temper mellowed with his days of modest prosperity, and his easy though never ignoble philosophy of life took shape and became a consciously accepted creed. He was never, either in theory or practice, a very rigid moralist. He lashed men's follies lightly and forgave their lapses freely. Himself, as judged by the standards of the time, a clean and quiet liver, he was content to hold up to ridicule, rather than to reprobation, the vices of other men —

Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

We have proof that there were moments when the gay and facile Horace felt, no less keenly than the pensive and clairvoyant Vergil, the essential "emptiness of life" for a Roman of that day, which followed the extinction of his civic personality. More and more, as the years of his outwardly successful and brilliant middle life slipped away, the patriotism of Horace became a resolutely smothered regret; while his loves, which can never have been very absorbing, resolved themselves into the half amused, half wistful recollection of transient affairs with women who had had many lovers. It is only when he sings of friendship, of honor and gratitude, of faith and charity between man and man, that this convinced Epicurean strikes a deeper note. The brevity of life and the vacuity of death were ever present in the background of his thought; but all the more was he minded to enjoy to the full the sunshine of the passing day. Moderation in all things, contentment with the present, courage in view of an uncertain future — these things, in so far as Horace aspires to be didactic, constitute the sum and substance of his teaching.

It was inevitable that such a man, already bound by the warmest of private ties to the first minister of Cæsar Octavianus, should have accepted frankly the changed order of things when the latter returned to Rome in 29 B.C., after the battle of Actium and the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra, to assume the scepter of a pacified world. Liberty was past, and it behooved men to be thank-

ful for peace, and poets to praise it; believing if they could that it implied the beginning of another age of gold. A good many of the more respectable and better disposed Romans of that period did probably believe this, after a fashion. The tragic note of covert warning in the ode addressed by Horace (*Odes*, II, x) to his ill-fated friend Licinius Murena, the brother-in-law of Mæcenas, who was executed a few years later for conspiring against the new government, shows how utterly wild and wanton such an enterprise must have appeared at the time. Sixty or seventy years were to pass before the fullness of iniquity was ripe and all the vices inherent in the imperial system became fully apparent; before the next great Roman satirist, Persius, gave vent in mordant and melancholy verse to the smothered rage of the best of the patrician remnant, against the degrading "regimen" of their parvenu sovereigns.

Virtually, therefore, Horace became the poet laureate of the court which formed itself about the ruler who presently assumed the name of Augustus. All the great odes of the four books belong to the next fifteen years; and of these, all the statelier and more impersonal were written under imperial inspiration, and some few, like the 'Carmen Sæculare,' and the fourth ode of the fourth book — which celebrates the German victories of Drusus — in response to direct imperial request. Yet Horace always managed to preserve his personal freedom, and to avoid even the suspicion of servility. He sang the triumphs of Augustus in golden numbers, but he declined with respectful thanks the post of his private secretary. Nor would he write an ode, to order, on the achievements of Agrippa; but politely excused himself on the ground that his light Muse was unequal to so serious a theme (*Odes*, I, vi).

The first book of the *Epistles* appeared about 19 B.C.; probably between the second and third books of the *Odes*. The second, comprising the unfinished essay on the 'Art of Poetry,' was Horace's last work, produced after he was fifty years old. His health was no longer what it had been, and even the air of the dear valley overlooked by "pleasant Lucretilis" was becoming a trifle too brisk and bracing for his nerves. Tibur (Tivoli) he thought suited him better, and he prepared for himself a little installation there; but confesses in one of his letters (*Epistles*, I, viii) that he was restless as the wind: "When I am in Rome I am in love with Tibur, and when at Tibur, with Rome." Sometimes he longed for yet softer skies; and the nook of earth which smiled upon him above all others was sunny Tarentum, with its long spring and its gentle winter, which produced better honey than Hymettus, better olives than leafy Venafrum, and better grapes than Falernum itself (*Odes*, II, vi). The end came when the poet lacked only a few days of having completed his fifty-seventh year; and by order of the emperor he was laid beside Mæcenas, somewhere in the great gardens which the latter had planted upon the Esquiline hill.

It is in the *Odes* that the genius of Horace finds its most perfect expression,

and through them he lives in the memory of mankind. In them he shows himself so consummate an artist in words that he can impart distinction even to the commonplaces of thought and sentiment through the mere perfection of their form. His diction is distilled to such crystalline clearness, he says what he has to say so unapproachably and incredibly well, that his thought would be wronged and obscured by the attempt to express it in any other words than his own. Hence, of all poets ancient or modern, Shakespeare alone excepted, he is perhaps most frequently quoted. The phrase "curious felicity," applied in the age succeeding the Augustan by Petronius to the style of Horace, is very apt; yet it seems to emphasize just a little too strongly the notion of *recherché*. For Horace's manner is after all so simple and seemingly spontaneous, and his matter of such universal interest, that he has the effect of addressing each reader confidentially, and making a special appeal to him. And this air of exquisite familiarity and naturalness is the more remarkable, because it pleased the accomplished singer of the Odes to discard for the most part the simple iambics and hexameters of his previous compositions, and to employ the most elaborate of Greek lyric measures; molding in a truly miraculous manner the stiff Latin syllables into harmony with the graces of an alien rhythm, and now and again simply paraphrasing from the Greek. The *éclat* of this feat has helped no doubt to render the adventure of translating Horace more enticing; but he has never been adequately translated, and it is safe to prophesy that he never will be. His qualities are combined in too rare and subtle proportions.

The first printed edition, with date, of the works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus appeared in Milan in 1474; and almost every year in the four hundred odd that have elapsed since then has added one more to the devoted critics and commentators of his text. The endless procession of his poetical translators comprises, in English only, and within our own time, such names as those of Bulwer-Lytton, Conington, Gladstone, Sir Theodore Martin, and Sir Stephen de Vere; while the lively paraphrases of the brothers Field and of F. P. Adams, perhaps for the very reason that they deal with Horace so nearly in the spirit in which he dealt with his Grecian models, appear to come nearer, sometimes, than all the laborious efforts of more exact scholars to catching the tone of the inimitable original.

The subjoined English versions are nearly all selected from the modern renderings, for the reason that they are the most scholarly and the most successful; and an effort has been made to present a fair idea of their comparative merits.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

TO LEUCONOË

O SEEK not thou — 'tis not to know — what end to me, what end to thee

The gods have given, nor Babylonish numbers test, Leuconoë.
How better far it is to bear whatever lot for us be cast!
Or whether Jove more winters still, or whether gives he this the last,

Which now on pumice-crags opposing ever breaks th' Etruscan sea;
Be wise; strain out thy wines, and trim thine all too long expectancy
To life's brief span. Now while we speak, invidious time hath slipped away.
O thou, as little as may be the morrow trusting, snatch today!

Translated by Caskie Harrison

TO THALIARCHUS

A SPECTRAL form Soracte stands, snow-crowned,
His shrouded pines beneath their burden bending;
Not now, his rifts descending,
Leap the wild streams, in icy fetters bound.

Heap high the logs! Pour forth with lavish hand,
O Thaliarchus, draughts of long-stored wine,
Blood of the Sabine vine!
Today be ours: the rest the gods command.

While storms lie quelled at their rebuke, no more
Shall the old ash her shattered foliage shed,
The cypress bow her head,
The bursting billow whiten on the shore.

Scan not the future: count as gain each day
That Fortune gives thee; and despise not, boy,
Or love, or dance, or joy
Of martial games, ere yet thy locks be gray.

Thine be the twilight vow from faltering tongue;
The joyous laugh that self-betraying guides
To where the maiden hides;
The ring from finger half resisting wrung.

Translated by Sir Stephen de Vere

TO THE SHIP OF STATE

From W. E. Gladstone's 'Odes of Horace.' Copyright, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons

O SHIP! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? Hold the port, be stout!
Seest not thy mast
How rent by stiff southwestern blast?

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn!
Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
Can ill sustain
The fierce and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
From whom, yet once, thy need might aid require.
O Pontic pine,
The first of woodland stock is thine,

Yet race and name are but as dust.
Not painted sterns give storm-tossed seamen trust.
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware!

Of old at best a weary weight,
A yearning care and constant strain of late,
O shun the seas
That gird those glittering Cyclades.

TO CHLOE

Paraphrase from 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by E. and R. M. Field.
Copyright, 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

CHLOE, you shun me like a hind
That, seeking vainly for her mother,
Hears danger in each breath of wind,
And wildly darts this way and t'other;

Whether the breezes sway the wood
 Or lizards scuttle through the brambles,
 She starts; and off as though pursued
 The foolish frightened creature scrambles.

But, Chloe, you're no infant thing
 That should esteem a man an ogre:
 Let go your mother's apron-string
 And pin your faith upon a toga!

TO VERGIL

WHY should we stem the tears that needs must flow?
 Why blush that they should freely flow and long?
 To think of that dear head in death laid low?
 Do thou inspire my melancholy song,
 Melpomene, in whom the Muses' sire
 Joined with a liquid voice the mastery of the lyre!

And hath the sleep that knows no waking morn
 Closed o'er Quinctilius — our Quinctilius dear?
 Where shall be found the man of woman born
 That in desert might be esteemed his peer —
 So simply meek, and yet so sternly just,
 Of faith so pure, and all so absolute of trust?

He sank into his rest, bewept of many,
 And but the good and noble wept for him;
 But dearer cause thou, Vergil, hadst than any,
 With friendship's tears thy friendless eyes to dim.
 Alas, alas! not to such woeful end
 Didst thou unto the gods thy prayers unceasing send!

What though thou modulate the tuneful shell
 With defter skill than Orpheus of old Thrace,
 When deftliest he played, and with its spell
 Moved all the listening forest from its place,
 Yet never, never can thy art avail
 To bring life's glowing tide back to the phantom pale

Whom, with his black, inexorable wand,
 Hermes, austere and pitiless as fate,
 Hath forced to join the dark and spectral band,
 In their sad journey to the Stygian gate.
 'Tis hard — great Heavens, how hard! But to endure
 Alleviates the pang we cannot crush or cure.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

TO QUINTUS DELLIIUS

Paraphrase from 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by E. and R. M. Field.
 Copyright, 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

BE tranquil, Dellius, I pray;
 For though you pine your life away
 With dull complaining breath,
 Or speed with song and wine each day,
 Still, still, your doom is death.

Where the white poplar and the pine
 In glorious arching shade combine,
 And the brook singing goes,
 Bid them bring store of nard and wine
 And garlands of the rose.

Let's live while chance and youth obtain:
 Soon shall you quit this fair domain
 Kissed by the Tiber's gold,
 And all your earthly pride and gain
 Some heedless heir shall hold.

One ghostly boat shall some time bear
 From scenes of mirthfulness or care
 Each fated human soul —
 Shall waft and leave its burden where
 The waves of Lethe roll.

*So come, I prithee, Dellius mine;
 Let's sing our songs and drink our wine
 In that sequestered nook
 Where the white poplar and the pine
 Stand listening to the brook.*

AD AMPHORAM

O HONEST jar! whose birth takes date,
 Like mine, from Manlius' consulate,
 Whether complaints or jokes they be,
 Wrangling, or love's insanity,
 Or quiet sleep that dwell with thee;
 Beneath whatever brand 'tis thine
 To bottle up choice Massic wine,
 For happy day like this thou'rt fit:
 Come down — Corvinus orders it —
 And thy more mellow juice emit.
 Though steeped in all Socratic learning,
 From thee he will not, shocked, be turning.
 The elder Cato oft, 'tis said,
 His virtue's fire with liquor fed.
 With Bacchic mirth thou layest bare
 Wise men's deep counsel and their care.
 Thou bring'st back hope to minds forlorn,
 And vigor; and the poor man's horn
 Upliftest, so that after thee
 No dread of angered majesty
 Or of a soldier's arms has he.
 With thee shall Bacchus linger still,
 And Venus (so she gladly will),
 And Graces, slow to disunite,
 And living lanterns, shining bright,
 Till Phœbus put the stars to flight.

Translated by W. T. Thornton

TO PHIDYLE

IF, Phidyle, your hands you lift
 To heaven, as each new moon is born,
 Soothing your Lares with the gift
 Of slaughtered swine, and spice, and corn,
 Ne'er shall Sirocco's bane assail
 Your vines, nor mildew blast your wheat;
 Ne'er shall your tender younglings fail
 In autumn, when the fruits are sweet.

The destined victim, 'mid the snows
 Of Algidus in oak woods fed,
 Or where the Alban herbage grows,
 Shall dye the pontiff's axes red.
 No need of butchered sheep for you
 To make your homely prayers prevail!
 Give but your little gods their due:
 The rosemary twined with myrtle frail,
 The sprinkled salt, the votive meal,
 As soon their favor will regain —
 Let but the hand be pure and leal —
 As all the pomp of heifers slain.

Translated by John Conington

AN INVITATION TO MÆCENAS

Paraphrase from 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by E. and R. M. Field.
 Copyright, 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

DEAR noble friend! A virgin cask
 Of wine solicits your attention;
 And roses fair to deck your hair,
 And things too numerous to mention.
 So tear yourself awhile away
 From urban turmoil, pride, and splendor,
 And deign to share what humble fare
 And sumptuous fellowship I tender.
 The sweet content retirement brings
 Smooths out the ruffled front of kings.

The evil planets have combined
 To make the weather hot, and hotter;
 By parboiled streams the shepherd dreams
 Vainly of ice-cream soda-water.
 And meanwhile you, defying heat,
 With patriotic ardor ponder
 On what old Rome essays at home,
 And what her heathen do out yonder.
 Mæcnas, no such vain alarm
 Disturbs the quiet of this farm!

God in his providence obscures
 The goal beyond this vale of sorrow,
 And smiles at men in pity when
 They strive to penetrate the morrow.
 With faith that all is for the best,
 Let's bear what burdens are presented;
 Then we shall say, let come what may,
 "We die, as we have lived, contented!
 Ours is today; God's is the rest —
 He doth ordain who knoweth best."

Dame Fortune plays me many a prank:
 When she is kind, oh, how I go it!
 But if again she's harsh, why, then
 I am a very proper poet.
 When favoring gales bring in my ships,
 I hie to Rome and live in clover;
 Elsewise I steer my skiff out here
 And anchor till the storm blows over.
 Compulsory virtue is the charm
 Of life upon the Sabine Farm!

HORRIDA TEMPESTAS

THROUGH narrowed skies the tempest rages loud:
 A vault low-hung and roofed with cloud
 Bursts forth in rain and snow. The woods, the sea,
 Echo the storm from Thracian Rhodope.

Snatch we, my friends, the fitting moment — now:
 While strong our knees, make smooth the wrinkled brow;
 Bring forth the wine of ancient date
 Pressed in Torquatus' consulate;
 Of toil and danger speak no more:
 Some god may yet our shattered state restore!
 Perfume your hair with Achæmenian balm,
 And bid Cyllene's lyre your troubled spirits calm.

'Twas thus the noble Centaur sung:
 "Unconquered youth, from Thetis sprung,
 Thyself a mortal! The Dardanian land,
 And cool Scamander rippling through the sand,

And gliding Simois, call thee to their side;
 Nor shall thy mother o'er her azure tide
 Lead thee in triumph to thy Phthian home:
 Such the weird Fate's inexorable doom.
 Grieve not, my son: in song and wassail find
 A soothing converse and a solace kind."

Translated by Sir Stephen de Vere

THE BORE

IT chanced that I, the other day,
 Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
 And musing, as my habit is,
 Some trivial random fantasies,
 That for the time absorbed me quite —
 When there comes running up a wight,
 Whom only by his name I knew:
 "Ha, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
 Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
 As times go, pretty well," said I:
 "And you, I trust, can say the same."
 But after me as still he came,
 "Sir, is there anything," I cried,
 "You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
 "I'm just the man you ought to know:
 A scholar, author!" — "Is it so?
 For this I'll like you all the more!"
 Then, writhing to evade the bore,
 I quicken now my pace, now stop,
 And in my servant's ear let drop
 Some words, and all the while I feel
 Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
 "Oh for a touch," I moaned in pain,
 "Bolanus, of thy slap-dash vein,
 To put this incubus to rout!"
 As he went chattering on about
 Whatever he descries or meets,
 The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
 The city's growth, its splendor, size,
 "You're dying to be off," he cries —

For all the while I'd been struck dumb:

"I've noticed it some time. But come,

Let's clearly understand each other:

It's no use making all this pother.

My mind's made up to stick by you;

So where you go, there I go too."

"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,

So very far out of your way.

I'm on the road to see a friend,

Whom you don't know, that's near his end,

Away beyond the Tiber far,

Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."

"I've nothing in the world to do,

And what's a paltry mile or two?

I like it, so I'll follow you!"

Now we were close on Vesta's fane;

'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,

Was bound to answer to his bail,

Or lose his cause if he should fail.

"Do, if you love me, step aside

One moment with me here," he cried.

"Upon my life, indeed I can't:

Of law I'm wholly ignorant,

And you know where I'm hurrying to."

"I'm fairly puzzled what to do:

Give you up, or my cause." — "Oh, me,

Me, by all means!" — "I won't," quoth he,

And stalks on, holding by me tight.

As with your conqueror to fight

Is hard, I follow. "How," anon

He rambles off — "How get you on,

You and Mæcenus? To so few

He keeps himself. So clever, too!

No man more dexterous to seize

And use his opportunities.

Just introduce me, and you'll see

We'll pull together famously;

And hang me then, if with my backing

You don't send all your rivals packing!"

"Things in that quarter, sir, proceed

In very different style indeed.

No house more free from all that's base,

In none cabals more out of place.

It hurts me not if there I spy
 Men richer, better read than I.
 Each has his place! — "Amazing tact!
 Scarce credible!" — "But 'tis the fact." —
 "You quicken my desire to get
 An introduction to his set." . . .

We ran

At the next turn against the man
 Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
 "Ha, knave," he cried with loud uproar,
 "Where are you off to? Will you here
 Stand witness?" I present my ear.
 To court he hustles him along;
 High words are bandied, high and strong;
 A mob collects, the fray to see:
 So did Apollo rescue me.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

HORACE'S FARM

LEST you may question me whether my farm, most excellent Quinctius,
 Feeds its master with grain, or makes him rich with its olives,
 Or with its orchards and pastures, or vines that cover the elm-trees,
 I, in my colloquial fashion, will tell you its shape and position.

Only my shadowy valley indents the continuous mountains,
 Lying so that the sun at his coming looks on the right side,
 Then, with retreating chariot, warming the left as he leaves it.
 Surely the temperature you would praise; and what if the bushes
 Bear in profusion scarlet berries, the oak and the ilex
 Plentiful food for the herd provide, and shade for the master?
 You would say, with its verdure, Tarentum was hither transported.
 There is a fountain, deserving to give its name to a streamlet.
 Not more pure nor cooler in Thrace runs winding the Hebrus.
 Helpful it is to an aching head or a stomach exhausted.
 Such is my inglenook: sweet, and, if you believe me, delightful;
 Keeping me sound and safe for you even in days of September.

Translated by William C. Lawton

TO HIS BOOK

Paraphrase from 'Echoes from the Sabine Farm,' by E. and R. M. Field.
 Copyright, 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons

YOU vain self-conscious little book,
 Companion of my happy days,
 Now eagerly you seem to look
 For wider fields to spread your lays;
 My desk and locks cannot contain you,
 Nor blush of modesty restrain you.

Well then, begone, fool that thou art!
 But do not come to me and cry,
 When critics strike you to the heart,
 " Oh wretched little book am I! "

You know I tried to educate you .
 To shun the fate that must await you.

In youth you may encounter friends,
 (Pray this prediction be not wrong!)

But wait until old age descends,
 And thumbs have smeared your gentlest song:
 Then will the moths connive to eat you,
 And rural libraries secrete you.

However, should a friend some word
 Of my obscure career request,
 Tell him how deeply I was stirred
 To spread my wings beyond the nest;
 Take from my years, which are before you,
 To boom my merits, I implore you.

Tell him that I am short and fat,
 Quick in my temper, soon appeased,
 With locks of gray — but what of that?
 Loving the sun, with nature pleased.
 I'm more than four-and-forty, hark you —
 But ready for a night off, mark you!

THE ART OF POETRY

SUPPOSE, by some wild freak of fancy led,
 A painter were to join a human head
 To neck of horse, cull here and there a limb,
 And daub on feathers various as his whim,
 So that a woman, lovely to a wish,
 Went tailing off into a loathsome fish:
 Could you, although the artist's self were there,
 From laughter long and loud, my friends, forbear?
 Well, trust me, Pisos, of that freak of art
 The book would be the very counterpart
 Which with a medley of wild fancies teems,
 Whirling in chaos like a sick man's dreams,
 A maze of forms incongruous and base,
 Where naught is of a piece, naught in its place.

To dare whate'er they please has always been
 The painter's, poet's, privilege, I ween.
 It is a boon that anyone may plead —
 Myself I claim it, and in turn concede;
 But 'twill not do to urge the plea too far.
 To join together things that clash and jar,
 The savage with the gentle, were absurd,
 Or couple lamb with tiger, snake with bird.

Mostly, when poems open with a grand
 Imposing air, we may surmise at hand
 Some flashy fustian, here and there a patch
 Of flaming scarlet, meant the eye to catch.
 A grove shall be described, or Dian's shrine,
 Or through delightful plains for many a line
 A brook shall wind, or the Rhine's rushing stream,
 Or o'er the page the heavenly bow shall gleam.
 All very fine, but wholly out of place!
 You draw a cypress with consummate grace;
 But what of that, if you have had your fee
 To paint a wrecked man struggling in the sea?
 A vase was meant: how comes it then about,
 As the wheel turns, a common jug comes out?
 Whate'er you write, by this great maxim run:
 Let it be simple, homogeneous, one.

We poets, most of us, by the pretense,
 Dear friends, are duped of seeming excellence.

We grow obscure in striving to be terse;
 Aiming at ease, we enervate our verse;
 For grandeur soaring, into bombast fall,
 And, dreading that, like merest reptiles crawl:
 Whilst he who seeks his readers to surprise
 With common things shown in uncommon wise,
 Will make his dolphins through the forests roam,
 His wild boars ride upon the billows' foam.
 So unskilled writers, in their haste to shun
 One fault, are apt into a worse to run.

The humblest statuary, of those that nigh
 The Æmilian Circus their vocation ply,
 A finger-nail will to a turn express,
 And hit you off in bronze a flowing tress —
 Yet is his work a failure; for his soul
 Can neither grasp nor mold a living whole.
 In anything that I may ever write,
 I would no more resemble such a wight
 Than I would care to have dark hair, dark eyes,
 If coupled with a nose of uncouth size.

All ye who labor in the Muses' bowers,
 Select a theme proportioned to your powers,
 And ponder long, and with the nicest care,
 How much your shoulders can and cannot bear.
 Once right in this, your words will freely flow,
 And thought from thought in lucid order grow.
 Now, if my judgment be not much amiss,
 The charm and worth of order lie in this:
 In saying just what should just then be said,
 And holding much that comes into the head
 Deliberately back for future use,
 When it may just the right effect produce.

In choice of words be cautious and select;
 Dwell with delight on this, and that reject.
 No slight success will be achieved, if you
 By skilful setting make old phrases new.
 Then, should new terms be wanted to explain
 Things that till now in darkness hid have lain,
 And you shall coin, now here, now there, a word
 Which our bluff ancestors have never heard,
 Due leave and license will not be refused,
 If with good taste and sound discretion used.
 Nay, such new words, if from a Grecian source,

Aptly applied, are welcomed as of course.
To Vergil and to Varius why forbid
What Plautus erewhile and Cæcilius did?
Or why to me begrudge a few words more,
If I can add them to my scanty score,
When Cato and old Ennius reveled each
In coining new words that enriched our speech?
A word that bears the impress of its day
As current coin will always find its way.

As forests change their foliage year by year,
Leaves that came first, first fall and disappear —
So antique words die out, and in their room
Others spring up, of vigorous growth and bloom.
Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death are due;
And why should words not be as mortal too?
The landlocked port, a work well worthy kings,
That takes whole fleets within its sheltering wings;
Swamps, sterile long, all plashy, rank, and drear,
Groan 'neath the plow, and feed whole cities near;
The river, perilous to field and farm,
Its channel changed, can now no longer harm —
These, and all earthly works, must pass away;
And words, shall they enjoy a longer day?
Some will revive that we no more allow,
And some die out that are in favor now,
If usage wills it so; for 'tis with her
The laws of language rest as sovereign arbiter.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

LIVY

(TITUS LIVIUS)

IF "history" is to be held to its original meaning, *investigation*, Livy hardly deserves to be classed among historians. We do not wonder that Macaulay condemns him, with unsparing vigor; and we can only smile at Dante's no less sweeping indorsement of "Livy, who erreth not!" Nevertheless, fiction widely accepted is often more powerful in molding the minds of men, than forgotten reality. The obscure beginnings of Roman political life will never be adequately illuminated; but the *Æneid*, and the romantic inventions of the annalists, will never wholly fade from the imagination of mankind so long as any record of earlier civilizations is preserved.

In this respect, Livy is worthy of a place beside Herodotus. Like his Greek predecessor, the Roman author may be described as an essayist. Each treated a single theme of immense importance, with consummate charm in narration and description. Each was so successful as to overshadow all rivals. Neither had any notion of "modern methods of research." Indeed, it is difficult to realize that Herodotus was a contemporary of Thucydides; while Livy probably had Polybius' conscientious work among the few volumes upon which he drew for his materials. Yet these easy-going lovers of the picturesque have a truthfulness of their own. Through their books we come to realize how the tremendous host of Xerxes, and the heroic march of the legions toward world-wide dominion, impressed the imagination of contemporaries. So it has come to pass that the dream for centuries of those who love ancient life and literature has been the recovery of Livy's lost volumes, the one hundred and forty-two books on the story of Rome.

Livy was born in 59 B.C., just before Cæsar's great campaigns in Gaul began; and was just too young to bear arms when Brutus, Cassius, and Cicero flung their lives away in the last struggle for "freedom"—or rather for the dying rule of the old senatorial aristocracy. The comparatively settled conditions under Augustus' sway, Livy accepted at best with the resignation of Horace, certainly not with the enthusiastic subservience of Vergil. Like Catullus, Nepos, and other gallant spirits of the age, Livy came from beyond the Po. His native city Padua was famed, says Pliny, for purity of morals. He evidently enjoyed all the advantages of wealth and social position. He early acquired some repute as a writer on philosophic themes, and composed a manual of rhetoric, dedicated to his son, in which the study of Demosthenes and Cicero was especially urged. A passage in the first book of his history

(xix, 3) reveals that he is writing in 27 or 26 B.C. The account stopped at the death of Drusus in 9 B.C., as we learn from the scanty abstract of the lost books. We are told—by the writer of the epitome—that the last two decades were composed after Augustus' death (14 A.D.). This is hardly credible, as Livy's own life closed at Padua only three years later. Still, he may have been surprised by death in the midst of a final effort to complete the record for that most memorable of reigns.

We have preserved for us the first, third, and fourth decades entire, half the fifth in a rather fragmentary condition, the epitome just mentioned, and meager bits cited by later authors—notably the famous passage on Cicero's lack of stoicism in disaster. There is extant, then, about a fourth of the whole work; for which Martial declares his own library had not room! The scale was not colossal considering the magnitude of the theme. Livy's achievement coincided in length with Charles Knight's 'History of England,' which in general purpose and scope, as in the genial, truth-loving, yet warmly patriotic spirit of the author, may deserve mention in the same breath.

The subdivision into groups of five and ten books each, was made by Livy himself, and helps to render the parts still extant far less tantalizing. Thus Books i-v carry the story down to the sack of Rome by the Gauls, in 390 B.C. Book vi opens with a fresh preface, confessing that the scanty memorials which had existed from the earlier time had nearly all perished in the burning city. We are now promised a clearer and more trustworthy account for the later periods. This throws an amusing light backward upon the graphic details, the copious speeches reported verbatim, already provided for the regal and early republican times! We give below, for instance, the passage upon which Macaulay's ballad of 'Horatius at the Bridge' leans so heavily. Certainly Livy's account, beginning like Vergil's with the destruction of Troy and Æneas' flight to Italy, must be read in quite the same spirit as the great patriotic epic itself. Both contain something far mightier than painfully sought historic truth; namely, what the Romans taught their children to believe concerning the remote past.

Books xxi-xxx contain a complete account of the Hannibalic war. Here the historic element is larger, and the struggle between patriotic detestation of the Carthaginian, and chivalric admiration for valor and good generalship, reveals Livy's own pleasing nature with great clearness. All this may be supported even by so brief a passage as the opening characterization of Hannibal, cited below.

Livy is at his best in the speeches with which all his books were thickly studded. These have usually little or no historical foundation, but are revelations of the purpose and character of the chief actors, as Livy saw them. His broad descriptions of battles, marches, etc., are probably drawn with almost as free a hand. He did not as a rule embarrass himself by any accurate study of the topography on the spot. These strictures do not, how-

ever, apply to his picture of the fight by Lake Trasimenus, where he was upon ground familiar to him, as it is to many of his modern readers.

Our heaviest loss is doubtless in the later books. Livy seems to have written with dignified frankness on the period of the civil wars. For instance, he expressed a doubt whether the life of the great Julius had been on the whole a curse or a blessing; and his admiration for the dictator's military rival caused Augustus to stigmatize the historian good-humoredly as a "Pompeian." Such a man must have left a record, based largely upon his own memories, far more connected and impartial than Cicero's letters, more trustworthy than the later and inferior historians yet extant. Livy detested both extremes, tyranny and democracy. He took a pessimistic view of the present and future of Rome; and indeed he counts it a sufficient reward for his labor that "while reviewing in thought those earlier days," he may "escape, at least for the time, from the many evils which this generation has seen."

Upon the whole, then, Livy can hardly be assigned a place among scientific investigators of historical fact; since the chief monuments and other data, even in Rome itself, rarely attracted his critical attention. He was a fair-minded, patriotic man, of wide culture and exquisite taste, a master of rhetoric, a delightful story-teller, with a fair respect for truth, but endowed with a dangerously vivid imagination. Many, perhaps most, of his best passages, are true only as Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations' are: true to artistic taste, and usually also to the larger historical outlines of the character described.

The lost books of Livy are not likely to reappear. Indeed, abridgments and epitomes displaced them largely even under the early empire; and the very epigram of Martial, cited above, evidently accompanied such a condensation: —

Here into scanty parchment is monstrous Livy rolled;
He whom by no means when entire my library could hold!

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

HORATIUS COCLES AND MUCIUS SCÆVOLA

From the Second Book of the 'History of Rome'

THE Sublician bridge well-nigh afforded a passage to the enemy, had there not been one man, Horatius Cocles (that defense the fortune of Rome had on that day), who, happening to be posted on guard at the bridge, when he saw the Janiculum taken by a sudden assault, and that the enemy were pouring down from thence in full speed, and that his own

party in terror and confusion were abandoning their arms and ranks — laying hold of them one by one, standing in their way, and appealing to the faith of gods and men, he declared “that their flight would avail them nothing if they deserted their post; if they passed the bridge and left it behind them, there would soon be more of the enemy in the Palatium and Capitol than in the Janiculum: for that reason he advised and charged them to demolish the bridge, by their sword, by fire, or by any means whatever; that he would stand the shock of the enemy as far as could be done by one man.” He then advanced to the entrance of the bridge, and being easily distinguished among those who showed their backs in retreating from the fight, facing about to engage the foe hand to hand, by his surprising bravery he terrified the enemy. Two indeed a sense of shame kept with him — Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius; men eminent for their birth, and renowned for their gallant exploits. With them he for a short time stood the first storm of the danger, and the severest brunt of the battle. But as they who demolished the bridge called upon them to retire, he obliged them also to withdraw to a place of safety on a small portion of the bridge still left. Then casting his stern eyes round all the officers of the Etrurians in a threatening manner, he sometimes challenged them singly, sometimes reproached them all: “the slaves of haughty tyrants, who, regardless of their own freedom, came to oppress the liberty of others.” They hesitated for a considerable time, looking round one at the other, to commence the fight: shame then put the army in motion, and a shout being raised, they hurl their weapons from all sides on their single adversary; and when they all stuck in the shield held before him, and he with no less obstinacy kept possession of the bridge with firm step, they now endeavored to thrust him down from it by one push, when at once the crash of the falling bridge, and at the same time a shout of the Romans raised for joy at having completed their purpose, checked their ardor with sudden panic. Then Cocles says, “Holy father Tiberinus, I pray that thou wouldst receive these arms and this thy soldier in thy propitious stream.” Armed as he was, he leaped into the Tiber, and amid showers of darts hurled on him, swam across safe to his party, having dared an act which is likely to obtain more fame than belief with posterity. The state was grateful towards such valor: a statue was erected to him in the Comitium, and as much land was given to him as he plowed around in one day. The zeal of private individuals also was conspicuous among the public honors. For amid the great scarcity, each person contributed something to him according to his supply at home, depriving himself of his own support.

Porsena being repulsed in his first attempt, having changed his plans from a siege to a blockade, after he had placed a garrison in Janiculum, pitched his camp in the plain and on the banks of the Tiber. Then sending for boats from all parts, both to guard the river so as not to suffer any provision to be conveyed to Rome, and also to transport his soldiers across the river

to plunder different places as occasion required—in a short time he so harassed the entire country round Rome, that not only everything else from the country, but even their cattle, was driven into the city, and nobody durst venture thence without the gates. This liberty of action was granted to the Etrurians, not more through fear than from policy; for Valerius, intent on an opportunity of falling unawares upon a number of them, and when straggling, a remiss avenger in trifling matters, reserved the weight of his vengeance for more important occasions. Wherefore, to decoy the pillagers, he ordered his men to drive their cattle the next day out at the Esquiline gate, which was farthest from the enemy; presuming that they would get intelligence of it, because during the blockade and famine some slaves would turn traitors and desert. Accordingly they were informed of it by a deserter; and parties more numerous than usual, in hopes of seizing the entire body, crossed the river. Then Publius Valerius commanded Titus Herminius with a small body of men to lie concealed two miles from the city, on the Gabian road, and Spurius Lartius with a party of light-armed troops to post himself at the Colline gate, till the enemy should pass by, and then to throw himself in their way so that there might be no return to the river. The other consul, Titus Lucretius, marched out of the Nævian gate with some companies of soldiers; Valerius himself led some chosen cohorts down from the Cœlian Mount, and they were first descried by the enemy. Herminius, when he perceived the alarm, rose out of ambush and fell upon the rear of the Tuscans, who had charged Valerius. The shout was returned on the right and left, from the Colline gate on the one hand and the Nævian on the other. By this stratagem the plunderers were put to the sword between both, they not being a match in strength for fighting, and all the ways being blocked up to prevent escape: this put an end to the Etrurians strolling about in so disorderly a manner.

Nevertheless the blockade continued, and there was a scarcity of corn, with a very high price. Porsena entertained a hope that by continuing the siege he should take the city; when Caius Mucius, a young nobleman, to whom it seemed a disgrace that the Roman people, who when enslaved under kings had never been confined within their walls, in any war nor by any enemy, should now, when a free people, be blocked up by these very Etrurians whose armies they had often routed—thinking that such indignity should be avenged by some great and daring effort, at first designed of his own accord to penetrate into the enemy's camp. Then, being afraid if he went without the permission of the consuls, or the knowledge of anyone, he might be seized by the Roman guards and brought back as a deserter, the circumstances of the city at the time justifying the charge, he went to the Senate: "Fathers," says he, "I intend to cross the Tiber, and enter the enemy's camp, if I can; not as a plunderer, or as an avenger in our turn of their devastations. A greater deed is in my mind, if the gods assist." The Senate approved his

design. He set out with a sword concealed under his garment. When he came thither, he stationed himself among the thickest of the crowd, near the king's tribunal. There, where the soldiers were receiving their pay, the king's secretary, sitting beside him dressed nearly in the same style, was busily engaged (and to him they commonly addressed themselves); being afraid to ask which of them was Porsena, lest by not knowing the king he should discover himself, as fortune blindly directed the blow he killed the secretary instead of the king. Then as he was going off thence, where with his bloody dagger he had made his way through the dismayed multitude, a concourse being attracted at the noise, the king's guards immediately seized and brought him back, standing alone before the king's tribunal; even then, amid such menaces of fortune, more capable of inspiring dread than of feeling it — "I am," says he, "a Roman citizen; my name is Caius Mucius: an enemy, I wished to slay an enemy; nor have I less of resolution to suffer death than I had to inflict it. Both to act and to suffer with fortitude is a Roman's part. Nor have I alone harbored such feelings towards you; there is after me a long train of persons aspiring to the same honor. Therefore, if you choose it, prepare yourself for this peril, to contend for your life every hour; to have the sword and the enemy in the very entrance of your pavilion: this is the war which we, the Roman youth, declare against you; dread not an army in array, nor a battle — the affair will be to yourself alone and with each of us singly."

When the king, highly incensed, and at the same time terrified at the danger, in a menacing manner commanded fires to be kindled about him, if he did not speedily explain the plots which by his threats he had darkly insinuated against him, then Mucius said, "Behold me, that you may be sensible of how little account the body is to those who have great glory in view"; and immediately he thrusts his right hand into the fire that was lighted for the sacrifice. When he continued to broil it as if he had been quite insensible, the king, astonished at this surprising sight, after he had leaped from his throne and commanded the young man to be removed from the altar, says, "Begone, having acted more like an enemy towards thyself than me. I would encourage thee to persevere in thy valor, if that valor stood on the side of my country. I now dismiss thee untouched and unhurt, exempted from the right of war." Then Mucius, as if making a return for the kindness, says, "Since bravery is honored by you, so that you have obtained by kindness that which you could not by threats, three hundred of us, the chief of the Roman youth, have conspired to attack you in this manner. It was my lot first. The rest will follow, each in his turn, according as the lot shall set him forward, unless fortune shall afford an opportunity of slaying you."

Mucius being dismissed — to whom the cognomen of Scævola was afterwards given, from the loss of his right hand — ambassadors from Porsena followed him to Rome. The risk of the first attempt, from which nothing had

saved him but the mistake of the assailant, and the risk to be encountered so often in proportion to the number of conspirators, made so strong an impression upon him [Porsena], that of his own accord he made propositions of peace to the Romans.

Translated by D. Spillan

THE CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL

From the Twenty-first Book of the 'History of Rome'

HANNIBAL was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted the admiration of the whole army. Young Hamilcar was restored to them, thought the veterans, as they saw in him the same animated look and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. Soon he made them feel that his father's memory was but a trifling aid to him in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper that adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience and command, till it was hard to decide whether he was more beloved by the general or the army. There was no one whom Hasdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and persistency were specially needed; no officer under whom the soldiers were more confident and more daring. Bold in the extreme in incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil could weary his body or conquer his spirit. Heat and cold he bore with equal endurance; the cravings of nature, not the pleasures of the palate, determined the measure of his food and drink. His waking and sleeping hours were not regulated by day and night. Such time as business left him, he gave to repose; but it was not on a soft couch or in stillness that he sought it. Many a man often saw him wrapped in his military cloak, lying on the ground amid the sentries and pickets. His dress was not one whit superior to that of his comrades, but his accoutrements and horses were conspicuously splendid. Among the cavalry or the infantry he was by far the first soldier; the first in battle, the last to leave it when once begun.

These great virtues in the man were equaled by monstrous vices: inhuman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy. Absolutely false and irreligious, he had no fear of God, no regard for an oath, no scruples.

Translated by Church and Brodribb

THE BATTLE OF LAKE TRASIMENUS

From the Twenty-second Book of the 'History of Rome'

HANNIBAL devastated with all the horrors of war the country between Cortona and Lake Trasimenus, seeking to infuriate the Romans into avenging the sufferings of their allies. They had now reached a spot made for an ambushade, where the lake comes up close under the hills of Cortona. Between them is nothing but a very narrow road, for which room seems to have been purposely left. Further on is some comparatively broad level ground. From this rise the hills, and here in the open plain Hannibal pitched a camp for himself and his African and Spanish troops only; his slingers and other light-armed troops he marched to the rear of the hills; his cavalry he stationed at the mouth of the defile, behind some rising ground which conveniently sheltered them. When the Romans had once entered the pass and the cavalry had barred the way, all would be hemmed in by the lake and the hills.

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset the day before. On the morrow, without reconnoitering and while the light was still uncertain, he traversed the narrow pass. As his army began to deploy into the widening plain, he could see only that part of the enemy's force which was in front of him; he knew nothing of the ambushade in his rear and above his head. The Carthaginian saw his wish accomplished. He had his enemy shut in by the lake and the hills, and surrounded by his own troops. He gave the signal for a general charge, and the attacking columns flung themselves on the nearest points. To the Romans the attack was all the more sudden and unexpected because the mist from the lake lay thicker on the plains than on the heights, while the hostile columns on the various hills had been quite visible to each other and had therefore advanced in concert. As for the Romans, with the shout of battle rising all round them, before they could see plainly they found themselves surrounded; and fighting began in their front and their flanks before they could form in order, get ready their arms, or draw their swords.

Amidst universal panic the consul showed all the courage that could be expected in circumstances so alarming. The broken ranks, in which everyone was turning to catch the discordant shouts, he re-formed as well as time and place permitted; and as far as his presence or his voice could reach, bade his men stand their ground and fight. "It is not by prayers," he cried, "or entreaties to the gods, but by strength and courage that you must win your way out. The sword cuts a path through the midst of the battle; and the less fear, there for the most part the less danger." But such was the uproar and confusion, neither encouragements nor commands could be heard; so

far were the men from knowing their standards, their ranks, or their places, that they had scarcely presence of mind to snatch up their arms and address them to the fight, and some found them an overwhelming burden rather than a protection. So dense too was the mist, that the ear was of more service than the eye. The groans of the wounded, the sound of blows on body or armor, the mingled shouts of triumph or panic, made them turn this way and that an eager gaze. Some would rush in their flight on a dense knot of combatants, and become entangled in the mass; others returning to the battle would be carried away by the crowd of fugitives. But after awhile, when charges had been vainly tried in every direction, when it was seen that the hills and the lake shut them in on either side, and the hostile lines in front and rear, when it was manifest that the only hope of safety lay in their own right hands and swords—then every man began to look to himself for guidance and for encouragement, and there began afresh what was indeed a new battle. No battle was it with its three ranks of combatants, its vanguard before the standards and its second line fighting behind them, with every soldier in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance massed them together, and each man's impulse assigned him his post, whether in the van or rear. So fierce was their excitement, so intent were they on the battle, that not one of the combatants felt the earthquake which laid whole quarters of many Italian cities in ruins, changed the channels of rapid streams, drove the sea far up into the rivers, and brought down enormous landslips from the hills.

For nearly three hours they fought, fiercely everywhere, but with especial rage and fury round the consul. It was to him that the flower of the army attached themselves. He, wherever he found his troops hard pressed or distressed, was indefatigable in giving help; conspicuous in his splendid arms, the enemy assailed and his fellow Romans defended him with all their might. At last an Insubrian trooper (his name was Ducarius), recognizing him also by his face, cried to his comrades, "See! this is the man who slaughtered our legions, and laid waste our fields and our city: I will offer him as a sacrifice to the shades of my countrymen whom he so foully slew." Putting spurs to his horse, he charged through the thickest of the enemy, struck down the armor-bearer who threw himself in the way of his furious advance, and ran the consul through with his lance. When he would have stripped the body, some veterans thrust their shields between and hindered him.

Then began the flight of a great part of the army. And now neither lake nor mountain checked their rush of panic; by every defile and height they sought blindly to escape, and arms and men were heaped upon each other. Many, finding no possibility of flight, waded into the shallows at the edge of the lake, advanced until they had only head and shoulders above the water, and at last drowned themselves. Some in the frenzy of panic endeavored to escape by swimming; but the endeavor was endless and hopeless, and they

either sunk in the depths when their courage failed them, or they wearied themselves in vain till they could hardly struggle back to the shallows, where they were slaughtered in crowds by the enemy's cavalry which had now entered the water. Nearly six thousand men of the vanguard made a determined rush through the enemy, and got clear out of the defile, knowing nothing of what was happening behind them. Halting on some high ground, they could only hear the shouts of men and clashing of arms, but could not learn or see for the mist how the day was going. It was when the battle was decided, that the increasing heat of the sun scattered the mist and cleared the sky. The bright light that now rested on hill and plain showed a ruinous defeat and a Roman army shamefully routed. Fearing that they might be seen in the distance and that the cavalry might be sent against them, they took up their standards and hurried away with all the speed they could. The next day, finding their situation generally desperate, and starvation also imminent, they capitulated to Hannibal, who had overtaken them with the whole of his cavalry, and who pledged his word that if they would surrender their arms, they should go free, each man having a single garment. The promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, who put them all in chains.

Such was the famous fight at Trasimenus, memorable as few other disasters of the Roman people have been. Fifteen thousand men fell in the battle; ten thousand, flying in all directions over Etruria, made by different roads for Rome. Of the enemy two thousand five hundred fell in the battle. Many died afterwards of their wounds. Other authors speak of a loss on both sides many times greater. I am myself averse to the idle exaggerations to which writers are so commonly inclined; and I have here followed as my best authority Fabius, who was actually contemporary with the war. Hannibal released without ransom all the prisoners who claimed Latin citizenship; the Romans he imprisoned. He had the corpses of his own men separated from the vast heaps of dead, and buried. Careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius, to which he wished to pay due honor; but it could not be found.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS

THE elegiac couplet, which Horace pronounced suitable for laments and votive inscriptions, had been used by the Greek poets for a wide range of subjects. The political reflections of Solon, the warlike strains of Tyrtaeus, the gnomic wisdom of Theognis, had all seemed to them as appropriately written in this meter, as the famous dirges of Simonides, or Mimnermus' complaints over the swift passing of life and love. More personal than the epic, while less strenuous than lyric measures, elegy was used to embody slighter themes and less exalted emotions than were demanded by the grander styles.

Naturally the age which saw the final decay of the literature that began with Homer and Sappho found this form of verse congenial to its taste. In the hands of Alexandrian writers — Callimachus, Philetas, Hermesianax, and their imitators — it was a favorite form of erudite versifying. They identified the elegy chiefly with erotic themes; and it was with this tradition that it passed to the younger poets of the Augustan age — Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. These writers, if less learned than their teachers, had a more ardent temperament and more vivid sensibilities.

If not the greatest genius among Roman elegiac poets — as many ancient critics were inclined to rate him — Tibullus was at least the most typical. His art was the most consistently and symmetrically developed, quite in keeping with his amiable and yet singularly independent character. It was his aim to be an elegiast pure and simple. His love, or rather its reflection in poetry, was to him all in all; and no other subject could long divert his attention. Even Propertius sometimes forgets his Cynthia, and repeats a legend of early Rome, or recounts the exploits of Augustus. And Ovid could neglect the art of love to narrate the adventures of gods and heroes. But to the end Tibullus is found, as Horace pictures him in the well-known ode, chanting his sad elegies and bewailing the harshness of his mistress. The sixteen poems which are undoubtedly his workmanship tell us little save the vicissitudes of his passion for Delia, Nemesis, and even less worthy objects of affection.

This devotion to his chosen theme not only distinguishes him from his immediate rivals, but is in marked contrast with the attitude of the greater poets of the Augustan age. Horace and Vergil, though provincials of low birth, possibly of alien race, and writing in the very shadow of the imperial power, were impressed by a sense of Rome's greatness. Though freedom had perished, they believed that there was still a mission for the noble qualities

that had made the nation great: to conserve, to stimulate, to direct these loftier impulses, were the aims which lent dignity to their art. But Tibullus, who was by birth and breeding a Roman of the Romans, seemingly cares for none of these things. His family was of equestrian rank, and he still owned part of the ancestral estate at Pedum, almost within sight of the Capitol. His patron and intimate friend was Messala — one of the noblest figures of the age, and not less conspicuous for his services to the State than for the dauntless independence which even Augustus respected. Yet nothing can be more un-Roman than the manner in which Tibullus shrinks from public life, and sings the supreme blessings of peace and retirement. He celebrates his patron's Aquitanian campaign, in which the poet himself was present, B.C. 30; but it is his friend, and not the commonwealth, that is uppermost in his thoughts. Messala bore a gallant part at Actium; but Tibullus, alone of the poets of the day, has nothing to say of the significance of that struggle. Once he does indeed speak of the glorious destiny of Rome, the "name fatal to nations"; but his interest even here is roused by the induction of Messalinus, his friend's son, into a priesthood!

This apparent lack of patriotism may be explained in part by the fact that Messala and his circle held themselves aloof from the policy of the empire. And in part it may be the artist's pose, not the attitude of the man. We know little of him save the limited range of feelings which he considered appropriate to his poetry. Horace in his epistles has sketched another picture of his friend, living upon his small estate, with riches, health, fame, and beauty to make him happy — a picture which many find it difficult to reconcile with the melancholy and pensive Tibullus of the elegies. Yet there is no good reason to doubt their identity. Tibullus has chosen to limit himself to a narrow range, and his art gains by these very restrictions. His loves, his friendships, his longing for the peaceful life of the country, his regard for the simple religious rites of his forefathers — these are the materials of which with fine skill he constructs his poems. The tasteless learning of his Alexandrian predecessors he never imitates; nor does he degenerate into that sensuality which is the reproach of ancient erotic poetry. If he never startles, as Propertius occasionally does, by some powerful line, some striking image, he lacks too the frequent obscurity and the harshness of phrase which mar that poet's work. Ovid's more fluent style and more romantic themes have won for him a wider circle of readers; he has wit and brilliancy, and the charm of his work is apparent on the surface. But Tibullus, while equally smooth and polished in his versification, possesses a grace and a refinement of sentiment that are his alone.

As his art is the most harmonious, so his personality is by far the most attractive of the three. Especially does he reveal a delicacy of feeling which is all too rare among ancient writers when dealing with the sentiment of love. Delia and Nemesis may have found their portraits shadowy beside the vivid

figures of Clodia, Cynthia, and the other charmers who rejoiced to "flourish more illustrious than Roman Ilia"; but there was at least a unique generosity, an unwonted self-abnegation, in the artist whom they inspired. It is easy to believe that there were many traits in his gentle and winning character which recalled the greatest and purest of his contemporaries; and it was more than the chance coincidence of their death in the same year which led a later poet to associate Tibullus, in the Elysian fields, with the mightier shade of Vergil.

Under the name of Tibullus, four books of elegies are extant; but the greater number of scholars now believe that the last two are the work of Lygdamus, Sulpicia, and perhaps other writers of Messala's coterie. Their characteristics are not essentially different from those found in the undoubted work of Tibullus.

GEORGE M. WHICHER

ON THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE

THEIR piles of golden ore let others heap,
 And hold their countless roods of cultured soil,
 Whom neighboring foes in constant terror keep —
 The weary victims of unceasing toil.

Let clang of drums and trumpet's blast dispel
 The balmy sleep their hearts in vain desire:
 At home in poverty and ease I'd dwell,
 My hearth aye gleaming with a cheerful fire.

In season due I'd plant the pliant vine,
 With skilful hand my swelling apples rear;
 Nor fail, blest Hope! but still to me consign
 Rich fruits, and vats abrim with rosy cheer.

For the lone stump afield I still revere,
 Or ancient stone, whence flowery garlands nod,
 In cross-roads set: the first fruits of the year
 I duly offer to the peasant's god.

O fair-haired Ceres! let the spiky crown,
 Culled from my field, adorn thy shrine-door aye;
 Amid my orchards red Priapus frown,
 And with his threatening bill the birds dismay.

Guards of a wealthy once, now poor domain,
Ye Lares! still my gift your wardship cheers:
A fatted calf did then your altars stain,
To purify innumerable steers.

A lambkin now — a meager offering —
From the few fields that still I reckon mine,
Shall fall for you, while rustic voices sing,
"Oh, grant the harvests, grant the generous wine!"

Now I can live content on scanty fare,
Nor for long travels do I bear the will:
'Neath some tree's shade I'd shun the Dog's fierce glare,
Beside the waters of a running rill.

Nor let me blush the while to wield the rake,
Or with the lash the laggard oxen ply;
The struggling lamb within my bosom take,
Or kid, by heedless dam left lone to die.

Spare my small flock, ye thieves and wolves! Away
Where wealthier cotes an ampler beauty hold:
I for my swain lustrations yearly pay,
And soothe with milk the goddess of the fold.

Then smile, ye gods! nor view with high disdain
The frugal gifts clean earthen bowls convey:
Such earthen vessels erst the ancient swain
Molded and fashioned from the plastic clay.

The wealth and harvest stores my sires possessed
I covet not: few sheaves will yield me bread;
Enough, reclining on my couch to rest,
And stretched my limbs upon the wonted bed.

How sweet to lie and hear the wild winds roar,
While to our breast the lovèd one we strain;
Or when the cold South's sleety torrents pour,
To sleep secure, lulled by the plashing rain!

This lot be mine: let him be rich, 'tis fair,
Who braves the wrathful sea and tempests drear;
Oh, rather perish gold and gems than e'er
One fair one for my absence shed a tear.

Dauntless, Messala, scour the earth and main,
 To deck thy home with warfare's spoils; 'tis well:
 Me here a lovely maiden's bonds enchain,
 At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

Delia, I court not praise, if mine thou be;
 Let men cry lout and clown, I'll bear the brand;
 In my last moments let me gaze on thee,
 And dying, clasp thee with my faltering hand.

Thou'lt weep to see me laid upon the bier,
 That will too soon the flames' mad fury feel;
 Thou'lt mingle kisses with the bitter tear,
 For thine no heart of stone, no breast of steel.

Nor only thou wilt weep; no youth, no maid,
 With tearless eye will from my tomb repair:
 But, Delia, vex not thou thy lover's shade;
 Thy tender cheeks, thy streaming tresses spare!

Love's joys be ours while still the Fates allow:
 Soon death will come with darkly mantled head;
 Dull age creeps on, and love-cup or love-vow
 Becomes no forehead when its snows are shed.

Then let us worship Venus while we may;
 With brow unblushing, burst the bolted door
 And join with rapture in the midnight fray,
 Your leader I — Love's soldier proved of yore.

Hence, flags and trumpets! Me ye'll never lure;
 Bear wounds and wealth to warriors bent on gain:
 I, in my humble competence secure,
 Shall wealth and poverty alike disdain.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS AT CORCYRA

THOU'LT cross the Ægean waves, but not with me,
 Messala; yet by thee and all thy band
 I pray that I may still remembered be,
 Lingering on lone Phæacia's foreign strand.

Spare me, fell Death! no mother have I here
My charrèd bones in sorrow's lap to lay:
Oh, spare! for here I have no sister dear
To shower Assyrian odors o'er my clay,

Or to my tomb with locks disheveled come,
And pour the tear of tender piety;
Nor Delia, who, ere yet I quitted Rome,
'Tis said consulted all the gods on high.

Thrice from the boy the sacred lots she drew,
Thrice from the streets he brought her omens sure.
All smiled: but tears would still her cheeks bedew;
Naught could her thoughts from that sad journey lure.

I blent sweet comfort with my parting words,
Yet anxiously I yearned for more delay.
Dire omens now, now inauspicious birds,
Detained me, now old Saturn's baleful day.

How oft I said, ere yet I left the town,
My awkward feet had stumbled at the door!
Enough: if lover heed not Cupid's frown,
His headstrong ways he'll bitterly deplore.

Where is thine Isis? What avail thee now
Her brazen sistra clashed so oft by thee?
What, while thou didst before her altars bow,
Thy pure lavations and thy chastity?

Great Isis, help! for in thy fanes displayed
Full many a tablet proves thy power to heal;
So Delia shall, in linen robes arrayed,
Her vows before thy holy threshold seal.

And morn and eve, loose-tressed, thy praise to pour,
'Mid Pharian crowds conspicuous she'll return;
But let me still my father's gods adore,
And to the old Lar his monthly incense burn.

How blest men lived when good old Saturn reigned,
Ere roads had intersected hill and dale!
No pine had then the azure wave disdained,
Or spread the swelling canvas to the gale.

No roving mariner, on wealth intent,
 From foreign climes a cargo homeward bore;
 No sturdy steer beneath the yoke had bent,
 No galling bit the conquered courser wore.

No house had doors, no pillar on the wold
 Was reared to mark the limits of the plain;
 The oaks ran honey, and all uncontrolled
 The fleecy ewes brought milk to glad the swain.

Rage, broils, the curse of war, were all unknown;
 The cruel smith had never forged the spear:
 Now Jove is King — the seeds of bale are sown,
 Scars, wounds, and shipwrecks, thousand deaths loom near.

Spare me, great Jove! No perjuries, I ween,
 Distract my heart with agonizing woe;
 No impious words by me have uttered been,
 Against the gods above or gods below.

But if my thread of life be wholly run,
 Upon my stone these lines engraven be: —
 "HERE BY FELL FATE TIBULLUS LIES UNDONE,
 WHOM DEAR MESSALA LED O'ER LAND AND SEA."

But me, the facile child of tender Love,
 Will Venus waft to blest Elysium's plains,
 Where dance and song resound, and every grove
 Rings with clear-throated warblers' dulcet strains.

Here lands untilled their richest treasures yield;
 Here sweetest cassia all untended grows;
 With lavish lap the earth, in every field,
 Outpours the blossom of the fragrant rose.

Here bands of youths and tender maidens chime
 In love's sweet lures, and pay the untiring vow;
 Here reigns the lover, slain in youthhood's prime,
 With myrtle garland round his honored brow.

But wrapt in ebon gloom, the torture-hell
 Low lies, and pitchy rivers round it roar;
 There serpent-haired Tisiphone doth yell,
 And lash the damnèd crew from shore to shore.

Mark in the gate the snake-tongued sable hound,
 Whose hideous howls the brazen portals close;
 There lewd Ixion, Juno's tempter, bound,
 Spins round his wheel in endless unreprieve.

O'er nine broad acres stretched base Tityos lies,
 On whose black entrails vultures ever prey;
 And Tantalus is there, 'mid waves that rise
 To mock his misery, and rush away.

The Danaïds, who soiled Love's lovely shrine,
 Fill on, and bear their piercèd pails in vain —
 There writhe the wretch who's wronged a love of mine,
 And wished me absent on a long campaign!

Be chaste, my love: and let thine old nurse e'er,
 To shield thy maiden fame, around thee tread,
 Tell thee sweet tales, and by the lamp's bright glare
 From the full distaff draw the lengthening thread.

And when thy maidens, spinning round thy knee,
 Sleep-worn, by slow degrees their work lay by,
 Oh, let me speed unheralded to thee,
 Like an immortal rushing down the sky!

Then all undressed, with ruffled locks astream,
 And feet unsandaled, meet me on my way!
 Aurora, goddess of the morning beam,
 Bear, on thy rosy steeds, that happy day!

THE RURAL DEITIES

THE fields and rural gods are now my theme,
 Who made our sires for acorns cease to roam,
 Taught them to build their log-huts beam by beam,
 And thatch with leafy boughs their humble home.

They trained the steer the bended yoke to bear,
 Placed wheels beneath the cart, and by degrees
 Weaned man primeval from his savage fare,
 And bade the orchards smile with fruitful trees.

Then fertile gardens drank the watering wave;
 Then first the purple fruitage of the vine,
 Pressed by fair feet, immortal nectar gave;
 Then water first was blent with generous wine.

The fields bear harvests, when the Dog-star's heat
 Bids earth each year her golden honors shed;
 And in spring's lap bees gather honey sweet,
 And fill their combs from many a floral bed.

Returning from the plow, the weary swain
 First sang his rustic lays in measured tread,
 And supper o'er, tried on oat-pipe some strain
 To play before his gods brow-chapleted.

He, vermeil-stained, great Bacchus! first made bold
 To lead the untutored chorus on the floor,
 And (valued prize!) from forth a numerous fold
 Received a goat to swell his household store.

Young hands first strung spring flow'rets in the fields,
 And with a wreath the ancient gods arrayed;
 Here its soft fleece the tender lambkin yields,
 To form a task for many a tender maid.

Hence wool and distaffs fill the housewife's room,
 And nimble thumbs deft spindles keep in play;
 Hence maidens sing and ply the busy loom,
 Hence rings the web beneath the driven lay.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY

ACOT, Cerinthus, now my love detains:
 Iron were he who'd bear the city now;
 For Venus' self has sought the happy plains,
 And Love is taking lessons at the plow.

Could I but see my darling once so kind,
 How stoutly would I turn the fertile soil
 With heavy rake — yea, like the poorest hind,
 I'd drive the crooked plow and bless the toil,

What time the sterile oxen till the ground;
Nor would I ever of my lot complain,
Though scorching suns my slender limbs should wound,
And o'er my soft hands rise the bursting blain.

The fair Apollo fed Admetus' steers,
Nor aught availed his lyre and locks unshorn;
No herbs could soothe his soul or dry his tears —
The powers of medicine were all outworn.

He drove the cattle forth at morn and even,
Curdled the milk, and when his task was done,
Of pliant osiers wove the wicker sieve,
Leaving chance holes through which the whey might run.

How oft pale Dian blushed and felt a pang,
To see him bear a calf across the plain!
How oft as in the deepening dell he sang,
The lowing oxen broke the hallowed strain!

Oft princes sought responses in despair;
Crowds thronged his fanes — unanswered all retired;
Oft Leto mourned his wild disordered hair,
Which once his jealous stepdame had admired.

Loose were thy locks, O Phæbus! wan thy brow:
Who would have dreamt those tresses e'er were thine?
Where's Delos? Where is Delphic Pytho now?
Love dooms thee in a lowly cot to pine.

Blest time when Venus might untrammelled rove,
And gods all unashamed obeyed her nod!
Now love's a jest, but he who's thrall to love
Would be a jest before a loveless god.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

LITTLE is known of Propertius beyond the scanty information to be gleaned from his own works. He was a provincial, like so many prominent literary men of the day; of a good Umbrian family. Most of his life seems to have been passed in Rome, where he came to complete his education; but scarcely an event in it can be dated with certainty. The latest allusion in his works seems to refer to events of the year 16 B.C., and it is surmised that he was born about the year 50. His five short books, mostly love poems, sufficiently reveal the man; and there is little in them which we could read with greater interest for knowing when it was written.

Propertius was one of that group of poets who enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Mæcenas, and who undertook to create a new school of Latin poetry by following still more closely Greek models. While Vergil meditated "something greater than the Iliad," and Horace wedded Æolian song to Italian measures, the younger and more ardent Propertius devoted himself to erotic poetry and the perfecting of the elegy. Gallus and Catullus had already naturalized this form of poetry at Rome; Tibullus was winning great applause with it at this very time; but with characteristic self-confidence Propertius claimed it as his own especial field. The success of his first volume, devoted to the praises of his mistress Cynthia, had won him the favor of the all-powerful Mæcenas. In the three or four succeeding books — the division is uncertain — he feels little doubt that he has vindicated his right to be called the Roman Callimachus, the "first initiate into the rites of Philetas' sacred grove." It was only doubtfully that so good a critic as Quintilian denied his pre-eminence; and modern readers are inclined to admit that with all his defects, Propertius is undoubtedly the master of the Latin elegy. It is an instrument of somewhat narrow compass at best; but Propertius, more than all his rivals, shows us its full range. Whether in the transcription of a national legend, or in celebrating the glory of Augustus, or writing the epitaph of Gallus or Marcellus, or most of all, in depicting the manifold phases of a lover's mind, his work reveals a vigor and a sincerity of spirit, a fertility of fancy, a pathos and a passion, which are unequaled by any other elegiac poet. Some of them may excel him in certain qualities, but none has his power and his variety combined.

Even his warmest admirers must admit that his work is marred by very grave defects. To begin with, he did not choose his models wisely. Like all his contemporaries he was fascinated by Alexandrine erudition; but he did not learn, as did the greatest poets of his age, to correct this tendency by a close study

of the earlier writers. Indeed it is surmised, in the absence of the poems of Callimachus, that Propertius has gone beyond his master. *Doctus* was a favorite adjective with which to compliment a poet of that age, and Propertius strove to merit it by displaying his learning in and out of season. He delights to refer to the most recondite myths, or to their least familiar characters. The obscurity created by this fondness for mythologic lore is too often increased by an abruptness of thought bordering on incoherence. Images are not always clearly conceived in his impetuous imagination; and there is not infrequently an awkwardness of phraseology, or an inexactness of expression. Sometimes one is faintly reminded of Persius and his verbal contortions, or of other poets who fancy they have made poetry when they have only written impossible prose.

All these are serious faults; and more likely to endear an author to schoolmasters and editors than to lovers of poetry. But the personality of Propertius is strong enough to rise above them all. Few writers win for themselves a more willing indulgence, or give a clearer impression of a talent greater than its best work. Sooner or later his readers come to believe that he might have done greater things had he so chosen. He chose, however, to lavish his power upon love elegies; and it is by them that he is usually judged. In intensity of passion, in utter simplicity and directness of its expression, Propertius is inferior to Catullus — as who is not? But as a poet of love he may safely challenge comparison with any but Catullus. His Cynthia is never to be classed with the shadowy Chloes and Leuconoës of Horace's bloodless affections. The genuineness of his love is undoubted. His delight in the charms and accomplishments of his mistress; the jealousy provoked by her infidelities; his sorrow at parting from her, even in fancy; the rapture of a reconciliation; these and many another aspect of love, and the "evil cares which it has," are depicted with unmistakable sincerity. For Cynthia's sake he will give up a career, and abandon his plans for travel abroad. At times he even refuses to write on any other subject: Cynthia is the first and will be the last of his songs.

The day came, however, when he could narrate his own infidelity, and picture Cynthia's successor filching jewelry from her funeral pyre. More and more throughout his later books, it is apparent that other themes were claiming part of his attention. To most men his great passion will hardly seem a less genuine experience because he too came to feel that life is greater than love. Believers in poetical fitness may insist that he died shortly after ceasing to write on the all-absorbing theme; but the man Propertius, though not the poet, is quite as likely to have lived to found the family which Pliny expressly ascribes to him.

Some of the most pleasing of the poems are among the number not concerned with Cynthia. The "queen of elegies," his noble epitaph on Cornelia, is deservedly famous, though marred by his characteristic faults. In the last book are found also a few poems, dealing with the legendary history of Rome.

Whether we regard them as among his earliest, or as their metrical structure would seem to indicate, his latest works, they are an interesting evidence of the manner in which his intense nature responded to the appeal of national and patriotic themes. It has been surmised that they probably suggested to Ovid the plan of his 'Fasti.' Ovid mentions Propertius with warm admiration, and many imitations and echoes show clearly the impression made by Propertius upon the poets of the younger generation. By later Roman writers Propertius is seldom cited, and there are no selections from his works in the anthologies.

The translations given below are from the works of Dr. James Cranstoun (Edinburgh, 1875). There are also translations by J. S. Phillimore (Oxford, 1906) and by H. E. Butler in the Loeb Classical Library (1912).

GEORGE M. WHICHER

BEAUTY UNADORNED

WHY wear, my Life, when thou abroad dost stir,
 A head trimmed up to fashion's latest laws?
 A Coan vestment of transparent gauze,
 And hair perfumed with Orontean myrrh?

Why deck thyself with gems and costly dress?
 Why mar with trinkets Nature's form divine,
 And not allow thy beauties forth to shine
 In all their own, their matchless loveliness?

To thee such aids can add no charms — ah, no!
 True love will aye disdain the artist's care.
 See! the fair fields a thousand colors wear,
 And ivy sprays far best spontaneous grow.

Fairer in lonely grots green arbuties rise,
 Fairer the streamlet wends its wandering way,
 Lovelier bright pebbles gem their native bay,
 And birds sing sweetlier artless melodies.

TO TULLUS

DEAR Tullus, now I'd gladly plow wild Adria's waves with thee,
And fearlessly my canvas spread upon the Ægean sea;
Yea, by thy side I'd o'er the steep Rhipæan ridges roam,
Or wend my toilsome way beyond swart Memnon's distant home:
But me a maiden's pleading words and circling arms detain;
'Gainst her pale cheek and earnest prayers to strive, alas! were vain.

Still of her ardent love for me she raves the weary night,
And swears there's not a god in heaven, if e'er I leave her sight;
Declares that she is not my love; nay more, the frantic girl
Vents every threat that peevish maids at heartless lovers hurl;
Against her complaints a single hour I cannot, cannot hold.
Ah! perish he, if such there be, whose bosom could be cold!

True, I should see fair Athens reared beneath Minerva's smile,
And Asia's grandeur famed of old; but is it worth the while
To make my Cynthia scream what time my vessel seeks the sea,
To see her tear her tender cheeks in frenzied agony,
And say that she will kiss the wind that balks her lover's plan,
And that no monster walks the earth so fell as faithless man?

Go, strive to earn a nobler wreath than e'er thine uncle wore,
And to our old allies their long-forgotten rights restore:
And may the un pitying Boy ne'er bring on thee my sorrows fell,
And all the tokens of a woe my tears too plainly tell;
For thou hast frittered not thy years on Beauty's fatal charms,
But aye been ready to assert thy country's cause in arms.

Here let me lie, as fortune aye hath willed it in the past;
And let me still devote my soul to folly to the last.
Many in tardy love have gladly spent their latest day —
Then let me die with these, with these let earth conceal my clay:
For fame I was not nurtured, nor in arms would glorious prove;
The Fates decree my fields shall be the battle-plains of love.

Then whether thou shalt roam athwart Ionia's pleasant lands,
Or where Pactolus streaks the Lydian vales with golden sands;
Whether on foot thou'lt scour the plain or tempt with oars the sea,
And all the duties well discharge thine office claims from thee:
If thou shouldst chance to think of me in foreign climes afar,
Be well assured I'm living still beneath a baleful star.

TO CYNTHIA

SINCE from my love I had the heart to flee,
 Justly to halcyons lone my wail I pour;
 No more Cassiope my bark will see,
 And all my vows fall fruitless on the shore.

The winds are leagued for thee now far away;
 Hark to the threatening tempest's fitful gust!
 Will no kind fortune this dread storm allay?
 Must a few grains of sand conceal my dust?

Oh, let no more thy harsh upbraidings rise,
 But say this night at sea my fault atones!
 Or canst thou paint my fate with tearless eyes,
 Nor in thy bosom bear to hold my bones?

Ah! perish he who first, with impious art,
 In sail-rigged craft dared tempt the unwilling sea!
 'Twere better I had soothed my mistress' heart —
 Hard though she was, how peerless still to me! —

Than view this wild and forest-mantled shore,
 And woo the longed-for Twins that calm the wave.
 Then earth had veiled my woes, life's fever o'er,
 And some small stone — love's tribute — marked my grave.

For me she might have shorn her cherished hair;
 'Mid sweet-breath'd roses laid my bones at rest;
 Called o'er my dust my name, and breathed a prayer
 That earth might lightly lie upon my breast.

Fair Doris' daughters, who o'er ocean roam,
 Speed our white sails with your auspicious band!
 And oh, if Love e'er sought your azure home,
 Grant one who loved like you, a sheltered strand!

TO CAIUS CILNIUS MÆCENAS

YOU ask me why love-elegy so frequently I follow,
And why my little book of tender trifles only sings:
It is not from Calliope, nor is it from Apollo,
But from my own sweet lady-love my inspiration springs.

If in resplendent purple robe of Cos my darling dresses,
I'll fill a portly volume with the Coan garment's praise;
Or if her truant tresses wreath her forehead with caresses,
The tresses of her queenly brow demand her poet's lays.

Or if, perchance, she strike the speaking lyre with ivory fingers,
I marvel how those nimble fingers run the chords along;
Or if above her slumber-drooping eyes a shadow lingers,
My tranced mind is sure to find a thousand themes of song.

Or if for love's delightful strife repose awhile be broken,
Oh, I could write an Iliad of our sallies and alarms;
If anything at all she's done — if any word she's spoken —
From out of nothing rise at once innumerable charms.

But if the Fates had given me the power, beloved Mæcenas,
To marshal hero-bands, I'd neither sing of Titan wars,
Nor Ossa on Olympus piled, that Terra's brood most heinous,
By aid of Pelion, might scale the everlasting stars;

Nor hoary Thebes, nor Pergamus in Homer's song undying;
Nor sea to sea by stern decree of haughty Xerxes brought;
The warlike Cimbri, nor the soul of Carthage death-defying;
Nor Remus' ancient realm, nor deeds of fame by Marius wrought;

But I would sing of Cæsar's might and Cæsar's martial glory,
And next to mighty Cæsar would my lyre for thee be strung:
For while of Mutina, or of Philippi fell and gory,
Or of the naval war and rout by Sicily I sung;

Or of Etruria's ancient hearths in ruin laid forever,
Or Ptolemæan Pharos with its subjugated shore,
Or Egypt and the Nile what time the broad seven-mantled river
In drear captivity to Rome our conquering armies bore;

Or kings with golden fetters bound, in gorgeous-hued apparel,
 And trophied prows of Actium, whirled along the Sacred Way,
 My Muse would ever twine around thy brow the wreath of laurel —
 In time of peace, in time of war, a faithful subject eye.

TO THE MUSE

TIS time to traverse Helicon in themes of higher strain,
 'Tis time to spur my Thracian steed across a wider plain;
 Now I would sing of mighty hosts and deeds of battle done,
 And chronicle the Roman fields my general has won;
 And if my powers of song should fail — to dare were surely fame:
 Enough that I have had the will; no higher praise I claim.

Let hot youth sing the laughing loves — be war the theme of age;
 Be war my theme — till now the dream of love has filled my page.
 With sober mien and graver brow I now must walk along,
 Now on another lyre my Muse essays another song.
 Rise, O my Muse! from lowly themes; put on your strength, ye Nine
 Who haunt the clear Pierian springs! — outpour the lofty line!

As when we cannot reach the head of statues all too high,
 We lay a chaplet at the feet, so now perforce do I;
 Unfit to climb the giddy heights of epic song divine,
 In humble adoration lay poor incense on thy shrine;
 For not as yet my Muse hath known the wells of Ascrea's grove:
 Permessus' gentle wave alone hath laved the limbs of Love.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS

ORPHEUS, 'tis said, the Thracian lyre-strings sweeping,
 Stayed the swift stream and soothed the savage brute:
 Cithæron's rocks, to Thebes spontaneous leaping,
 Rose into walls before Amphion's lute.

With dripping steeds did Galatea follow,
 'Neath Ætna's crags, lone Polyphemus' song:
 Is't strange the loved of Bacchus and Apollo
 Leads captive with his lay the maiden throng?


Though no Tænarian blocks uphold my dwelling,
 Nor ivory panels shine 'tween gilded beams;
 No orchards mine Phæacia's woods excelling,
 No chiseled grots where Marcian water streams —

Yet Song is mine; my strain the heart engages;
 Faint from the dance sinks the lithe Muse with me:
 O happy maid whose name adorns my pages!
 Each lay a lasting monument to thee!

The pyramids that cleave heaven's jeweled portal;
 Elean Jove's star-spangled dome; the tomb
 Where rich Mausolus sleeps — are not immortal,
 Nor shall escape inevitable doom.

Devouring fire and rains will mar their splendor;
 The weight of years will drag the marble down:
 Genius alone a name can deathless render,
 And round the forehead wreath the unfading crown.

CORNELIA

 PAULUS! vex my grave with tears no more:
 No prayers unlock the portals of the tomb;
 When once the dead have trod the infernal floor,
 Barred stand the adamantine doors of doom.

Though the dark hall's dread king would hear thy prayer,
 'Twere vain: dead shores will drink thy tears the while.
 Prayers move high heaven, but pay the boatman's fare,
 The drear gate closes on the shadowy pile. . . .

I doffed the maiden's dress — I was a bride;
 The matron's coif confined my braided hair:
 Too soon, O Paulus! doomed to leave thy side;
 I was but thine, my tombstone shall declare. . . .

Years changed me not; a blameless life I spent,
 From wedlock to its close our fame secure:
 Nature my blood with inborn virtue blent;
 No fears could make my guileless heart more pure. . . .

My meed — a mother's tears; the city's woe;
 Even Cæsar's sorrow consecrates my bier:
 Rome saw the mighty god a-weeping go,
 And mourn his daughter's worthy sister-peer.

Though young, the matron's honored robe I wore;
 Death from no barren dwelling bore his prize:
 My boys! my solace when I live no more,
 Ye held me in your hands and closed my eyes.

Twice had my brother filled the curule chair,
 A consul ere his sister's days were run.
 Thy censor-sire in mind, sweet daughter, bear:
 Uphold his honor; wed, like me, but one;

With offspring prop our line. — The bark's afloat:
 I gladly go, so many mourn my doom;
 A wife's last triumph, and of fairest note,
 Is fame's sweet incense rising o'er her tomb.

Paulus, our pledges I commend to thee;
 Burnt in my bones still breathes a mother's care.
 Discharge a mother's duties, then, for me;
 For now thy shoulders all their load must bear.

Kiss them, and kiss them for their mother; dry
 Their childish tears: thine all the burden now.
 Ne'er let them see thee weep or hear thee sigh,
 But with a smile thy sorrow disavow.

Enough that thou the weary nights shouldst moan,
 And woo my semblance back in visions vain;
 Yet whisper to my portrait when alone,
 As if the lips could answer thee again.

If e'er these halls should own another queen,
 And a new mother fill your mother's bed —
 My children, ne'er let frowning look be seen,
 But honor her your father chose to wed.

So shall your manners win her tender grace,
 And surely she will love for love return;
 Nor praise too much your mother to her face,
 For fear her breast with jealous feelings burn.

But should my image still his thoughts engage,
And Paulus dower my dust with love so rare,
Oh, learn to watch your father's failing age,
And shield his weary widowed heart from care!

Heaven add to yours the years I hoped in store,
And may your lives my aged Paulus cheer!
'Tis well: I ne'er the robes of mourning wore,
And all my children gathered round my bier.

My cause is pled. Each weeping witness, rise,
Since death's rewards life's losses well repay.
Heaven waits the pure in heart: be mine the prize
To soar triumphant to the realms of day.

OVID

(PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO)

THE Roman of Augustus' time came into a full and rich inheritance. Conquest had brought the civilized world into subjection to Rome; contact with many peoples, and the adjustment of local institutions to a wide range of conditions, had enlarged the intellectual horizon of the conquerors, while the inpouring of wealth from subject provinces had made possible the leisure and the resources essential to progress in culture. Greece, with art, literature, and philosophy developed to a singular perfection, ministered to every longing of awakened taste, offering at the same time inspiration and models of excellence.

This more cultivated life ushered in with the reign of Augustus found spontaneous expression in literature. In poetry two opposing tendencies contended for the mastery. With a few poets the thought of Rome's greatness was uppermost. The responsibility resting upon those whose mission it was "to rule the nations with their sway, to fix the terms of peace, to spare the conquered, and by war subdue the haughty," strengthened allegiance to the ideals of honor and virtue characteristic of the earlier period.

But there were many men who, recognizing the position of the Eternal City as the mistress of nations, were less moved by the contemplation of her greatness than attracted by the opportunities which an age of leisure and luxury afforded for self-gratification. As the centralization of governmental functions increased, less room was found for the display of these ambitions which had spurred the youth of the Republic to put forth their most earnest efforts. Contact with the Orient had introduced new forms of vice. As the strain of constant wars yielded to peace, there was a reaction from frugality to extravagance, from the practice of the hardier virtues to the extreme of self-indulgence. The energy that formerly had pressed the Roman eagles to the borders of the known world, flung itself into dissipation. Love, wine, and art were the watchwords of the day. The freshness and glamour could not endure; but they lasted long enough to inspire a group of poets who became the interpreters of this life of gaiety both for their own age and for future times. Four of these poets have often been mentioned together, in the order of succession: Cornelius Gallus, whose writings have perished, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

For the details of the life of Ovid we are indebted to the numerous personal references in his poems. He was born on the 20th of March, B.C. 43. His birth-place was Sulmo (now Solmona), a small town "abounding in cool waters,"

as he tells us; picturesquely situated in the midst of the Apennines, about ninety miles northeast of Rome. The Ovid family was ancient, of the equestrian rank; but possessed of only moderate means. The constant companion of the poet's youth was his brother Lucius, who was a year older than himself. The father was a practical man, apparently close in matters of business, but ambitious for his sons, to whom he gave the best education that the times afforded. It was his desire that both boys should devote themselves to the law; he placed them at Rome under the most distinguished masters. Lucius manifested an aptitude for legal studies, but the hapless Publius found his duty and his inclination in serious conflict. As he makes confession in the 'Tristia' (Book IV, x): —

To me, a lad, the service meet
Of heaven-born maids did seem more sweet,
And secretly the Muse did draw me to her feet.

Oft cried my father, "Still content
To humor such an idle bent?
Even Mæonian Homer did not leave a cent!"

Stirred by his words, I cast aside
The spell of Helicon, and tried
To clothe my thought in phrase with plainest prose allied.

But of themselves my words would run
In flowing numbers, and when done,
Whate'er I tried to write, in web of verse was spun.

In one part of his training, however, Ovid was not unsuccessful. The rhetorician Seneca heard him declaim; and says that "when he took pains he was considered a good declaimer," but that "argumentation of any kind was irksome to him," and that his discourse resembled "loose poetry." His rhetorical studies exerted much influence later on his verse.

When Ovid was nineteen years of age, the bond of unusual affection existing between his brother and himself was severed by the death of Lucius; at this time, he says, "I began to be deprived of half of myself." He made a feeble effort to enter civil life, and held several petty offices; but routine was distasteful to him, and he preferred to keep himself free from "care-bringing ambition," while his passion for poetry constantly grew stronger: —

Me the Aonian sisters pressed
To court retirement safe, addressed
To that which inclination long had urged as best.

The poets of the time I sought,
 Esteemed them with affection fraught
 With reverence; as gods they all were in my thought.

At some time after his brother's death Ovid studied at Athens, and made an extended tour in Asia Minor and Sicily in company with the poet Macer. He became saturated with Greek culture; and many a passage in his poems has a local coloring due to his having visited the spot described.

The earliest productions of our poet were recited in public when his "beard had only once or twice been cut." His songs were immediately popular. He became a member of the literary circle of Rome, and made the acquaintance of prominent men. Having sufficient means to free him from the necessity of labor for his own support, he mingled with the gay society of the metropolis, and wrote when in the mood for writing. He secured a house near the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, where he lived happily with his third wife; for the first wife, given to him "when little more than a boy," and a second wife also, had been speedily divorced.

So the years passed, in pleasure and in the pursuit of his art; and the poet fondly imagined that all would continue as it had been. But suddenly, in the latter part of the year 8 A.D., without a word of warning, an order came from the Emperor Augustus, directing him at once to take up his residence at Tomi, a dreary outpost on the Black Sea, south of the mouths of the Danube. He received the message when on the island of Elba. Returning to Rome, he made preparations for his departure; his picture of the distress and confusion of his last night at home ('*Tristia*,' Book I, iii) is among the most pathetic in ancient literature. He crossed the stormy Adriatic in the month of December, and reached Tomi, after a long and wearisome journey, probably in the spring of 9 A.D. His wife remained in Rome to intercede for his pardon.

The pretext assigned for the decree of banishment was the publication of the poet's '*Art of Love*'; which, however, had been before the public for a decade, and was hardly worse in its tendencies than many other writings of the time. The real reason is often darkly hinted at by Ovid, but nowhere stated. To discuss the subject at length would be idle: all things considered, it seems probable that the poet had involuntarily been a witness to something which, if known, would compromise some member of the imperial family; and that it was deemed expedient, as a matter of policy, to remove him as far from Rome as possible.

The decree was not a formal sentence of exile: Ovid was left in possession of his property, and did not lose the rights of citizenship. But his lot was nevertheless a hard one. The climate of Tomi was so severe that wine froze in the winter. The natives were half-civilized. The town was wholly without the comforts of life, and even subject to hostile attacks; especially in winter, when tribes from the north could cross the Danube on the ice. For a younger man,

full of life and vigor, enforced residence at Tomi would have been a severe punishment: Ovid was past the age of fifty, beyond the period when men adjust themselves readily to new surroundings. Absence from the city for any reason was looked upon by the average Roman as exile; for the pleasure-loving poet the air of joyous Rome had been life itself. Who can wonder that his spirit was crushed by the weight of his misfortune? He sent to Augustus poem after poem, rehearsing his sorrows and begging for a remission of his sentence, or at least for a less inhospitable place of banishment. Yet he was not unkindly to those among whom his lot was cast. He learned the language of the people of Tomi, and composed in it some verses which the natives received with tumultuous applause; they honored him with exemption from public burdens. So long as Augustus lived there was some hope of pardon; but even this faded away when Tiberius came to the throne. The poet's health finally succumbed to the climate and to the strain; he died in 17 A.D., and was buried at Tomi.

The poems of Ovid may be conveniently arranged in three groups: Poems of Love, Mythological Poems ('Metamorphoses,' 'Fasti'), and Poems of Exile. The 'Metamorphoses' and a short fragment ('Halieutica') are written in hexameter verse; all his other poems are in the elegiac measure, which he brought to the highest perfection.

Noteworthy among the poems of the first group are the 'Love Letters' ('Epistolæ Heroidum'), assumed to have been written by the heroines of the olden times to their absent husbands or lovers. Penelope writes to Ulysses how she lived in constant anxiety for his safety all through the long and weary Trojan War, and begs him to return and put an end to her unbearable loneliness. Briseis, apologizing for her letter "writ in bad Greek by a barbarian hand," implores Achilles either to slay her or bid her come back to him. The fair CEnone, deserted for Helen, reproaches Paris with his fickleness; Medea rages with uncontrollable fury as she recalls to Jason the rites of his new marriage, and Dido with fond entreaty presses Æneas to abide at Carthage. Every imaginable phase of passionate longing and despair comes to expression in these cleverly conceived epistles, which in the development of thought and in the arrangement of words show abundant traces of the poet's rhetorical studies.

The 'Amores' [Loves] consists of forty-nine short poems, written at different times, and arranged in three books. While the variety of topics touched upon is great, the 'Loves' as a whole celebrate the charms of Corinna, whom the poet presents as his mistress. But there is reason to suppose that Corinna was altogether a fiction, created by the poet's fancy to furnish a concrete attachment for his amatory effusions. The most pleasing of these poems is the elegy on the death of a pet parrot, which has often been imitated; but the poet hardly anywhere strikes a higher level than in the bold prophecy of his immortality, at the end of the first book.

The 'Loves' were followed by 'Ars Amatoria' [Art of Love], which was published about 2 B.C. This was a didactic poem in three books, concerned with the methods of securing and retaining the affections. The first two books are addressed to men, the third to the fair sex. While characterized by psychological insight and a style of unusual finish, this work reflects conditions so foreign to those of our day that it does not appeal to modern taste, and it is very little read. A supplementary book on 'Remedia Amoris' [Love Cures], published three or four years later, recommends various expedients for delivering oneself from the thralldom of the tender passion.

The 'Fasti' [Calendar] is arranged in six books, one for each month from January to June. Ovid clearly intended to include also the remaining months of the year, but was prevented by his banishment; the part completed received its final revision at Tomi. Under each month the days are treated in their order; the myths and legends associated with each day are skilfully interwoven with the appropriate details of worship and a certain amount of astronomical information. Thus, under March 15, we find a mention of the festival of Anna Perenna, with an entertaining account of the rites and festivals in her honor; then come the various stories which are told to explain how her worship at Rome originated; lastly there is a reference to the assassination of Julius Cæsar, who fell on that date. The following day, March 16, is passed with the statement that in the morning the fore part of the constellation Scorpio becomes visible. Apart from the charm of the 'Fasti' as literature, the numerous references to Roman history and institutions, and to details of topography, lend to the poem a peculiar value for the student.

The most important work of Ovid is the 'Metamorphoses,' or 'Transformations,' which comprises about eleven thousand lines, and is divided into fifteen books. From one of the elegies written at Tomi ('Tristia,' Book I, vii), we learn that when the poet was banished the work was still incomplete; in a fit of desperation he burned the manuscript, but as some of his friends had copies, the poem was preserved. In point of structure, thought, and form the 'Metamorphoses' has characteristics that ally it with both epic and didactic poetry; but it is more nearly akin to the latter class than to the former. The purpose is to set forth, in a single narrative, the changes of form which, following current myths, had taken place from the beginning of things down to the poet's own time.

The poem begins with the evolution of the world out of chaos; it closes with the transformation of Julius Cæsar into a star. Between these limits the poet has blended as it were into a single movement two hundred and sixteen stories of marvelous change. For the last two books he drew largely upon Roman sources; the rest of the matter was taken from the Greek — the stories following one another in a kind of chronological order. Notwithstanding the diversity and amount of the material utilized in the poem, the parts are so well

harmonized, and the transitions are so skilfully made, that the reader is carried along with interest almost unabated to the end.

The 'Tristia' [Sorrows] in five books, is made up of short poems written during the first four years of Ovid's residence at Tomi; they depict the wretchedness of his condition, and plead for mercy. Of a similar purport are the 'Epistolæ ex Ponto' [Letters from the Black Sea], in four books, which are addressed to various persons at Rome, and belong to the period from 12 A.D. to near the end of the poet's life. The 'Letters' particularly show a marked decline in poetical power.

Besides these and a few other extant poems, Ovid left several works that have perished. Chief among them was a tragedy called 'Medea,' to which Quintilian gave high praise.

Poetry with Ovid was the spontaneous expression of an ardent and sensuous nature; his ideal of poetic art was the ministry of pleasure. There is in his verse a lack of seriousness which stands in marked contrast with the tone of Vergil, or even of Horace. His point of view at all times is that of the drawing-room or the dinner-table; the tone of his poetry is that of the cultivated social life of his time. No matter what the theme, the same lightness of touch is everywhere noticeable. Up to this time, poetic tradition had kept the gods above the level of common life: Ovid treats them as gentlemen and ladies accustomed to good society, whose jealousies, intrigues, and bickerings read very much like a modern novel. In this as in his treatment of love he simply manifested a tendency of his age. His easy relation with the reader gives him a peculiar charm as a story-teller.

As a poet, Ovid possessed a luxuriant imagination, and great facility in the use of language. His manner is usually simple and flowing. His verse is often pathetic, never intense; sometimes elevated, never sublime; abounding in humorous turns, frequently with touches of delicate irony. It is marred sometimes by incongruous or revolting details, or by an excess of particulars which should be left to the imagination of the reader; and also by a repetition of ideas or phrases intended to heighten the effect, but in reality weakening it. In view of the amount of poetry which Ovid produced, it is surprising that the average of quality is so high. He left more than twice as many lines as Vergil, four times as many as Horace, and more than fifteen times as many as Catullus.

Ovid has always been a favorite poet, though read more often in selections than as a whole. To his influence is due the wide acquaintance of modern readers with certain classical myths, as those of Phaethon and of Pyramus and Thisbe. In the earlier periods of English literature he was more highly esteemed than now, when critical and scientific tendencies are paramount, and the finished poetry of Horace and Vergil is more popular than the more imaginative but less delicate verse of our poet. Milton knew much of Ovid by heart; the authors in whom he took most delight were, after Homer, Ovid and Euripides.

The concreteness of Ovid's imagination has given him an influence greater than that of any other ancient poet in the suggestion of themes for artistic treatment, from Guido's 'Aurora' to the prize paintings at the École des Beaux-Arts.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY

ON THE DEATH OF CORINNA'S PARROT

OUR parrot, sent from India's farthest shore,
 Our parrot, prince of mimics, is no more.
 Throng to his burial, pious tribes of air,
 With rigid claw your tender faces tear!
 Your ruffled plumes, like mourners' tresses, rend,
 And all your notes, like funeral trumpets, blend!
 Mourn all that cleaves the liquid skies; but chief,
 Beloved turtle, lead the general grief —
 Through long harmonious days the parrot's friend,
 In mutual faith still loyal to the end!
 What boots that faith? those splendid hues and strange?
 That voice so skilled its various notes to change?
 What to have won my gentle lady's grace?
 Thou diest, hapless glory of thy race.
 Red joined with saffron in thy beak was seen,
 And green thy wings beyond the emerald's sheen;
 Nor ever lived on earth a wiser bird,
 With lisping voice to answer all he heard.

'Twas envy slew thee: all averse to strife,
 One love of chatter filled thy peaceful life;
 Forever satisfied with scantiest fare,
 Small time for food that busy tongue could spare.
 Walnuts and sleep-producing poppies gave
 Thy simple diet, and thy drink the wave.
 Long lives the hovering vulture, long the kite
 Pursues through air the circles of his flight;
 Many the years the noisy jackdaws know,
 Prophets of rainfall; and the boding crow
 Waits, still unscathed by armed Minerva's hate,
 Three ages three times told, a tardy fate.
 But he, our prattler from earth's farthest shore,
 Our human tongue's sweet image, is no more.

Thus still the ravening Fates our best devour,
 And spare the mean till life's extremest hour.
 Why tell the prayers my lady prayed in vain,
 Borne by the stormy south wind o'er the main?
 The seventh dawn had come, the last for thee;
 With empty distaff stood the fatal Three:
 Yet still from failing throat thy accents rung;
 Farewell, Corinna! cried thy dying tongue.
 There stands a grove with dark-green ilex crowned
 Beneath the Elysian hill, and all around
 With turf undying shines the verdant ground.
 There dwells, if true the tale, the pious race:
 All evil birds are banished from the place;
 There harmless swans unbounded pasture find;
 There dwells the phenix, single of his kind;
 The peacock spreads his splendid plumes in air;
 The kissing doves sit close, an amorous pair;
 There, in their woodland home a guest allowed,
 Our parrot charms the pious listening crowd.
 Beneath a mound of justly measured size,
 Small tombstone, briefest epitaph, he lies:
 "His mistress' darling" — that this stone may show
 The prince of feathered speakers lies below.

Translated by Alfred Church

FROM SAPPHO'S LETTER TO PHAON

A SPRING there is, where silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
 A flowery lotus spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watched by the sylvan genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swelled with tears the flood,
 Before my sight a watery virgin stood;
 She stood and cried, "Oh, you that love in vain,
 Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main!
 There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
 There injured lovers, leaping from above,
 Their flames extinguish and forget to love.

Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned;
 In vain he loved — relentless Pyrrha scorned:
 But when from hence he plunged into the main,
 Deucalion scorned and Pyrrha loved in vain.
 Hence, Sappho, haste! from high Leucadia throw
 Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below."
 She spoke, and vanished with the voice; — I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
 I go, ye nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove
 And much I fear; but ah! how much I love!
 I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, below my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!
 And then, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
 And this inscription shall be placed below:
 "Here she who sung to him that did inspire,
 Sappho to Phœbus, consecrates her lyre;
 What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee —
 The gift, the giver, and the god agree."

Translated by Pope

A SOLDIER'S BRIDE (LAODAMIA)

AH! Trojan women (happier far than we),
 Fain in your lot would I partaker be!
 If ye must mourn o'er some dead hero's bier,
 And all the dangers of the war are near,
 With you at least the fair and youthful bride
 May arm her husband, in becoming pride;
 Lift the fierce helmet to his gallant brow,
 And with a trembling hand his sword bestow;
 With fingers all unused the weapon brace,
 And gaze with fondest love upon his face!
 How sweet to both this office she will make —
 How many a kiss receive, how many take!

When all equipped she leads him from the door,
 Her fond commands how oft repeating o'er:
 "Return victorious, and thine arms enshrine —
 Return, beloved, to these arms of mine!"
 Nor shall these fond commands be all in vain;
 Her hero-husband will return again.
 Amid the battle's din and clashing swords
 He still will listen to her parting words;
 And if more prudent, still, ah! not less brave,
 One thought for her and for his home will save.

Translated by Miss E. Garland

THE CREATION

OF bodies changed to various forms I sing.
 Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
 Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
 Till I my long laborious work complete;
 And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
 Deduced from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.
 Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
 And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
 One was the face of nature, if a face;
 Rather a rude and indigested mass:
 A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
 Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
 No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
 No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
 Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
 Nor, poised, did on her own foundations lie;
 Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown:
 But earth and air and water were in one.
 Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
 And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
 No certain form on any was impressed:
 All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.
 For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
 And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.
 But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
 To these intestine discords put an end.

Then earth from air, and seas from earth, were driven,
 And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
 Thus disembroiled, they take their proper place;
 The next of kin contiguously embrace;
 And foes are sundered by a larger space.
 The force of fire ascended first on high,
 And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
 Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
 Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
 Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
 Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
 About her coasts unruly waters roar,
 And rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
 Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
 Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
 That no unequal portions might be found,
 He molded earth into a spacious round;
 Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
 And bade the congregated waters flow.
 He adds the running springs and standing lakes;
 And bounding banks for winding rivers makes —
 Some part in earth are swallowed up, the most
 In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost;
 He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
 With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

Translated by Dryden

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

IN Phrygian ground
 Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompassed round,
 Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown —
 One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
 I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
 To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
 Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
 Of coots and of the fishing cormorant:
 Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
 Of mortal men concealed their deities:
 One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;

And many toilsome steps together trod;
 For harbor at a thousand doors they knocked —
 Not one of all the thousand but was locked.
 At last an hospitable house they found —
 An homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
 Was thatched with reeds and straw together bound.
 There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
 Had lived long married, and a happy pair;
 Now old in love; though little was their store,
 Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
 Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.
 For master or for servants here to call,
 Was all alike, where only two were all.
 Command was none, where equal love was paid;
 Or rather both commanded, both obeyed.

From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
 Now stooping, entered through the little door;
 The man (their hearty welcome first expressed)
 A common settle drew for either guest,
 Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
 But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
 Two cushions stuffed with straw, the seat to raise —
 Coarse, but the best she had: then takes the load
 Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
 The living coals, and lest they should expire,
 With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire;
 It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows
 Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
 With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these
 And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
 The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on
 (Like burnished gold the little seether shone):
 Next took the coleworts which her husband got
 From his own ground (a small well-watered spot);
 She stripped the stalks of all their leaves; the best
 She culled, and then with handy care she dressed.
 High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung:
 Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
 And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
 Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
 Yet a large portion of a little store,

Which for their sakes alone he wished were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed.
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments — yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame —
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly reared;
Then rubbed it o'er with newly gathered mint —
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colored olive, black and green;
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved;
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board;
And next in place an earthen pitcher, stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnished with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
And to the table sent the smoking lard:
On which with eager appetite they dine —
A savory bit, that served to relish wine;

The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
 Still working in the must, and lately pressed.
 The second course succeeds like that before:
 Plums, apples, nuts, and of their wintry store
 Dry figs and grapes and wrinkled dates were set
 In canisters, to enlarge the little treat:
 All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
 Which in the midst the country banquet crowned.
 But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
 With hearty welcome, and an open face;
 In all they did, you might discern with ease
 A willing mind and a desire to please.

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
 Though often emptied, were observed to fill,
 Filled without hands, and of their own accord
 Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
 Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
 With wine, and of no common grape, increased;
 And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
 Excusing as they could their country fare.
 One goose they had ('twas all they could allow),
 A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
 Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
 Her, with malicious zeal, the couple viewed;
 She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued:
 Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
 And would not make her master's compliment;
 But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
 And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
 He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
 And saved her life; then what he was, declared,
 And owned the god. "The neighborhood," said he,
 "Shall justly perish for impiety:

You stand alone exempted; but obey
 With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
 Leave these accursed; and to the mountain's height
 Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight."

They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
 The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
 An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
 And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
 Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes:
 Lost in a lake the floated level lies;

A watery desert covers all the plains,
 Their cot alone as in an isle remains;
 Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
 Their neighbors' fate, and country now no more,
 Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
 Seems, from the ground increased, in height and bulk to grow.
 A stately temple shoots within the skies:
 The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
 The pavement polished marble they behold,
 The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of gold.

Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene:
 "Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
 And thou, O woman, only worthy found
 To be with such a man in marriage bound."

Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove addressed,
 Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
 "We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
 And offer at your altars rites divine:
 And since not any action of our life
 Has been polluted with domestic strife,
 We beg one hour of death; that neither she
 With widow's tears may live to bury me,
 Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
 My breathless Baucis to the sepulcher."

The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
 In the same tenor all the appointed space:
 Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
 These past adventures at the temple gate,
 Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
 Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green;
 Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood,
 And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood.
 New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
 Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
 Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
 They give and take at once their last adieu:
 At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said;
 At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
 Even yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
 A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
 The neighborhood confirm the prodigy —
 Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
 I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,

And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
 And offering fresher up, with pious prayer —
 "The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
 And such as honor Heaven shall heavenly honor share."

Translated by Dryden

A GRUESOME LOVER

A PROMONTORY, sharpening by degrees,
 Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas;
 On either side, below, the water flows:
 This airy walk the giant lover chose;
 Here in the midst he sate; his flocks, unled,
 Their shepherd followed, and securely fed.
 A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
 That sailing ships required it for a mast,
 He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide;
 But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
 A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
 Scarce made a pipe proportioned to his mouth;
 Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
 And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
 I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
 Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
 On Acis' bosom I my head reclined:
 And still preserve the poem in my mind.

"O lovely Galatea, whiter far
 Than falling snows and rising lilies are;
 More flowery than the meads; as crystal bright;
 Erect as alders, and of equal height;
 More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin
 Than Orient shells that on the shores are seen;
 Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
 Pleasing as winter suns or summer shade;
 More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
 And softer to the touch than down of swans,
 Or curds new turned; and sweeter to the taste
 Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste;
 More clear than ice, or running streams that stray

Through garden plots, but, ah! more swift than they.

"Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaimed to bear the yoke;
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak;
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold:
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immovable, and fixed in thy disdain;
Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent than is the rising flood;
And the praised peacock is not half so proud;
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear;
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,
And more revengeful than a trodden snake;
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

"Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wished embraces run;
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.

"My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand: a spacious pleasing shade,
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden filled with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue,
And these, and those, are all reserved for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gathered by so white a hand;
Autumnal cornels later fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown.
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.

"The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide,

And those that folded in the caves abide.
 Ask not the numbers of my growing store:
 Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
 Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
 But judge yourself, and pass your own decree;
 Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
 Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
 In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
 Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
 New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly served
 For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserved.
 Nor are these household dainties all my store.
 The fields and forests will afford us more;
 The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar;
 All sorts of venison; and of birds the best —
 A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
 I walked the mountains, and two cubs I found,
 Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground:
 So like, that no distinction could be seen;
 So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
 And so they shall: I took them both away;
 And keep, to be companions of your play.
 "O raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
 The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
 Come, Galatea, come, and view my face:
 I late beheld it in the watery glass,
 And found it lovelier than I feared it was.
 Survey my towering stature, and my size:
 Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
 Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread.
 My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
 Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
 As with a shady grove my shoulders crown.
 Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
 A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
 My shape deformed: what fouler sight can be
 Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
 Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
 And birds, without their feathers and their train.
 Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
 From bushy limbs and from a bearded face.
 My forehead with a single eye is filled,
 Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
 Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
 Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
 Like you, am of the watery family;
 I make you his, in making you my own.
 You I adore, and kneel to you alone;
 Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
 And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
 Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
 Disdained, if others were disdained with me.
 But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
 The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
 But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
 Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor:
 The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
 These giant limbs endued with giant might."

Translated by Dryden

THE SUN-GOD'S PALACE

SUBLIME on lofty columns, bright with gold
 And fiery carbuncle, its roof inlaid
 With ivory, rose the palace of the sun,
 Approached by folding gates with silver sheen
 Radiant; material priceless, yet less prized
 For its own worth than what the cunning head
 Of Mulciber thereon had wrought: the globe
 Of earth, the seas that wash it round, the skies
 That overhang it. 'Mid the waters played
 Their gods cerulean. Triton with his horn
 Was there, and Proteus of the shifting shape,
 And old Ægeon, curbing with firm hand
 The monsters of the deep. Her Nereids there
 Round Doris sported, seeming, some to swim,
 Some on the rocks their tresses green to dry,
 Some dolphin-borne to ride; nor all in face
 The same, nor different; — so should sisters be.
 Earth showed her men, and towns, and woods, and beasts,
 And streams, and nymphs, and rural deities;
 And over all the mimic heaven was bright

With the twelve Zodiac signs, on either valve
Of the great portal figured — six on each.

Translated by Henry King

A TRANSFORMATION

WEARY and travel-worn — her lips unwet
With water — at a straw-thatched cottage door
The wanderer knocked. An ancient crone came forth
And saw her need, and hospitable brought
Her bowl of barley-broth, and bade her drink.
Thankful she raised it; but a graceless boy
And impudent stood by, and, ere the half
Was drained, "Ha! ha! see how the glutton swills!"
With insolent jeer he cried. The goddess' ire
Was roused; and as he spoke, what liquor yet
The bowl retained, full in his face she dashed.
His cheeks broke out in blotches; what were arms
Turned legs, and from the shortened trunk a tail
Tapered behind. Small mischief evermore
Might that small body work: the lizard's self
Was larger now than he. With terror shrieked
The crone, and weeping, stooped her altered child
To raise; the little monster fled her grasp
And wriggled into hiding. Still his name
His nature tells, and, from the star-like spots
That mark him, known as Stellio, crawls the Newt.

Translated by Henry King

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

SO sang he, and, accordant to his plaint,
As wailed the strings, the bloodless ghosts were moved
To weeping. By the lips of Tantalus
Unheeded slipped the wave; Ixion's wheel
Forgot to whirl; the Vulture's bloody feast
Was stayed; awhile the Belides forbore
Their leaky urns to dip; and Sisyphus

Sate listening on his stone. Then first, they say,
 The iron cheeks of the Eumenides
 Were wet with pity. Of the nether realm
 Nor king nor queen had heart to say him nay.
 Forth from a host of new-descended shades
 Eurydice was called; and halting yet,
 Slow with her recent wound, she came alive,
 On one condition to her spouse restored —
 That, till Avernus' vale is passed and earth
 Regained, he look not backward, or the boon
 Is null and forfeit. Through the silent realm
 Upward against the steep and fronting hill,
 Dark with obscurest gloom, the way he led;
 And now the upper air was all but won,
 When, fearful lest the toil o'ertask her strength,
 And yearning to behold the form he loved,
 An instant back he looked — and back the shade
 That instant fled! The arms that wildly strove
 To clasp and stay her, clasped but yielding air!
 No word of plaint even in that second death
 Against her lord she uttered — how could love
 Too anxious be upbraided? — but one last
 And sad "Farewell!" scarce audible, she sighed,
 And vanished to the ghosts that late she left.

Translated by Henry King

THE POET'S FAME

SO crown I here a work that dares defy
 The wrath of Jove, the fire, the sword, the tooth
 Of all-devouring Time! Come when it will
 The day that ends my life's uncertain term —
 That on this corporal frame alone hath power
 To work extinction — high above the Stars
 My nobler part shall soar; my Name remain
 Immortal; wheresoe'er the might of Rome
 O'erawes the subject Earth, my Verse survive
 Familiar in the mouths of men! and if
 A bard may prophesy, while time shall last
 Endure, and die but with the dying world!

Translated by Henry King

SENECA

THE greatest of Christian evangelists was haunted by the dread lest, while he pointed out to others the path to bliss, he himself "should become a castaway." The most fluent, tolerant, and persuasive of Roman ethical teachers, Seneca, demonstrated by his tragic failure in the trying crises of his life, how hard it was to be brave, consistent, or even free from crime, under the mad despotism of a Caligula, a Claudius, and a Nero.

At Cordova there is still shown a ruined villa bearing the name "House of Seneca." In Spain, then, the native land of so many Roman authors, the great philosopher's father was born. The family was wealthy, and enjoyed the privileges of Roman knighthood. The father was a devoted student of rhetoric, and endowed with a memory as phenomenal as Macaulay's. After hearing a speech of several thousand words, he could repeat it verbatim. He knew Rome well, for he had repeatedly heard all the orators since Cicero. Still, especially after his rather late marriage, he seems to have preferred the quiet of his estates in Spain.

The two books by the elder Seneca of which we hear, were probably undertaken for the education of his three sons. His history of the civil wars and the early empire is wholly lost. We are told that in a general preface he compared the earlier epochs in the development of the State to the stages of human life. His other work, extant in a fragmentary form, is chiefly made up of quotations from the noted rhetoricians he had heard, taking both sides in a series of academic subjects for debate, such as — "Should Leonidas retreat from Thermopylæ?", "Should Cicero beg his life from Antony?", etc. In his prefaces to the various books the elder Seneca shows a pleasing wit, a pure Latin style — and his prodigious memory.

His three sons are memorable for very different reasons. The youngest, Mela, was merely the father of the poet Lucan, who died in utter ignominy and dragged his parents down with him. The eldest of the trio was adopted by his father's friend Gallio. Under that name he has enjoyed an unwelcome fame among Christians, as the Roman governor of Greece who "cared for none of these things" (Acts xviii, 12-17).

The greatest man of the family, however — the most brilliant literary figure of three imperial reigns — was the second son, Lucius Annæus Seneca, like his father a native of Cordova. Born shortly before the Christian era, and of a delicate and sickly constitution, he devoted himself, not like his kinsmen to rhetoric, but rather to philosophy. The Stoic school was more sympathetic to Roman character than its powerful rival, the sect of Epicurus. With these

devotees to duty rather than pleasure as the chief end of life, Seneca associated himself. He also had a strong regard for the Cynics, whose school may be regarded as the superlative degree of Stoicism. But it is a pleasing trait in this genial and tolerant nature, that he saw how Epicurus himself and his austere followers had arrived by a different road at nearly the same ethical goal. Indeed such commonplaces as the uncertainty of all prosperity, or the duty of meeting calamity with fortitude, needed in those evil days no instiller save the caprice of "Cæsar," and the insatiate cruelty and greed of countless satellites, informers, and spies.

Such lessons Seneca has left us in a hundred sermons — under which title we may include nearly all his epistles, the avowed essays, and the "dialogues," which narrow to monologues as inevitably as a Ciceronian treatise or a poem of Wordsworth. The themes are few, and not often new; the illustrations, epigrams, tropes, disguise the monotony and obviousness of the thought. As Quintilian says, the style is an essentially vicious one, and doubly dangerous because its errors are clothed in brilliant beauty. The tendency of Seneca is constantly to put manner above matter, to hide familiar and undisputed truth under striking and picturesque ornament.

This advocate of contented poverty was the wealthiest and most extravagant of courtiers. He assured his disciples that contentment abides only in the huts of humility — and entertained them at five hundred splendid tables of cedar and ivory. Such inconsistency, indeed, he frankly confesses; bidding us follow rather his aspirations and future intentions than his present example.

The very prominence of Seneca's position exposed him to yet more deadly perils and temptations. His youthful successes as an advocate exposed him to the jealousy of Caligula, who was only mollified by the assurance that the feeble consumptive was already at death's door. Banished by the next emperor, Claudius, Seneca for eight years (41-49 A.D.) languished an exile in Corsica. Thence he addressed to the dissolute freedman Polybius, favorite of the half-witted Claudius, the most fulsome flatteries intended for the ears of both. One of the great philosophic treatises, 'On Consolation,' is written to condole with this archvillain upon the death of a brother. The long-prayed-for return to Rome came at last through the infamous Agrippina, when she had destroyed her imperial rival, and begun her lifelong machinations for the advancement of her ungrateful son, the future emperor Nero. Of this precocious monster Seneca became the guardian or tutor. Whether the sage connived at the murder of the emperor Claudius (54 A.D.), is an insoluble problem. He did not denounce the guilty, and he shared the fruits of the crime. He even composed, to amuse his pupil and his guilty mother, a heartless and irreverent account of Claudius' reception and condemnation in the world of the dead. This is the same Claudius who was so extolled in the 'De Consolatione ad Polybium!'

Nero in the first five years of his reign gave some promise of statesmanlike development and a juster balance of character. Doubtless for the best acts of this period his mentor deserves the chief credit. While his fellow-guardian, the sturdy Burrus, controlled the turbulent prætorian guards, Seneca was as secure in his position as he can be who draws his breath by the permission of a young tyrant with madness in his blood, and bred to folly and self-indulgence. The culminating horror in Nero's lurid reign was the monarch's assassination of his own mother, whose worst crimes had been committed in her son's interest. After condoning at least, and justifying as a political necessity, this awful deed, Seneca himself must have felt that his pulpit should be vacated. He soon realized that his only hope of life was in the abdication of all authority, the "voluntary" proffer of his wealth to the young emperor, and a prompt retirement to Cordova or some equally remote retreat. Even this path he found blocked. Accused of treason, he was commanded to put an end to his own life. Thus set face to face with the inevitable, Seneca offered the usual example of a philosophic death (an example, by the way, which his pupil Nero, almost alone among eminent Romans, failed to follow). This was in 65 A.D. His wife attempted to share his fate, but was rescued against her will.

There are numberless pleasing traits in Seneca's character. Indeed, it is much the same here as with his literary style. The central motive we may be forced to condemn, yet a hundred charming touches lend to it a dangerous attractiveness. He loved power, wealth, and glory; and to them sacrificed after-fame. But he was faithful to all the ties of human friendship, in a century when betrayal and selfishness were inbred in most men. Especially in his love for children, and his delight in them, he is almost un-Roman. In many of his educational and social doctrines he is in advance of his age. And after all, the errors of his life are largely inferred rather than proven. Many of his ethical doctrines are of so lofty a nature that he has been recognized by popes and councils as at least in part an authority for Christian doctrine.

Perhaps to the same cause we may attribute the baseless legend that Seneca was in correspondence, and even on terms of personal friendship, with the Apostle Paul, during his two years' imprisonment in Rome. Seneca, like the other Romans of his day, made no distinction between the Christians and the other sects of the "most detestable" Jews. Indeed, he never mentions the new sect by name.

Most of Seneca's prose works we have already characterized. There is indeed one series of essays, in which he attempts to discuss the laws and phenomena of the physical world. Based of course upon the Ptolemaic system, these books had much influence throughout the Middle Ages, but have become mere curiosities in the broader daylight of modern science.

The mocking satire upon the dead Claudius is written partly in prose and

partly in verse; and so may be classed as an example of "Menippean" satire. Most of Seneca's other poetic productions have perished.

An important exception to the last statement must be made, in that ten tragedies have been handed down to us under his name. Composed long after the decay of drama, rhetorical in form, and bombastic, unsuited to our ideas of scenic effect, these have nevertheless an extreme interest, as the only specimens of serious Roman drama still extant. They were highly esteemed during the Renaissance, and exercised considerable influence on the revival of European tragedy in general and of English tragedy in particular. With regard to this question the reader is referred to J. W. Cunliffe's 'The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy' (1893) and his 'Early English Classical Tragedies' (1912). Probably only seven of the tragedies are Seneca's, but all ten passed with the Elizabethans as his, and were well known to them, both in the original and in translation.

TIME WASTED

IN the distribution of human life, we find that a great part of it passes away in evil-doing, a greater yet in doing just nothing at all, and in effect, the whole in doing things beside our business. Some hours we bestow upon ceremony and servile attendance, some upon our pleasures, and the remainder runs to waste. What a deal of time is it that we spend in hopes and fears, love and revenge; in balls, treats, making of interests, suing for offices, soliciting of causes, and slavish flatteries! The shortness of life, I know, is the common complaint both of fools and philosophers — as if the time we have were not sufficient for our duties. But it is with our lives as with our estates — a good husband makes a little go a great way; whereas, let the revenue of a prince fall into the hand of a prodigal, it is gone in a moment. So that the time allotted us, if it were well employed, were abundantly enough to answer all the ends and purposes of mankind; but we squander it away in avarice, drink, sleep, luxury, ambition, fawning addresses, envy, rambling voyages, impertinent studies, change of councils and the like: and when our portion is spent we find the want of it, though we give no heed to it in the passage; insomuch that we have rather made our life short than found it so. You shall have some people perpetually playing with their fingers, whistling, humming, and talking to themselves; and others consume their days in the composing, hearing, or reciting of songs and lampoons. How many precious mornings do we spend in consultation with barbers, tailors, and tire-women, patching and painting betwixt the comb and the glass? A council must be called upon every hair we cut, and one curl amiss is as much as a body's life is worth. The truth is, we are more solicitous about our dress than

our manners, and about the order of our periwigs than that of the government. At this rate let us but discount, out of a life of a hundred years, that time which has been spent upon popular negotiations, frivolous amours, domestic brawls, saunterings up and down to no purpose, diseases that we have brought upon ourselves — and this large extent of life will not amount, perhaps, to the minority of another man. It is a long being, but perchance a short life. And what is the reason of all this? We live as if we should never die, and without any thought of human frailty; when yet the very moment we bestow upon this man or thing may peradventure be our last.

Paraphrased from Seneca by Sir Roger L'Estrange

INDEPENDENCE IN ACTION

ALL men, brother Gallio, wish to live happily, but are dull at perceiving exactly what it is that makes life happy: and so far is it from being easy to attain to happiness, that the more eagerly a man struggles to reach it, the further he departs from it, if he takes the wrong road; for since this leads in the opposite direction, his very swiftness carries him all the further away. We must therefore define clearly what it is at which we aim; next we must consider by what path we may most speedily reach it: for on our journey itself, provided it be made in the right direction, we shall learn how much progress we have made each day, and how much nearer we are to the goal towards which our natural desires urge us. But as long as we wander at random, not following any guide except the shouts and discordant clamors of those who invite us to proceed in different directions, our short life will be wasted in useless roamings, even if we labor both day and night to get a good understanding. Let us not therefore decide whither we must tend, and by what path, without the advice of some experienced person, who has explored the region which we are about to enter: because this journey is not subject to the same conditions as others; for in them some distinctly understood track and inquiries made of the natives make it impossible for us to go wrong, but here the most beaten and frequented tracks are those which lead us most astray. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that we should not, like sheep, follow the flock that has gone before us, and thus proceed not whither we ought, but whither the rest are going.

PRAISES OF THE RIVAL SCHOOL IN PHILOSOPHY

MEN are not encouraged by Epicurus to run riot; but the vicious hide their excesses in the lap of philosophy, and flock to the schools in which they hear the praises of pleasure. They do not consider how sober and temperate — for so, by Hercules, I believe it to be — that “pleasure” of Epicurus is; but they rush at his mere name, seeking to obtain some protection and cloak for their vices. They lose, therefore, the one virtue which their evil life possessed — that of being ashamed of doing wrong; for they praise what they used to blush at, and boast of their vices. Thus modesty can never reassert itself, when shameful idleness is dignified with an honorable name. The reason why that praise which your school lavishes upon pleasure is so hurtful, is because the honorable part of its teaching passes unnoticed, but the degrading part is seen by all.

I myself believe, though my Stoic comrades would be unwilling to hear me say so, that the teaching of Epicurus was upright and holy, and even, if you examine it narrowly, stern; for this much-talked-of pleasure is reduced to a very narrow compass, and he bids pleasure submit to the same law which we bid virtue do — I mean, to obey nature. Luxury, however, is not satisfied with what is enough for nature. What is the consequence? Whoever thinks that happiness consists in lazy sloth and alternations of gluttony and profligacy, requires a good patron for a bad action; and when he has become an Epicurean, having been led to do so by the attractive name of that school, he follows, not the pleasure which he there hears spoken of, but that which he brought thither with him; and having learned to think that his vices coincide with the maxims of that philosophy, he indulges in them no longer timidly and in dark corners, but boldly in the face of day. I will not, therefore, like most of our school, say that the sect of Epicurus is the teacher of crime; but what I say is, it is ill spoken of, it has a bad reputation, and yet it does not deserve it.

INCONSISTENCY

IF any one of those dogs who yelp at philosophy were to say, as they are wont to do: “Why then do you talk so much more bravely than you live? why do you check your words in the presence of your superiors, and consider money to be a necessary implement? why are you disturbed when you sustain losses, and weep on hearing of the death of your wife or your friend? why do you pay regard to common rumor, and feel annoyed by calumnious gossip? why is your estate more elaborately kept than its natural use requires?

why do you not dine according to your own maxims? why is your furniture smarter than it need be? why do you drink wine that is older than yourself? why are your grounds laid out? why do you plant trees which afford nothing except shade? why does your wife wear in her ears the price of a rich man's house? why are your children at school dressed in costly clothes? why is it a science to wait upon you at table? why is your silver plate not set down anyhow or at random, but skilfully disposed in regular order, with a superintendent to preside over the carving of the viands?" Add to this, if you like, the questions: "Why do you own property beyond the seas? why do you own more than you know of? — it is a shame to you not to know your slaves by sight; for you must be very neglectful of them if you only own a few, or very extravagant if you have too many for your memory to retain." I will add some reproaches afterward, and will bring more accusations against myself than you think of; for the present I will make you the following answer:

"I am not a wise man, and I will not be one in order to feed your spite; so do not require me to be on a level with the best of men, but merely to be better than the worst: I am satisfied if every day I take away something from my vices and correct my faults. I have not arrived at perfect soundness of mind; indeed, I never shall arrive at it: I compound palliatives rather than remedies for my gout, and am satisfied if it comes at rarer intervals and does not shoot so painfully. Compared with your feet, which are lame, I am a racer." I make this speech, not on my own behalf — for I am steeped in vices of every kind — but on behalf of one who has made some progress in virtue.

"You talk one way," objects our adversary, "and live another." You most spiteful of creatures, you who always show the bitterest hatred to the best of men, this reproach was flung at Plato, at Epicurus, at Zeno; for all these declared how they ought to live, not how they did live. I speak of virtue, not of myself; and when I blame vices, I blame my own first of all: when I have the power, I shall live as I ought to do: spite, however deeply steeped in venom, shall not keep me back from what is best; that poison itself with which you bespatter others, with which you choke yourselves, shall not hinder me from continuing to praise that life which I do not indeed lead, but which I know I ought to lead — from loving virtue and from following after her, albeit a long way behind her and with halting gait.

ON LEISURE

WITH leisure we can carry out that which we have once for all decided to be best, when there is no one to interfere with us, and with the help of the mob pervert our as yet feeble judgment; with leisure only can life, which we distract by aiming at the most incom-

patible objects, flow on in a single gentle stream. Indeed, the worst of our various ills is that we change our very vices, and so have not even the advantage of dealing with a well-known form of evil; we take pleasure first in one and then in another, and are besides troubled by the fact that our opinions are not only wrong, but lightly formed: we toss as it were on waves, and clutch at one thing after another; we let go what we just now sought for, and strive to recover what we have let go. We oscillate between desire and remorse: for we depend entirely upon the opinions of others; and it is that which many people praise and seek after, not that which deserves to be praised and sought after, which we consider to be best. Nor do we take any heed of whether our road be good or bad in itself; but we value it by the number of footprints upon it, among which there are none of any who have returned. You will say to me: "Seneca, what are you doing? do you desert your party? I am sure that our Stoic philosophers say we must be in motion up to the very end of our life: we will never cease to labor for the general good, to help individual people, and when stricken in years to afford assistance even to our enemies. We are the sect that gives no discharge for any number of years' service; and in the words of the most eloquent of poets —

We wear the helmet when our locks are gray.

We are they who are so far from indulging in any leisure until we die, that if circumstances permit it, we do not allow ourselves to be at leisure even when we are dying. Why do you preach the maxims of Epicurus in the very headquarters of Zeno? nay, if you are ashamed of your party, why do you not go openly altogether over to the enemy rather than betray your own side?"

I will answer this question straightway: What more can you wish than that I should imitate my leaders? What then follows? I shall go whither they lead me, not whither they send me.

Now I will prove to you that I am not deserting the tenets of the Stoics; for they themselves have not deserted them: and yet I should be able to plead a very good excuse even if I did follow, not their precepts, but their examples. I shall divide what I am about to say into two parts: first, that a man may from the very beginning of his life give himself up entirely to the contemplation of truth; secondly, that a man when he has already completed his term of service has the best of rights — that of his shattered health — to do this; and that he may then apply his mind to other studies, after the manner of the Vestal Virgins, who allot different duties to different years — first learn how to perform the sacred rites, and when they have learned them, teach others.

I will show that this is approved of by the Stoics also: not that I have laid any commandment upon myself to do nothing contrary to the teaching of Zeno and Chrysippus, but because the matter itself allows me to follow the precepts of those men; for if one always follows the precepts of one man, one

ceases to be a debater and becomes a partisan. Would that all things were already known; that truth were unveiled and recognized, and that none of our doctrines required modification! but as it is, we have to seek for truth in the company of the very men who teach it. The two sects of Epicureans and Stoics differ widely in most respects, and on this point among the rest; nevertheless, each of them consigns us to leisure, although by a different road. Epicurus says, "The wise man will not take part in politics, except upon some special occasion." Zeno says, "The wise man will take part in politics, unless prevented by some special circumstance." The one makes it his aim in life to seek for leisure, the other seeks it only when he has reasons for so doing; but this word "reasons" has a wide signification. If the state is so rotten as to be past helping, if evil has entire dominion over it, the wise man will not labor in vain or waste his strength in unprofitable efforts. Should he be deficient in influence or bodily strength, if the state refuse to submit to his guidance, if his health stand in the way, then he will not attempt a journey for which he is unfit; just as he would not put to sea in a worn-out ship, or enlist in the army if he were an invalid. Consequently, one who has not yet suffered either in health or fortune has the right, before encountering any storms, to establish himself in safety, and thenceforth to devote himself to honorable industry and inviolate leisure, and the service of those virtues which can be practised even by those who pass the quietest of lives. The duty of a man is to be useful to his fellow-men; if possible, to be useful to many of them; failing this, to be useful to a few; failing this, to be useful to his neighbors; and failing them, to himself: for when he helps others, he advances the general interests of mankind. Just as he who makes himself a worse man does harm not only to himself, but to all those to whom he might have done good if he had made himself a better one — so he who deserves well of himself does good to others by the very fact that he is preparing what will be of service to them.

Let us grasp the fact that there are two republics: one vast and truly "public," which contains alike gods and men, in which we do not take account of this or that nook of land, but make the boundaries of our state reach as far as the rays of the sun; and another to which we have been assigned by the accident of birth. This may be that of the Athenians or Carthaginians, or of any other city which does not belong to all men but to some especial ones. Some men serve both of these states, the greater and the lesser, at the same time; some serve only the lesser, some only the greater. We can serve the greater commonwealth even when we are at leisure: indeed, I am not sure that we cannot serve it better when we are at leisure to inquire into what virtue is, and whether it be one or many; whether it be nature or art that makes men good; whether that which contains the earth and sea and all that in them is, be one, or whether God has placed therein many bodies of the same species. . . .

"But," say you, "it makes a difference whether you adopt the contempla-

tive life for the sake of your own pleasure, demanding nothing from it save unbroken contemplation without any result; for such a life is a sweet one and has attractions of its own." To this I answer you: It makes just as much difference in what spirit you lead the life of a public man; whether you are never at rest, and never set apart any time during which you may turn your eyes away from the things of earth to those of heaven. It is by no means desirable that one should merely strive to accumulate property without any love of virtue, or do nothing but hard work without any cultivation of the intellect; for these things ought to be combined and blended together: and similarly, virtue placed in leisure without action is but an incomplete and feeble good thing, because she never displays what she has learned. Who can deny that she ought to test her progress in actual work; and not merely think what ought to be done, but also sometimes use her hands as well as her head, and bring her conceptions into actual being? But if the wise man be quite willing to act thus — if it be the things to be done that are wanting, not the man to do them — will you not then allow him to live to himself? What is the wise man's purpose in devoting himself to leisure? He knows that in leisure as well as in action he can accomplish something by which he will be of service to posterity. Our school at any rate declares that Zeno and Chrysippus have done greater things than they would have done had they been in command of armies, or filled high offices, or passed laws; which latter indeed they did pass, though not for one single state, but for the whole human race. How then can it be unbecoming to a good man to enjoy a leisure such as this, by whose means he gives laws to ages to come, and addresses himself not to a few persons, but to all men of all nations, both now and hereafter? To sum up the matter, I ask you whether Cleanthes, Chrysippus, and Zeno lived in accordance with their doctrine? I am sure that you will answer that they lived in the manner in which they taught that men ought to live; yet no one of them governed a state. "They had not," you reply, "the amount of property or social position which as a rule enables people to take part in public affairs." Yet for all that, they did not live an idle life: they found the means of making their retirement more useful to mankind than the perspirings and runnings to and fro of other men; wherefore these persons are thought to have done great things, in spite of their having done nothing of a public character.

Moreover, there are three kinds of life, and it is a stock question which of the three is the best: the first is devoted to pleasure, the second to contemplation, the third to action. First let us lay aside all disputatiousness and bitterness of feeling, which, as we have stated, causes those whose paths in life are different to hate one another beyond all hope of reconciliation; and let us see whether all these three do not come to the same thing, although under different names: for neither he who decides for pleasure is without contemplation, nor is he who gives himself up to contemplation without pleasure; nor yet is he whose life is devoted to action, without contemplation. "It makes," you

say, "all the difference in the world, whether a thing is one's main object in life or whether it be merely an appendage to some other object." I admit that the difference is considerable: nevertheless, the one does not exist apart from the other; the one man cannot live in contemplation without action, nor can the other act without contemplation: and even the third, of whom we all agree in having a bad opinion, does not approve of passive pleasure, but of that which he establishes for himself by means of reason; even this pleasure-seeking sect itself, therefore, practises action also. Of course it does; since Epicurus himself says that at times he would abandon pleasure and actually seek for pain, if he became likely to be surfeited with pleasure, or if he thought that by enduring a slight pain he might avoid a greater one. With what purpose do I state this? To prove that all men are fond of contemplation. Some make it the object of their lives: to us it is an anchorage, but not a harbor.

THE WOOING OF MEGARA

'Hercules Furens,' Act II

[*Enter Amphitryon and Megara, father and wife of Hercules, suppliants with his children at the altars of the gods.*]

AMPHITRYON. Olympus' ruler great and judge of earth,
 Now place at last a term to our distress
 And make an end of sadness. Never dawn
 Flashed on me free from care. One evil's end
 Ever begins a new one. Even now
 For him returning a new foe's prepared.
 Before he gains his happy home he goes
 Bidden to another war. Nor any rest
 Nor any time of leisure is there granted
 But he has some commands. From the very first
 Juno pursues him hostile. Wherein was free
 From care his infant years? Monsters he tamed
 Ere he could even know them. Serpents twain
 With crested heads threatened him open-mouthed
 Whom boldly ran to meet the little child,
 Seized, gazing on the serpents' fiery looks
 With undisturb'd, serene, and cheerful heart
 [With quiet face he bore their knotted folds],
 Pressing with tender hands their swelling throats
 He crushed to death and to the future dragon

Thus gave a prelude. Mænalus' swift stag
 Bearing aloft a head bright with much gold
 He chased and caught. Nemea's greatest fear,
 The lion, groaned, crushed by his sinewy strength.
 Why should I tell the Bistones' dread stalls
 And the king made a prey to his own herds?
 The shaggy boar of Mænalus that used
 To shake the Arcadian groves upon the heights
 Of Erymanthus. Why should I also tell
 The bull to hundred nations no light fear?

.

Amid the far-off flocks of the western isle
 The triple shepherd of the Tartesian shore
 Was slain, the booty driven from utmost west.
 Cithæron feared the beast known to the sea.
 Bidden to explore the climes of summer sun,
 The scorched realms where midday ever burns,
 On either side he loosed the mountains, burst
 The barrier, for the rushing mighty waves
 Made a wide way. Arriving afterwards
 At the abodes of the rich grove he bore
 Away the dragon-guarded golden spoils.
 Why should I tell of Lerna's monsters fierce,
 A numerous pest, whom he at last with fire
 Conquered and taught to die. In the very clouds
 He shoots the Stympheian birds which hitherto
 Were wont to veil the day with outspread wings.
 He was not conquered by the widow queen
 Of couch unspotted on the Thermodon,
 Nor did the task of Augeas' dirty stable
 Dismay his hands, to every noble deed
 Made bold. But what avails all this? He lacks
 The world that he defended. All the lands
 Have felt that he, the author of their peace,
 Is far away. Lucky, successful crime
 Is virtue called at Thebes. The good obey
 The bad, and might is right, and slavish fear
 Bears down the laws. Before my face I saw
 With savage hand the royal princes slain,
 Their father's throne defending, and himself
 A victim fall, the last of Cadmus' stock.
 I saw the crown that royal heads adorn

Torn off with the head itself. Who Thebes enough
 Can pity? Land renowned for births of gods,
 What master dost thou fear! Thou from whose fields,
 A fertile womb indeed, a youthful band
 Sprang with drawn swords, whose walls divine Amphion
 Built with his lyre, whose strain the rocks obeyed,
 Into whose city more than once the king
 Of gods came down and left the sky. Which oft
 Has been the host of gods, has made them too
 And — be it right to say — perchance shall make them,
 With sordid yoke is now this land oppressed.
 [To what depths, sons of Cadmus and the state
 Of great Amphion have ye fallen down?
 Fear ye an unknown exile who has fled
 His fatherland, and now oppresses ours?
 And he who crime pursues by land and sea
 And breaks with righteous hand the tyrants' sway
 Now serves, though absent, and endures himself
 What he forbids to others.] Exiled Lycus
 Reigns over Thebes, the Thebes of Hercules.
 But reign he will not. *He* will come to seek
 His vengeance due and suddenly emerge
 From hell to light of day. He'll find a way
 Or make one. O, I pray, come safe and sound,
 Return a victor to your vanquished home.

Megara. Come forth, my spouse, and far asunder riven
 Break through the darkness. If there's no way back
 And every path is closed, then cleave in twain
 The earth, return, and whatsoe'er lies hid,
 Bound with the bonds of night, bring with you forth.
 Just as by torn-up ridges you once stood
 And for the hurried river sought a way
 Precipitous; riven with the mighty rush
 Tempe lay wide revealed; driven by your breast
 The mountains hither, thither fell, and, bursting
 Its dykes, Peneus ran a course unknown —
 So now in search of parents, children dear,
 And fatherland, burst through the bonds of things,
 Bring with you whatsoever greedy time
 Has hidden in lapse of many years. Return
 And drive before you nations lost to view,
 Forgetful of themselves, afraid of day.
 Unworthy are your spoils if you bring back

What is commanded only. — But too much
 I boast, forgetting our sad lot. For whence
 To me that day when I shall grasp your hand,
 May kiss it, wail your slow return, unmindful
 Of me and all my woes? To thee, O monarch
 Of all the gods, a hundred untamed bulls
 Shall bring their necks for slaughter. Queen of fruits,
 I'll pay thee secret rites. In silent faith
 Shall mute Eleusis cast thee torches long.
 Then I will own the life and breath restored
 To my dead brothers and my father happy,
 Ruling in his own realms. If greater power
 Keeps you a prisoner, then we follow. All
 Either defend returning safe, or all
 Drag to a like destruction. You will drag
 Us down and no god raise us up again.

Amphitryon. O partner of our blood, faithful and chaste
 Keeping the couch and sons of Hercules,
 Take better hope and call your courage up.
 Forthwith he will be here of greater might
 Than ever, as his wont has been, each task
 Accomplished.

Megara. What in grief too much we wish
 We easily believe.

Amphitryon. Nay, what we fear
 Too much, we think can never be removed.
 Faith in the worst is ever prone to fear.

Megara. Sunk, buried, weighted down with all the earth
 Above him, what way can he find to light?

Amphitryon. That which he found when through the parchèd waste
 And billowy sands like ocean tempest-tossed
 He traveled, twice the main he cleaved, and twice
 Returned, when with abandoned barque embarrassed
 He stuck in Syrtes' shallows, and, the boat
 Remaining fast, went o'er the sea on foot.

Megara. The greatest virtue unfair fortune spares
 But rarely. To so oft repeated dangers
 Can no one long expose himself with safety.
 Misfortune misses oft but hits at last.
 But lo! with fierce and threatening countenance
 Comes Lycus, wielding scepters not his own.

[*Enter Lycus*]

Lycus. The ruler of the wealthy realms of Thebes
And whatsoe'er contain with fertile soil
The slopes of Phocis that Ismenus waters,
[Whate'er Cithæron sees from his high top
And the thin isthmus cutting oceans twain] —
I do not hold a sire's ancestral sway,
A slothful heir. I have no noble line
Of ancestors, no race of ancient fame,
But excellence distinguished. He who boasts
His noble birth, praises another's deeds
And not his own. But scepters won by force
Are held in fear. All safety lies in steel.
The unsheath'd sword guards what you know you hold
Against your subjects' will. In foreign soil
No kingdom stands secure. But Megara
Can stay my power in royal wedlock joined.
Her noble birth to my obscurity
Will color give. I cannot think 'twill be
That she'll refuse and spurn with scorn my couch.
But if persistently with violent mind
She should say no, one plan alone remains,
To overwhelm in one destruction all
The house of Hercules. The people's voice
With hatred such a deed will follow close.
Well, rule's first art is the ability
To suffer hatred. Therefore let us try,
Since chance has given us opportunity,
For she herself, her head in sorrow covered,
Stands veiled by the protecting deities,
And by her side clings Hercules' true sire.

Megara. What new plot plans that man, our race's ruin?
What is he attempting?

Lycus. O thou who drawest
From royal stock a noble name, a little
Gracious with patient ear receive my words.
If mortals always wage eternal hatred,
If never from our minds madness departs
When once it's made a home there, but the victor
Still carries arms, and fresh ones forge the vanquished,
War will leave nothing. With wide fields the country
Will desert lie and squalid, burning dwellings
Will overwhelm the nations, in the ashes
Of their own houses buried. It befits

The conqueror to wish for peace. The vanquished
 Must hold it a necessity. Come then
 And share my realm. Be one with me in mind
 And take this pledge of faith, touch my right hand.
 But why with countenance fierce do you keep silence?

Megara. Am I to touch a hand stained with the blood
 Of my own father, and my brothers' slaughter?
 First shall the morning see the sun go down
 And eve bring back the day. 'Twixt snow and flame
 First shall be faithful peace, and Scylla join
 Sicily's shore to Italy [and first
 Shall the Euboic wave of Euripus,
 With changeful swiftness flying, stand unmoved].
 You robbed me of my native land, my home,
 My sire, my brothers. What remains to me?
 One thing is left, dearer than sire or brother,
 Than native land, than hearth and home, my hatred
 Of thee, which I but mourn because I share it
 With all the people. But how great a portion
 Of hate is mine? Rule, swol'n with pride. Display
 Your haughty spirit. The avenging god
 Pursues the proud behind. The realms of Thebes
 I know of old. Why should I tell the wrongs
 That mothers dared and bore? The double crime
 And mingled name of spouse and child and sire?
 Why the twin camps of hostile brothers, why
 So many funeral piles? Now stiff with grief
 Stands the proud mother, Tantalus' fair daughter,
 And weeps the rock in Phrygian Sipylus.
 [Cadmus himself, lifting a serpent's head,
 Crested and threatening, the Illyrian kingdoms
 Measured in flight from end to end, and left
 The long marks of his dragging steps behind.]
 These instances await you. As you will,
 Rule till our realm's accustomed fates shall call.

Lycus. Come, mad one, lay aside these savage words
 And learn from Hercules, your spouse, to bear
 A king's commands. Although with conquering hand
 I wield a scepter won with violence,
 And all things rule without a fear of laws,
 Which arms have conquered, I will speak a little
 In my own cause. In bloody war your father
 Fell with your brothers. Arms observe no bounds,

Nor is it easy to restrain or rule
 The anger of the unsheath'd sword. In gore
 War takes delight — he in his realm's defense,
 We urged by wicked lust — war's end is sought
 And not its cause. But let all memory
 Now perish from our minds. For since his arms
 The victor has laid down, the vanquished too
 To lay aside his hatred it behoves.
 Not that on bended knee you should adore
 Us reigning do we seek. But this doth please us
 That you accept your ruin with great mind.
 You are a lady worthy of a king,
 A queenly wife. Then come and share my couch.

Megara. A chilling tremor strikes my bloodless limbs.
 What crime has reached my ears? I did not tremble
 When peace was broken and the crash of war
 Sounded about the rampart. Fearlessly
 I bore all terrors. From your nuptial couch
 Trembling I shrink. Now first of all I feel
 Myself a prisoner. Now let heavy chains
 Weigh down my body and with hunger slow
 Let death be long drawn out. No force shall break
 My constancy. I'll die, Alcides, thine.

Lycus. Your spouse inspires your heart in depths of hell?

Megara. He sank to hell that he might rise to heaven.

Lycus. The earth's unmeasured weight now keeps him down.

Megara. No weight keeps that man down who bore the sky.

Lycus. You will be forced.

Megara. What force can o'ercome death?

Lycus. Confess what royal gift could I prepare

Equal to marriage bonds?

Megara. Your death or mine.

Lycus. Mad, will you die?

Megara. I'll run to meet my spouse.

Lycus. Do you prefer a slave to me, a monarch?

Megara. How many monarchs has that slave destroyed?

Lycus. Then why serves he a king and bears the yoke?

Megara. Take hard commands away, and where is virtue?

Lycus. You think it virtue to meet beasts and monsters?

Megara. 'Tis virtue's part to vanquish what all fear.

Lycus. Now the Tartarean shades oppress the boaster.

Megara. It is no easy path from earth to heaven.

Lycus. Born of what father does he hope for heaven?

Amphitryon. Now list, Alcides' miserable spouse.

My part it is to give to Hercules
His sire and true extraction. Do but think on
So many famous deeds of our great hero,
Whatever Titan rising, setting, sees,
Tamed by his hand, so many monsters vanquished
And Phlegra's land scattered with gore rebellious
Against the gods, the gods themselves defended.
Is not his father clear? Do we wrong Jove?
Trust Juno's hatred.

Lycus. But why slander Jove?

The mortal race cannot be joined with heaven.

Amphitryon. Many gods had this common origin.

Lycus. And were they slaves before they reached the sky?

Amphitryon. The Delian shepherd fed Admetus' flocks.

Lycus. But wandered not an exile through all lands.

Amphitryon. On wandering isle of exiled mother born.

Lycus. Did Phæbus fear fierce monsters or wild beasts?

Amphitryon. The dragon dyed his arrows with its blood.

Do you not know what ills the baby bore
Cast by the thunder from his mother's womb?
[He soon stood boldly by his thundering sire.]
And did not he, who rules the sky and shakes
The clouds, lie hid an infant in a cave
On Ida's mount. Such high nativities
Are paid with anxious care. The cost is great,
Both is and has been, to be born a god.

Lycus. Whomever you see luckless, know a man.

Amphitryon. Whomever you see valiant, call not luckless.

Lycus. Are we to call him valiant from whose shoulders

The lion's skin and club fell, to be made
A wench's gift, whose side shone clothed in purple?
Are we to call him valiant whose stiff hair
Was wet with ointment, whose renowned hands
Moved to the unheroic timbrel's sound?

Amphitryon. With barbarous coif his savage forehead binding

Young Bacchus did not blush his locks to spread
Wide to the breeze, or with soft hand to wield
The thyrsus light, when with unmartial step
He wore a robe bright with barbaric gold.
Virtue relaxes after many toils.

Lycus. The house of o'erwhelmed Teuthras speaks to that
And flocks of virgins pure oppressed like cattle.

This did not Juno, nor Eurystheus bid.
These are his own achievements.

Amphitryon. You know not all.

His own achievement was it to beat Eryx
With his own gloves, yea and to Eryx joined
Libyan Antæus. And the bloody hearths,
Stained with the gore of guests, were made to drink
The righteous blood of wicked Busiris.
His own achievement was it to slay Cynus,
As yet untamed, who ran upon the sword,
And Geryon, more than one, by one hand vanquished.
But you, no doubt, are one of those good people
Who by no shameful deed have injured wedlock
Of marriage-bed inviolate.

Lycus. What Jove may do,
A king may. A wife to Jove you gave, a wife you'll give
To me, a king. And by your tutorship
Your daughter here will learn this old, old lesson,
Which e'en her spouse approves, the better man
To follow. If she steadfastly refuses
To join with me in marriage, from her body,
Ravished by force, a noble stock I'll raise.

Megara. Ye shades of Creon and the household gods
Of Labdacus and the dread nuptial torch
Of Œdipus, give your accustomed fates
To your communion. Now ye cruel daughters
Of King Egyptus come with blood-dyed hands.
One of their number lack the Danaïdes.
I will fill up the place, complete the crime.

Lycus. Since stubbornly you spurn with scorn our union
And terrify a king, you now shall know
The power of a king's scepter. You will cling
Fast to the altars, but no god shall save you
Not if, the world removed, Alcides came
Victorious, to the gods in triumph borne.
Heap up the wood. Let the fire blaze and fall
In on the suppliants. Apply the torch
And let one pyre burn wife and all the flock.

Amphitryon. This boon I pray from thee, Alcides' sire,
Which be it fit to ask, that first I fall.

Lycus. Who bids one punishment slay all together
Knows not to be a tyrant. Ask again
And something different. The unhappy man

Forbid to die, the happy bid destroy.
I, while with fagots grows the funeral pile
Will sacrifice to Neptune, ocean's lord.

Amphitryon. O highest power of deities on high,
Ruler omnipotent, at whose weapons tremble
All human things, this wicked king's right hand
Smite and restrain! Why vainly pray to gods?
Where'er thou art, my son, O hear! — Why totter
The temples tossed with sudden motion? Why
Groans loud the ground? From lowest depths of hell
A crash infernal thundered. We are heard.
It is, it is the step of Hercules.

Translated by John W. Cunliffe

PLINY THE ELDER

(CAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS)

WHILE the younger Pliny wins his place in literature by his refined taste and fastidious sense of form, these traits are so lacking in the uncle that his ponderous Cyclopaedia of natural sciences stands almost like a massive boulder beside the cultivated field of belles-lettres. It is indeed a proof of life-long industry; but Pliny was not, like Humboldt, a master of many sciences. He had often not even sufficient critical intelligence to translate or summarize correctly his learned authorities. So while there are a thousand subjects on which we appeal to him as our sole authority, our gratitude is usually querulous — as gratitude, indeed, too often is! Yet the courage, sincerity, and energy of the man are rarely equaled.

Caius Plinius Secundus was a native of Cisalpine Gaul; probably of Como, where the family estates lay. He rose to high favor at court under the Flavian emperors — having been in fact an old fellow-soldier of Vespasian before that sturdy veteran's elevation to the throne — and ended his days as admiral of the fleet at Misenum, as is so thrillingly related in a famous letter of his nephew cited in the next article. We are indebted to the same filial hand for an account of the elder scholar's methods of research:

"He had a quick apprehension, marvelous power of application, and was of an exceedingly wakeful temperament. He always began to study at midnight at the time of the feast of Vulcan, not for the sake of good luck, but for learning's sake; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at twelve. He was a most ready sleeper, insomuch that he would sometimes, while in the midst of his studies, fall off and then wake up again. Before daybreak he used to wait upon Vespasian (who also used his nights for transacting business), and then proceed to execute the orders he had received. As soon as he returned home, he gave what time was left to study. After a short and light refreshment at noon (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors), he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, lie down and bask in the sun: during which time some author was read to him, while he took notes and made extracts — for every book he read he made extracts out of; indeed, it was a maxim of his that 'no book was so bad but some good might be got out of it.' When this was over, he generally took a cold bath, then some slight refreshment and a little nap. After this, as if it had been a new day, he studied till supper-time, when a book was again read to him, which he would take down run-

ning-notes upon. I remember once, his reader having mispronounced a word, one of my uncle's friends at the table made him go back to where the word was and repeat it again; upon which my uncle said to his friend, 'Surely you understood it?' Upon his acknowledging that he did, 'Why then,' said he, 'did you make him go back again? We have lost more than ten lines by this interruption.' Such an economist he was of time! In the summer he used to rise from supper at daylight, and in winter as soon as it was dark: a rule he observed as strictly as if it had been a law of the State.

"Such was his manner of life amid the bustle and turmoil of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study, excepting only when he bathed. In this exception I include no more than the time during which he was actually in the bath; for all the while he was being rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him or in dictating himself. In going about anywhere, as though he were disengaged from all other business, he applied his mind wholly to that single pursuit. A shorthand writer constantly attended him, with book and tablets, who in the winter wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to my uncle's studies; and for the same reason, when in Rome, he was always carried in a chair. I recollect his once taking me to task for walking. 'You need not,' he said, 'lose those hours.' For he thought every hour gone that was not given to study. Through this extraordinary application he found time to compose the several treatises I have mentioned; besides one hundred and sixty volumes of extracts, which he left me in his will, consisting of a kind of commonplace, written on both sides in very small hand — so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more. He himself used to tell us that when he was comptroller of the revenue in Spain, he could have sold these manuscripts to Largius Lici-nius for four hundred thousand sesterces, and then there were not so many of them. When you consider the books he has read, and the volumes he has written, are you not inclined to suspect that he never was engaged in public duties or was ever in the confidence of his prince? On the other hand, when you are told how indefatigable he was in his studies, are you not inclined to wonder that he read and wrote no more than he did?"

The mass of citations just mentioned was evidently in great part utilized for the '*Historia Naturalis*,' or Cyclopedia. This great work was provisionally completed, and presented to the prince-regent Titus, in 77 A.D. The dedication is fulsome, and written in a style utterly inferior to his younger kinsman's. The body of the work varies in manner with the subject and the source of the citations, but our chief quarrel with it is for ambiguous statements on important questions of fact.

The arrangement is logical. After a general description of the universe (Book II), there follows Geography (Books III-VI), Anthropology (VII), Zoölogy (VIII-XI), Botany (XII-XXVII), and Mineralogy XXXIII-XXXVII). Under Botany a digression of eight books (XX-XXVII) deals

with the medicinal uses of plants; and thereupon follows, somewhat out of place (XXVII-XXXII), an account of curatives derived from the animal world. Under Mineralogy the largest and most important sections deal with the uses of metals, pigments, and stones — *i. e.*, with the history of the Fine Arts. Besides the introductory book, on the scope of his work and his sources of information, Pliny prefixes to each subsection a list of his authorities. These foot up nearly five hundred writers, more than two thirds of them in Greek. It is evident that many, if not most, were cited at second or third hand from manuals, epitomes, etc.

Pliny's labors upon his Cyclopedia were apparently continued to the last. In the form we now have, the book has probably been edited — not very critically — by the nephew after the uncle's death. Pliny's work influenced later antiquity powerfully, and has been transmitted in many MSS. The most accessible edition is by Detlefsen (Berlin, 1866-73) in six volumes. The Bohn translation (also in six volumes) is fairly good, and is abundantly supplied with learned foot-notes.

Our admiration for Pliny's energy increases to astonishment over the catalogue of his lost works. Of these the most important was perhaps the history of his own times, in thirty-one books; this was, however, soon eclipsed by Tacitus' masterpiece, and passed into oblivion. The wars in Germany were also treated in twenty books, doubtful points of grammar in eight, the life of his friend Pomponius Secundus in two, the art of oratory in three, and the hurling of the javelin from horseback in one.

But even the catalogue grows exhausting!

INTRODUCTION TO LITHOLOGY

From the 'Natural History'

IT now remains for us to speak of stones, or in other words, the leading folly of the day; to say nothing at all of our taste for gems and amber, crystal and murrhine vases. For everything of which we have previously treated, down to the present book, may, by some possibility or other, have the appearance of having been created for the sake of man: but as to the mountains, Nature has made those for herself, as a kind of bulwark for keeping together the bowels of the earth; as also for the purpose of curbing the violence of the rivers, of breaking the waves of the sea, and so, by opposing to them the very hardest of her materials, putting a check upon those elements which are never at rest. And yet we must hew down these mountains, forsooth, and carry them off; and this for no other reason than to gratify our luxurious inclinations: heights which in former days it was reckoned a miracle even to have crossed!

Our forefathers regarded as a prodigy the passage of the Alps, first by

Hannibal, and more recently by the Cimbri; but at the present day, these very mountains are cut asunder to yield us a thousand different marbles, promontories are thrown open to the sea, and the face of nature is being everywhere reduced to a level. We now carry away the barriers that were destined for the separation of one nation from another; we construct ships for the transport of our marbles; and amid the waves, the most boisterous element of nature, we convey the summits of the mountains to and fro: a thing, however, that is even less pardonable than to go on the search amid the regions of the clouds for vessels with which to cool our draughts, and to excavate rocks towering to the very heavens in order that we may have the satisfaction of drinking from ice! Let each reflect, when he hears of the high prices set upon these things, when he sees these ponderous masses carted and carried away, how many there are whose life is passed far more happily without them. For what utility or for what so-called pleasure do mortals make themselves the agents, or more truly speaking the victims, of such undertakings, except in order that others may take their repose in the midst of variegated stones? Just as though, too, the shades of night, which occupy one half of each man's existence, would forbear to curtail these imaginary delights.

Indeed, while making these reflections, one cannot but feel ashamed of the men of ancient times even. There are still in existence censorial laws, which forbid the kernels in the neck of swine to be served at table; dormice too, and other things too trifling to mention: and yet there has been no law passed forbidding marble to be imported, or the seas to be traversed in search of it!

It may possibly be observed that this was because marble was not then introduced. Such, however, is not the fact: for in the ædileship of M. Scaurus, three hundred and sixty columns were to be seen imported; for the decorations of a temporary theater, too — one that was destined to be in use for barely a single month. And yet the laws were silent thereon; in a spirit of indulgence for the amusements of the public, no doubt. But then, why such indulgence? or how do vices more insidiously steal upon us than under the plea of serving the public? By what other way, in fact, did ivory, gold, and precious stones, first come into use with private individuals?

Can we say that there is now anything that we have reserved for the exclusive use of the gods? However, be it so, let us admit of this indulgence for the amusements of the public; but still, why did the laws maintain their silence when the largest of these columns, pillars of Lucullan marble, as much as eight-and-thirty feet in height, were erected in the atrium of Scaurus? a thing, too, that was not done privately or in secret; for the contractor for the public sewers compelled him to give security for the possible damage that might be done in the carriage of them to the Palatium. When so bad an example as this was set, would it not have been advisable to take some precautions for the preservation of the public morals? And yet the laws still preserved their silence,

when such enormous masses as these were being carried past the earthenware pediments of the temples of the gods, to the house of a private individual!

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS

From the 'Natural History'

APELLES

A CIRCUMSTANCE that happened to him in connection with Protogenes is worthy of notice. The latter was living at Rhodes, when Apelles disembarked there, desirous of seeing the works of a man whom he had hitherto known only by reputation. Accordingly, he repaired at once to the studio; Protogenes was not at home, but there happened to be a large panel upon the easel ready for painting, with an old woman who was left in charge. To his inquiries she made answer that Protogenes was not at home; and then asked whom she should name as the visitor. "Here he is," was the reply of Apelles; and seizing a brush, he traced with color upon the panel an outline of a singularly minute fineness. Upon his return the old woman mentioned to Protogenes what had happened. The artist, it is said, upon remarking the delicacy of the touch, instantly exclaimed that Apelles must have been the visitor, for that no other person was capable of executing anything so exquisitely perfect. So saying, he traced within the same outline a still finer outline, but with another color; and then took his departure, with instructions to the woman to show it to the stranger if he returned, and to let him know that this was the person whom he had come to see. It happened as he anticipated — Apelles returned; and vexed at finding himself thus surpassed, he took up another color and split both of the outlines, leaving no possibility of anything finer being executed. Upon seeing this, Protogenes admitted that he was defeated, and at once flew to the harbor to look for his guest. He thought proper, too, to transmit the panel to posterity, just as it was; and it always continued to be held in the highest admiration by all — artists in particular. I am told that it was burnt in the first fire which took place at Cæsar's palace on the Palatine Hill; but in former times I have often stopped to admire it. Upon its vast surface it contained nothing whatever except the three outlines, so remarkably fine as to escape the sight: among the most elaborate works of numerous other artists it had all the appearance of a blank space; and yet by that very fact it attracted the notice of everyone, and was held in higher estimation than any other painting there.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by

tracing some outline or other; a practice which has now passed into a proverb. It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in some exposed place; while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms that were passed upon it: it being his opinion that the judgment of the public was preferable to his own, as being the more discerning of the two. It was under these circumstances, they say, that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one shoe-string too little. The next day, the shoe-maker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks to his advice, began to criticize the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out, and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes — a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying. In fact, Apelles was a person of great amenity of manners — a circumstance which rendered him particularly agreeable to Alexander the Great, who would often come to his studio. He had forbidden himself by public edict, as already stated, to be represented by any other artist. On one occasion, however, when the prince was in his studio, talking a great deal about painting without knowing anything about it, Apelles quietly begged that he would quit the subject, telling him that he would get laughed at by the boys who were there grinding the colors: so great was the influence which he rightfully possessed over a monarch who was otherwise of an irascible temperament. And yet, irascible as he was, Alexander conferred upon him a very signal mark of the high estimation in which he held him: for having, in his admiration of her extraordinary beauty, engaged Apelles to paint Pancaste undraped — the most beloved of all his concubines — the artist while so engaged fell in love with her; upon which, Alexander, perceiving this to be the case, made him a present of her: thus showing himself, though a great king in courage, a still greater one in self-command — this action redounding no less to his honor than any of his victories.

PRAXITELES

SUPERIOR to all the statues not only of Praxiteles, but of any other artist that ever existed, is his Cnidian Venus; for the inspection of which many persons before now have purposely undertaken a voyage to Cnidos. The artist made two statues of the goddess, and offered them both for sale: one of them was represented with drapery, and for this reason was preferred by the people of Cos, who had the choice; the second was offered them at the same price, but on the grounds of propriety and modesty they thought fit to choose the other. Upon this, the Cnidians purchased the rejected statue, and immensely superior has it always been held in general estimation. At a later period, King Nicomedes wished to purchase this statue of the Cnidians, and made them an offer to pay off the whole of their

public debt, which was very large. They preferred, however, to submit to any extremity rather than part with it; and with good reason, for by this statue Praxiteles has perpetuated the glory of Cnidos. The little temple in which it is placed is open on all sides, so that the beauties of the statue admit of being seen from every point of view — an arrangement which was favored by the goddess herself, it is generally believed.

PHIDIAS

AMONG all nations which the fame of the Olympian Jupiter has reached, Phidias is looked upon, beyond all doubt, as the most famous of artists; but to let those who have never seen his works know how deservedly he is esteemed, we will take this opportunity of adducing a few slight proofs of the genius which he displayed. In doing this we shall not appeal to the beauty of his Olympian Jupiter, nor yet to the vast proportions of his Athenian Minerva, six-and-twenty cubits in height, and composed of ivory and gold: but it is to the shield of this last statue that we shall draw attention; upon the convex face of which he has chased a combat of the Amazons, while upon the concave side of it he has represented the battle between the gods and the giants. Upon the sandals, again, we see the wars of the Lapithæ and Centaurs; so careful has he been to fill every smallest portion of his work with some proof or other of his artistic skill. To the story chased upon the pedestal of the statue, the name of the 'Birth of Pandora' has been given; and the figures of new-born gods to be seen upon it are no less than twenty in number. The figure of Victory, in particular, is most admirable; and connoisseurs are greatly struck with the serpent and the sphinx in bronze lying beneath the point of the spear. Let this much be said incidentally in reference to an artist who can never be sufficiently praised.

THE MOST PERFECT WORKS OF NATURE

Peroration to the 'Natural History'

HAVING now treated of all the works of Nature, it will be as well to take a sort of comparative view of her several productions, as well as of the countries which supply them. Throughout the whole earth, then, and wherever the vault of heaven extends, there is no country so beautiful, or which for the productions of nature merits so high a rank, as Italy, that ruler and second parent of the world; recommended as she is by her men, her women, her generals, her soldiers, her slaves, her superiority in the arts, and the illustrious examples of genius which she has produced. Her situation,

too, is equally in her favor: the salubrity and mildness of her climate; the easy access which she offers to all nations; her coasts indented with so many harbors; the propitious breezes, too, that always prevail on her shores — advantages, all of them, due to her situation, lying as she does midway between the East and the West, and extended in the most favorable of all positions. Add to this the abundant supply of her waters, the salubrity of her groves, the repeated intersections of her mountain ranges, the comparative innocuousness of her wild animals, the fertility of her soil, and the singular richness of her pastures.

Whatever there is that the life of man ought not to feel in want of, is nowhere to be found in greater perfection than here; the cereals, for example, wine, oil, wool, flax, tissues, and oxen. As to horses, there are none I find preferred to those of Italy for the course; while for mines of gold, silver, copper, and iron, so long as it was deemed lawful to work them, Italy was held inferior to no country whatsoever. At the present day, teeming as she is with these treasures, she contents herself with lavishing upon us, as the whole of her bounties, her various liquids, and the numerous flavors yielded by her cereals and her fruits.

Next to Italy, if we except the fabulous regions of India, I would rank Spain, for my own part; those districts at least that lie in the vicinity of the sea. She is parched and sterile in one part, it is true; but where she is at all productive, she yields the cereals in abundance, oil, wine, horses, and metals of every kind. In all these respects, Gaul is her equal, no doubt; but Spain, on the other hand, outdoes the Gallic provinces in her spartium and specular stone, in the products of her desert tracts, in her pigments that minister to our luxuries, in the ardor displayed by her people in laborious employments, in the perfect training of her slaves, in the robustness of body of her men, and in their general resoluteness of character.

As to the productions themselves, the greatest value of all among the products of the sea is attached to pearls; of objects that lie upon the surface of the earth, it is crystals that are most highly esteemed; and of those derived from the interior, *adamas*, *smaragdus*, precious stones, and *murrhine*, are the things upon which the highest value is placed. The most costly things that are matured by the earth are the *kermes-berry* and *laser*; that are gathered from trees — *nard* and *Seric tissues*; that are derived from the trunks of trees — logs of *citrus-wood*; that are produced by shrubs — *cinnamon*, *cassia*, and *amomum*; that are yielded by the juices of trees or of shrubs — *amber*, *opobalsamum*, *myrrh*, and *frankincense*; that are found in the roots of trees — the perfumes derived from *costus*. The most valuable products furnished by living animals on land are the teeth of elephants; by animals in the sea, *tortoise-shell*; by the coverings of animals, the skins which the *Seres* dye, and the substance gathered from the hair of the she-goats of Arabia, which we have spoken of under the name of "*ladanum*"; by creatures that are common to both land

and sea, the purple of the murex. With reference to the birds, beyond plumes for warriors' helmets, and the grease that is derived from the geese of Com-magene, I find no remarkable product mentioned. We must not omit, too, to observe that gold, for which there is such a mania with all mankind, hardly holds the tenth rank as an object of value, and silver, with which we purchase gold, hardly the twentieth!

Hail to thee, Nature, thou parent of all things! and do thou deign to show thy favor unto me, who, alone of all the citizens of Rome, have in thy every department thus made known thy praise.

PERSIUS

(AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS)

THE fame of Persius is more difficult to account for than that of any other similarly eminent author. His brief life was spent under the crushing tyranny of the worst of the early Cæsars. Real freedom of speech was impossible. Persius, as he himself confesses, was not a true singer. He had not the poet's creative imagination. Even the claim of originality, in style or in substance, is denied him. His voice — thinner, shriller, less articulate than his master's — is still the voice of Horace; and he lashes essentially the same foibles, though with a more savage swing of the whip. Had Lucilius' satires survived, they would probably have reduced still further the claims of Persius to originality. The poet's work is immature and fragmentary, consisting of six satires, only six hundred and fifty hexameters in all, to which should be added the fourteen "limping iambs" of the modest, but perhaps spurious, Epilogue.

Yet the fact remains, that Persius has held firmly his position as third in rank among Latin satirists. This is, moreover, the one field wherein the Romans acknowledged no Hellenic models or masters. Hardly any ancient poet survives in better or more numerous manuscripts. Few have a more brilliant line of modern editors, from Casaubon to Conington and Gildersleeve. This can be no mere accident, still less the favoritism shown to a popular young aristocrat. Something of vitality the little book must have had.

Our first impression is of extreme incoherence and obscurity. Yet in this there is nothing of pedantic wilfulness. The note of sincerity, the strident intolerant sincerity of youth, pierces our ear despite all the inarticulate verbiage. Even in this brief career we seem to trace progress toward calmer, clearer, more genial self-utterance. Especially the tender lines to his old tutor Cornutus leave us "wishing for more"; which is perhaps the rarest triumph, of the satirist in particular. Professor Conington declares that as Lucretius represents Epicureanism in poetry, so Persius stands no less completely for Roman Stoicism. The concession is at once added, however, that Divine Philosophy, in that unhappy age, could teach little more than manly endurance of the inevitable.

Altogether — unless we confess that obscurity itself may draw the thronging commentators till they darken the very air above it — we must consider that Persius offers us one more illustration that the fearless frank word of the

austere moralist is never hopelessly out of season, but may re-echo forevermore. Or, to change the figure:

How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

The edition of Persius by Professor Gildersleeve (Harper, 1875) is especially valuable for its linguistic and stylistic comment; the more as Persius, like Plautus and Catullus, used more largely than the other poets that *lingua volgare* from which the Romance languages take their direct descent. The more indolent student, however, will find his way to Conington's edition, revised by Nettleship, which includes a capital prose translation on parallel pages. To this graceful version the present translator confesses his heavy indebtedness.

THE AUTHOR'S AMBITION

WE write, locked in—one prose, another verse;
Of lofty style, that may be panted forth
With liberal lung. Yes, to the folk, some day,
Spruce in your fresh new toga, all in white,
Wearing your birthday ring, from some high seat
These things you hope to read, after your throat
Is gargled clear with trills, yourself o'ercome,
With swimming eyes! The sturdy Romans then,
Losing all dignity of mien and voice,
You'd fain see quivering, while the verses glide
Into their bones; their marrow tickled by
The rippling strain!

What! an old man like you
Would gather tidbits up for alien ears,
Yourself, at last wearied, to cry "Enough"?
So much for pallor and austerity!
Oh, evil day! Is then your knowledge worth
So little, unless others know you know?

But it is pleasant to be pointed at
With the forefinger, and to hear, "*That's he!*
Ay, there he goes!" Would you not like to be
By a full hundred curly-headed boys
Conned as their lesson?

Lo, the heroic sons
Of Romulus sit at their wine, full-fed,
To hear the tale of sacred Poesy.

Some fellow, with a hyacinthine robe
 Over his shoulders, with a snuffling lisp
 Utters some mawkish stuff, of Phyllises,
 Hypsipylas, or whate'er heroines
 By bard bewailed. The gentry add their praise; —
 And now the poet's dust is happy? Now
 The stone is resting lighter on his bones?
 The humbler guests applaud; and from his tomb
 And blessed ashes and his Manes now
 Shall not the violets spring?

“WE TWA”

I SPEAK not to the throng. I give my heart —
 As the Muse bids me — unto you to sift.
 It is my joy to show, O sweet my friend,
 To you, how large a part of me is yours.
 Strike, and with caution test how much rings true,
 What is mere plaster of a varnished tongue.
 A hundred voices I might dare to crave,
 That I in clearest utterance might reveal
 How in my heart's recesses you are fixed.
 So might my words all that unseal which lies,
 Not to be uttered, in my heartstrings hid. . . .
 Just where the path of life uncertain grows,
 And crossways lead the doubtful mind astray,
 I gave myself to you. My tender years
 To your Socratic bosom you received,
 Cornutus. . . .

I remember well
 How the long summer suns I spent with you,
 And with you plucked the early hours of night
 For our repast. One task there was for both;
 Our rest we took together, and relaxed
 Our graver fancies at our frugal meal.

Translations of William C. Lawton

QUINTILIAN

MARCUS FABIVS QVINTILIANVS, for many years teacher of rhetoric and pleader of causes at Rome, and author of the most exhaustive treatise upon the art of oratory ever written, offers a marked example of that balance of qualities and uniformity of moral and intellectual tint, which render it peculiarly difficult after a lapse of time to form a vivid idea of a writer's personality, or to receive a pungent impression from his work. Like his friend the epigrammatist, Martial, Quintilian was a native of Spain; and the two men were very nearly of the same age. Quintilian was born at Catagurris, now Calahorra, on the Ebro, about the year 40 A.D. He was educated at Rome, studying first under one Palæmon, a *grammaticus* or grammar-master of worthless character but great ability, who had been born a slave; later with the noted rhetorician Domitius Afer of Nîmes, who flourished in the reigns of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. Concerning the latter, Quintilian once told a class of his pupils a striking anecdote. Domitius greatly resented, in his old age, the fashion which had sprung up of interrupting a speaker by rounds of applause — "as if," says Pliny the Younger, who has preserved the incident, "he were an actor, with a hired *claque*." On one occasion, when Domitius was pleading a case before the Centumvirs in his usual grave and deliberate manner, his voice was suddenly drowned by an unseemly uproar. He stopped short until the noise had subsided; then resumed, and was again interrupted. When this had happened for the third time, he abruptly concluded his harangue with the remark — "Centumvirs, our art is dead!"

The father of Quintilian, too, had some reputation as a public speaker in Rome. Seneca speaks of having once listened to a declamation "by the Old Quintilian"; and the son, in that part of his *magnum opus* which treats of rhetorical ornament, quotes as a specimen of *paronomasia*, or play upon words, a not particularly brilliant pun of his father's on the verbs *immorior* and *immoror*. Quintilian returned to Spain after his studies were finished, and presumably began the practice of his profession there; but went again to Rome in the train of Galba, the governor of Spain, when the latter was proclaimed emperor, upon Nero's death. Quintilian was now (68 A.D.) not far from thirty; and for the twenty succeeding years, though Rome changed rulers five times during the interval, he continued to prosper at the capital, as an orator and instructor in rhetoric. The younger Pliny was one of his pupils; Tacitus the historian was probably another. Quintilian had as a client, upon one occasion, that same Queen Berenice who once went, "with great

pomp, to hear Paul of Tarsus plead at Cæsarea"; and the Spaniard also enjoyed the privilege of speaking in the presence of the royal, though no longer youthful, charmer.)

(The two collections of speeches which once passed under Quintilian's name are now held to be spurious; but he himself speaks of having been driven, by the nuisance of garbled reports and unauthorized publications, to edit his plea in the case of one Nævius of Arpinum; and he also makes repeated reference, in his main work, to a previous essay on the decline of Oratory, which has perished.) At the age of about fifty, he retired from the practice of his twofold calling, and applied himself to the composition of the treatise by which his name is remembered — '*Institutionis Oratoriæ XII Libri*' [Twelve Books concerning the Education of an Orator], commonly known as the '*Institutes*.' Thanks to heavy fees and imperial bounty — for he was granted by Vespasian a handsome salary from the imperial treasury, and was the first rhetorician ever so endowed — Quintilian was now a rich man, and had lately married a very young wife; probably out of that senatorial family into which one of his beloved and deeply mourned sons was early adopted. Besides a short preface addressed to his bookseller Trypho, and a general introduction, there are separate introductions to eight out of the twelve books of the '*Institutio*'; and from them we gather almost all the remaining facts which are to be learned concerning the life of Quintilian. In the proem to the fourth book he tells his friend Marcellus Victor, to whom the whole work is inscribed, that he finds a fresh incentive to care in its composition, in the fact that the Emperor Domitian has appointed him tutor to his grandnephews, the sons of Flavius Clemens and Vespasian's granddaughter Domatilla. These boys had lately been adopted by the potentate, and named for succession to the throne; and Quintilian also received, at the request of their father, the appointment of Honorary Consul. He does not appear to have been particularly a sycophant; but he would have been more than human, and much more than first-century Roman, if he had not gone on to write of his imperial patron in a strain which is a little sickening when compared with what we know, from other sources, of that dull and ruthless tyrant.

In the preface to the sixth book of the '*Institutes*' we see Quintilian in a nobler light, and are brought near for a moment to the unspoiled heart of the man. Very simply and affectingly he makes the avowal that he had all but abandoned, at this point, the labor of his life, in the despair occasioned by those crushing domestic bereavements which made his latter days desolate. The girl-wife had died at nineteen, after giving birth to two boys: one of whom followed his mother in early infancy; while the other, a remarkably brilliant and promising child, lived to be only nine, and then succumbed to a long illness attended by great suffering, which he bore with the utmost courage and sweetness. "What shall I do?" cries the stricken father, "or what further use can there be in life for one to whom the gods are so hostile? What

good parent could forgive me, if I could go calmly on with my studies, after having survived all my own?" Nevertheless, in the end, like Job when similarly afflicted, he "girded up his loins like a man," and "answered" the Power which had bereft him, by renewed devotion to his work; finding there, no doubt, as many another sufferer has done, the best antidote to pain. It has been supposed by some, on the strength of an epistle of Pliny's (Book VI, xxxi), that Quintilian married again after sixty, and had a daughter who lived to maturity; but this is most unlikely. The Quintilian for whose daughter the famous letter-writer incloses a wedding present of fifty thousand nummi (about \$2500) was plainly another man. Pliny does allude in several places to the orator and his valued instructions, but always as though he were already dead; and the probability is that he did not long survive the accession of Trajan.

✓ The contemporaries of Quintilian, even the most caustic of them, have nothing but good to say of the man. Martial decorates him with a honeyed epigram (Book XI, xc):

*Quintiliane vagæ moderator summe juventæ
Gloria Romanæ, Quintiliane, togæ.* ✓

And even Juvenal, though protesting in his sixth satire, that only through unparalleled good fortune could a teacher of rhetoric ever have become a consul and a landed proprietor, yet admits, very handsomely for him, that these distinctions were deserved in Quintilian's case; and that he was "fortunate and handsome and clever; fortunate [again!] and wise, high-minded and open-hearted." In his own writings Quintilian shows himself not merely the loving husband and father, but indulgent and sympathetic with all children; and remarkably gentle in his judgments upon other writers—even on one whose foibles, personal and literary, were as distasteful to him as those of Seneca. He knew, so to speak, all that had been written in his day; and his own taste was excellent. He loved the best, and he loved it unaffectedly. Himself the purest Latin prose-writer of the Silver Age, his heart was in the Golden Age; and his feeling for Cicero and Vergil, as well as for Homer and the great Greeks, was almost a religion.

✓ The most interesting portions of the 'Institutionis Oratoriæ' are the General Introduction, in which the scheme of the work is unfolded; the first and second books, which are devoted to infantile and primary-school education; the tenth, which enumerates the authors with whom an accomplished speaker should be familiar, and gives brief but often admirable criticisms of their best-known works; the eleventh, which deals with the personal graces an orator ought most to cultivate; and the twelfth, which amplifies the proposition laid down at the outset, that the orator who would achieve success must be essentially a good man. We note the fact that Quintilian, like the ancients

generally, conceives of human knowledge as one organic whole, each of whose parts has a vital and necessary dependence upon all the rest. In Cicero's time, he says, it was taken for granted that a great orator would also be a cultivated and conscientious man: but now Quintilian has to deplore what he rather affectingly calls "a most inartistic division of the great art"; insomuch that the mere *causidicus*, who will talk upon any side for pay, is considered as much an orator as he who gives eloquent expression to his own convictions.

(When he comes to treat of elementary instruction, Quintilian starts with the cheerful assumption that the vast majority of children are naturally clever and capable. A dull mind he thinks as rare among them as a deformed body. He would have the future orator's training begin in the cradle; and insists that the nurse to whose charge he is committed for his first three years should be a woman of some education, and especially of refined speech, else he will never articulate properly. Our author observes, at this point, that it might be well for the infant also to have had a highly educated father, and a mother as able as the celebrated Cornelia, or the daughters of Lælius the wise. But he seems to admit that this is rather a pluperfect requirement, not easy to be met after the child is an accomplished fact. Let him have, at all events, an ivory alphabet among his playthings; for Quintilian thinks, though he does not clearly say why, that it is better to know the form of the letters by sight, before one learns the sound of them by the ear. He would have the little one taught to speak Greek first; yet not to use it so exclusively as to affect his pronunciation of Latin. He scouts the apparently favorite idea that regular study should not begin before the age of seven. A child, he says, is expected to have learned good manners before he leaves his nurse's hands at three; and why not a little book knowledge as well? Nevertheless, he is always for a mild, encouraging, indulgent system. Let the child engage in little contests of skill with his elders; *and be allowed to suppose*, he naïvely adds, that he has won the victory.

Quintilian is totally opposed, however, to the idea of private or home instruction for a boy, after his tenderest years are past. Let him be sent early to school. It is all-important that one who is to live and strive with men, especially one who aspires to influence them by his persuasive power, should learn betimes to fight his way and find his level among his kind. Quintilian does not blink the danger that a boy may have his morals corrupted at school, but he thinks it less than that of being permanently enervated by the senseless luxury of a wealthy Roman home. "What will he not expect in after years," he says, "who has *crept upon purple*?" Yet that the little one may have all reasonable defense against the perils of the street and the playground, Quintilian would have the *pædagogus*, or slave who was told off to help the pupil prepare his lessons and attend him to his class, as rare a being in his way, as the ideal *bonne*. The requirements appear excessive; and one wonders how the supply of these highly accomplished attendants can have borne any propor-

tion to the demand, until one remembers the multitude of cultured captives of both sexes, and fugitives from conquered Greek cities, who were then to be had in Rome almost for the asking.

To commit to memory and recite, under careful correction, passages from the best writers, Quintilian considers an indispensable exercise in early youth. Tragedy is in the main good reading for boys. The lyric poetry of Horace (he never so much as names Catullus) will not hurt them if carefully expurgated. Elegy, and sentimental verse generally, he thinks very bad for them; comedy, useful in the way of widening their knowledge of men and things. The archaic Latin authors are healthful, "though most of them are stronger in genius than in art."

When the child has learned of his primary teachers to "read, write, and cipher," and but little more, Quintilian would have him placed in a rhetorical school at an earlier age than is usually thought desirable. Here he would have him learn both music and geometry; using the words in their comprehensive Greek sense—the former to include the whole range of the liberal arts; the latter, every branch of what then passed for physical science. Quintilian makes very light of the fear that the powers of a growing lad will be too heavily taxed by this extensive curriculum. Overstudy, in fairly vigorous youth, seems to him almost an impossibility. At no period of life, he truly says, is there so little suffering from fatigue; at none are impressions received and facts and precepts acquired so easily.)

But all this broad and varied culture is only preliminary to the special training which will be needful for the finished orator. That part of the 'Institutio' (Books IV to IX inclusive) which treats of the subject-matter and proper arrangement of a speech, and of elocution, gestures, and the outward graces of oratory, is excessively technical and minute; and Quintilian, with habitual humility before his idol, almost apologizes in his last book for having ventured so far beyond the bound observed by Cicero in his more popular essay 'De Oratore.' Of the maxims laid down in this main body of the work, some are now entirely obsolete; while others perhaps only appear trivial because they have so long been accepted without question. Quintilian writes always with the same good sense, good temper, and carefully chosen language; in a style which is as like Cicero's as reverent imitation can make it. But then Cicero has a dozen styles—ranging all the way from the closest argumentation to the lightest chaff—and Quintilian has only one. He abounds in figures and illustrations; but these disappoint the reader a little by being taken so much more from other authors than from daily life and personal experience, whereby they shed little light upon Roman scenes and the manners of the time. Vivid pictures caught in passing, like that of the patrician baby upon its purple rug, and the "smooth-faced" dandy, with "hair fresh from the curling-tongs, and an unnaturally brilliant complexion," are extremely rare in Quintilian. Now and then, however, he estimates a talent, or sums up a reputation, in a few

strong and very apt words: as where he says that if Julius Cæsar had chosen to devote himself wholly to the forum he could have had no rival except Cicero, and that he spoke with the same fire with which he fought; and of Cicero's friend Cælius, that he had much ability and a pleasant wit, and was "a man worthy to have had better thoughts and a longer life."

After the series of literary appreciations (Book X), which Gibbon said he had read many times, and never without both pleasure and profit, Quintilian returns, at the end of his treatise, to the moral qualifications of the perfect orator; and argues with much cogency and skill for the original proposition, that a great speaker must needs be a good man. When he descends to particulars under this head, it becomes evident that his standards were not always those which are held in our own time to be the highest. He thinks that one may sometimes tell a lie, or even excuse a vice, to promote a virtuous object; and he quite approves of endeavoring ingeniously to divert the attention of a judge from inconvenient aspects of the truth. He is an impenitent utilitarian, yet a high-minded one; and the sophisms which he gravely permits are mostly of the kind which are more apt, even now, to be condemned in theory than scrupulously avoided in forensic and parliamentary practice.

The resurrection of the 'Institutes' at the Renaissance was due to the ardent researches of the humanist, Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini, in the convent library of St. Gall. He copied the whole of the MS. with his own hand, and that copy is still preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. The only complete and trustworthy English translation of his works is that of the Rev. John Selby Watson, head-master of Stockwell Grammar School (included in Bohn's Classical Library), from which the following quotations have been made.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

ON THE OBJECT AND SCOPE OF THE WORK

From the 'Institutes'

WE are to form, then, the perfect orator, who cannot exist unless as a good man; and we require in him, therefore, not only consummate ability in speaking, but every excellence of mind. For I cannot admit that the principles of moral and honorable conduct are, as some have thought, to be left to the philosophers; since the man who can duly sustain his character as a citizen, who is qualified for the management of public and private affairs, and who can govern communities by his counsels, settle them by means of laws, and improve them by judicial enactments, can certainly be nothing else but an orator. Although I acknowledge, therefore, that

I shall adopt some precepts which are contained in the writings of the philosophers, yet I shall maintain, with justice and truth, that they belong to my subject, and have a peculiar relation to the art of oratory. If we have constantly occasion to discourse of justice, fortitude, temperance, and other similar topics, so that a cause can scarce be found in which some such discussion does not occur; and if all such subjects are to be illustrated by invention and elocution, can it be doubted that wherever power of intellect and copiousness of language are required, the art of the orator is to be there pre-eminently exerted? These two accomplishments, as Cicero very plainly proves, were, as they are joined by nature, so also united in practice, so that the same persons were thought at once wise and eloquent. Subsequently the study divided itself, and through want of art it came to pass that the arts were considered to be diverse: for as soon as the tongue became an instrument of gain, and it was made a practice to abuse the gifts of eloquence, those who were esteemed as eloquent abandoned the care of morals; which, when thus neglected, became as it were the prize of the less robust intellects. Some, disliking the toil of cultivating eloquence, afterwards returned to the discipline of the mind and the establishment of rules of life, retaining to themselves the better part, if it could be divided into two: but assuming at the same time the most presumptuous of titles, so as to be called the only cultivators of wisdom — a distinction which neither the most eminent commanders, nor men who were engaged with the utmost distinction in the direction of the greatest affairs and in the management of whole commonwealths, ever ventured to claim for themselves; for they preferred rather to practise excellence of conduct than to profess it. That many of the ancient professors of wisdom, indeed, both delivered virtuous precepts, and even lived as they directed others to live, I will readily admit; but in our own times the greatest vices have been hid under this name in many of the professors: for they did not strive, by virtue and study, to be esteemed philosophers; but adopted a peculiarity of look, austerity of demeanor, and a dress different from that of other men, as cloaks for the vilest immoralities.

But those topics which are claimed as peculiar to philosophy, we all everywhere discuss; for what person (if he be not an utterly corrupt character) does not sometimes speak of justice, equity, and goodness? who, even among rustics, does not make some inquiries about the causes of the operations of nature? As to the proper use and distinction of words, it ought to be common to all who make their language at all an object of care.

ON THE EARLY PRACTICE OF COMPOSITION

From the 'Institutes'

FROM boys perfection of style can neither be required nor expected; but the fertile genius, fond of noble efforts, and conceiving at times a more than reasonable degree of ardor, is greatly to be preferred. Nor, if there be something of exuberance in a pupil of that age, would it at all displease me. I would even have it an object with teachers themselves to nourish minds that are still tender with more indulgence, and to allow them to be satiated, as it were, with the milk of more liberal studies. The body which mature age may afterwards nerve, may for a time be somewhat plumper than seems desirable — hence there is hope of strength; while a child that has the outline of all his limbs exact commonly portends weakness in subsequent years. Let that age be daring; invent much, and delight in what it invents, though it be often not sufficiently severe and correct. The remedy for exuberance is easy; barrenness is incurable by any labor. That temper in boys will afford me little hope, in which mental effort is prematurely restrained by judgment. I like what is produced to be extremely copious, profuse even beyond the limits of propriety. Years will greatly reduce superfluity; judgment will smooth away much of it; something will be worn off, as it were, by use, if there be but metal from which something may be hewn and polished off — and such metal there will be if we do not make the plate too thin at first, so that deep cutting may break it. That I hold such opinions concerning this age, he will be less likely to wonder who shall have read what Cicero says: "I wish fecundity in a young man to give itself full scope."

Above all, therefore, and especially for boys, *a dry master* is to be avoided, not less than a dry soil, void of all moisture, for plants that are still tender. Under the influence of such a tutor they at once become dwarfish; looking, as it were, towards the ground, and daring to aspire to nothing above everyday talk. To them leanness is in place of health, and weakness instead of judgment; and while they think it sufficient to be free from fault, they fall into the fault of being free from all merit. Let not even maturity itself, therefore, come too fast; let not the must, while yet in the vat, become mellow; for so it will bear years, and be improved by age.

Nor is it improper for me, moreover, to offer this admonition: that the powers of boys sometimes sink under too great severity in correction; for they despond, and grieve, and at last hate their work — and what is most prejudicial, while they fear everything they cease to attempt anything. There is a similar conviction in the minds of the cultivators of trees in the country, who think that the knife must not be applied to tender shoots, as they appear to shrink from the steel, and to be unable as yet to bear an incision. A teacher

ought therefore to be as agreeable as possible, that remedies which are rough in their own nature may be rendered soothing by gentleness of hand: he ought to praise some parts of his pupils' performances, to tolerate some, and to alter others, giving his reasons why the alterations are made; and also to make some passages clearer by adding something of his own. It will be of service at times, also, for the master to dictate whole subjects himself, which the pupil may imitate and admire for the present as his own. But if a boy's composition were so faulty as not to admit of correction, I have found him benefited whenever I told him to write on the same subject again, after it had received fresh treatment from me, observing that "he could do still better"; since study is cheered by nothing more than hope. Different ages, however, are to be corrected in different ways; and work is to be required and amended according to the degree of the pupil's abilities. I used to say to boys when they attempted anything extravagant or verbose, that "I was satisfied with it for the present; but that a time would come when I should not allow them to produce compositions of such a character." Thus they were satisfied with their abilities, and yet not led to form a wrong judgment.

ON NATURE AND ART IN ORATORY

From the 'Institutes'

I AM aware that it is also a question whether *nature* or *learning* contributes most to oratory. This inquiry, however, has no concern with the subject of my work, for a perfect orator can be formed only with the aid of both; but I think it of great importance how far we consider that there is a question on the point. If you suppose either to be independent of the other, nature will be able to do much without learning, but learning will be of no avail without the assistance of nature. But if they be united in equal parts, I shall be inclined to think that when both are but moderate, the influence of nature is nevertheless the greater; but finished orators, I consider, owe more to learning than to nature. Thus the best husbandman cannot improve soil of no fertility, while from fertile ground something good will be produced even without the aid of the husbandman; yet if the husbandman bestows his labor on rich land, he will produce more effect than the goodness of the soil of itself. Had Praxiteles attempted to hew a statue out of a millstone, I should have preferred to it an unhewn block of Parian marble; but if that statuary had fashioned the marble, more value would have accrued to it from his workmanship than was in the marble itself. In a word, nature is the material for learning; the one forms and the other is formed. Art can do nothing without material; material has its value even independent of art: but perfection of art is of more consequence than perfection of material.

ON EMBELLISHMENTS OF STYLE

From the 'Institutes'

COME now to the subject of *embellishment*; in which doubtless, more than in any other department of oratory, the speaker is apt to give play to his fancy. For the praise of such as speak merely with correctness and perspicuity is but small; since they are thought rather to have avoided faults than to have attained any great excellence. *Invention* of matter is often common to the orator and to the illiterate alike; *arrangement* may be considered to require but moderate learning, and whatever high arts are used, are generally concealed, or they would cease to deserve the name of art: and all these qualities are directed to the *support* of causes alone. But by polish and embellishment of style, the orator recommends himself to his auditors in his proper character; in his other efforts he courts the approbation of the learned, in this the applause of the multitude. Cicero, in pleading the cause of Cornelius, fought with arms that were not only stout, but dazzling; nor would he merely by instructing the judge, or by speaking to the purpose and in pure Latin and with perspicuity, have caused the Roman people to testify their admiration of him not only by acclamations, but even tumults of applause. It was the sublimity, magnificence, splendor, and dignity of his eloquence, which drew forth that thunder of approbation. No such extraordinary commendation would have attended on the speaker if his speech had been of an everyday character, and similar to ordinary speeches. I even believe that his audience were insensible of what they were doing; and that they gave their applause neither voluntarily nor with any exercise of judgment, but that, being carried away by enthusiasm, and unconscious of the place in which they stood, they burst forth instinctively into such transports of delight.

But this grace of style may contribute in no small degree to the success of a cause, for those who listen with pleasure are both more attentive and more ready to believe: they are very frequently captivated with pleasure, and sometimes hurried away in admiration. Thus the glitter of a sword strikes something of terror into the eyes; and thunder-storms themselves would not alarm us so much as they do if it were their force only, and not also their flame, that was dreaded. Cicero, accordingly, in one of his letters to Brutus, makes with good reason the following remark: "That eloquence which excites no admiration, I account as nothing." Aristotle also thinks that to excite admiration should be one of our greatest objects.

But let the embellishment of our style (for I will repeat what I said) be manly, noble, and chaste; let it not affect effeminate delicacy, or a complexion counterfeited by paint, but let it glow with genuine health and vigor. Such is the justice of this rule, that though, in ornament, vices closely border on

virtues, yet those who adopt what is vicious disguise it with the name of some virtue. Let no one of those, therefor, who indulge in a vicious style, say that I am an enemy to those who speak with good taste. I do not deny that judicious embellishment is an excellence, but I do not allow that excellence to them. Should I think a piece of land better cultivated, in which the owner should show me lilies, and violets, and anemones, and fountains playing, than one in which there is a plentiful harvest, or vines laden with grapes? Should I prefer barren plane-trees, or clipped myrtles, to elms embraced with vines, and fruitful olive-trees? The rich may have such unproductive gratifications; but what would they be if they had nothing else?

Shall not beauty, then, it may be asked, be regarded in the planting of fruit-trees? Undoubtedly: I would arrange my trees in a certain order, and observe regular intervals between them. What is more beautiful than the well-known quincunx, which, in whatever direction you view it, presents straight lines? But a regular arrangement of trees is of advantage to their growth, as each of them then attracts an equal portion of the juices of the soil. The tops of my olive, that rise too high, I shall lop off with my knife; it will spread itself more gracefully in a round form, and will at the same time produce fruit from more branches. The horse that has thin flanks is thought handsomer than one of a different shape, and is also more swift. The athlete, whose muscles have developed by exercise, is pleasing to the sight, and is so much the better prepared for the combat. True beauty is never separate from utility. But to perceive this requires but a moderate portion of sagacity.

What is of more importance to be observed, is, that the graceful dress of our thoughts is still more becoming when varied with the nature of the subject. Recurring to our first division, we may remark that the same kind of embellishment will not be alike suitable for *demonstrative*, *deliberate*, and *judicial* topics. The first of these three kinds, adapted only for display, has no object but the pleasure of the audience; and it accordingly discloses all the resources of art, and all the pomp of language: it is not intended to steal into the mind, or to secure a victory, but strives only to gain applause and honor. Whatever, therefore, may be attractive in conception, elegant in expression, pleasing in figures, rich in metaphor, or polished in composition, the orator—like a dealer in eloquence, as it were—will lay before his audience for them to inspect, and almost to handle; for his success entirely concerns his reputation, and not his cause. But when a serious affair is in question, and there is a contest in real earnest, anxiety for mere applause should be an orator's last concern. Indeed, no speaker should be very solicitous about his words where important interests are involved. I do not mean to say that no ornaments of dress should be bestowed on such subjects, but that they should be as it were more close-fitting and severe, and thus display themselves less; and they should be, above all, well adapted to the subject. In deliberations the senate expects something more elevated, the people something more spirited; and

in judicial pleadings, public and capital causes require a more exact style than ordinary: but as for private causes, and disputes about small sums, which are of frequent occurrence — simple language, the very reverse of that which is studied, will be far more suitable for them. Would not a speaker be ashamed to seek the recovery of a petty loan in elaborate periods? or to display a violent feeling in speaking of a gutter? Or to perspire over a suit about taking back a slave?

But let us pursue our subject; and as the embellishment, as well as the perspicuity of language, depends either on the choice of single words, or on the combination of several together, let us consider what care they require separately, and what in conjunction. Though it has been justly said that perspicuity is better promoted by *proper* words, and embellishment by such as are *metaphorical*, we should feel certain, at the same time, that whatever is *improper* cannot *embellish*. But as several words often signify the same thing (and are called synonyms), some of those words will be more becoming, or sublime, or elegant, or pleasing, or of better sound, than others; for as syllables formed of the better sounding letters are clearer, so words formed of such syllables are more melodious; and the fuller the sound of a word, the more agreeable it is to the ear; and what the junction of syllables effects, the junction of words effects also, proving that some words sound better in combination than others.

But words are to be variously used. To subjects of a repulsive character, words that are harsh in sound are the more suitable. In general, however, the best words, considered singly, are such as have the fullest or most agreeable sound. Elegant, too, are always to be preferred to coarse words; and for mean ones there is no place in polished style. Such as are of a striking or elevated character are to be estimated according to their suitability to our subject. That which appears sublime on one occasion, may seem tumid on another; and what appears mean when applied to a lofty subject, may adapt itself excellently to one of an inferior nature. In an elevated style a low word is noticeable and indeed a blemish; and in like manner a grand or splendid word is unsuited to a plain style, and is in bad taste, as being like a tumor on a smooth surface.

ON THE HANDLING OF WITNESSES IN COURT

From the 'Institutes'

SINCE, then, there are two sorts of witnesses, those who appear voluntarily and those whom the judge summons according to law . . . let us distinguish the duty of the pleader who produces witnesses from that of him who refutes their testimony.

He that produces a *voluntary* witness may know what he has to say, and consequently appears to have the easier task in examining him. But even this undertaking requires penetration and watchfulness: and we must be cautious that the witness may not appear timid, or inconsistent, or foolish; for witnesses may be confused or caught in snares by the advocates on the opposite side, and when they are once caught, they do more harm than they would have done service if they had been firm and resolute. They should therefore be well exercised before they are brought into court, and tried with various interrogatories such as are likely to be put by an advocate on the other side. By this means they will either be consistent in their statements, or if they stumble at all, will be set upon their feet again, as it were, by some opportune question from him by whom they were brought forward. But even in regard to those who are consistent in their evidence, we must be on our guard against treachery; for they are often thrown in our way by the opposite party, and after promising everything favorable, give answers of a contrary character, and have the more weight against us when they do not refute what is to our prejudice, but confess the truth of it. We must inquire, therefore, what motives they appear to have for declaring against our adversary: nor is it sufficient to know that they *were* his enemies — we must ascertain whether they have ceased to be so; whether they may not seek reconciliation with him at our expense; whether they have been bribed; or whether they may not have changed their purpose from penitential feelings — precautions not only necessary in regard to witnesses who know that what they intend to say is true, but far more necessary in respect to those who promise to say what is false. For they are more likely to repent, and their promises are more to be suspected; and even if they keep to their word, it is much more easy to refute them.

Of witnesses who are *summoned* to give evidence, some are willing to hurt the accused party, and some unwilling; and the accuser sometimes knows their inclination, and is sometimes ignorant of it. Let us suppose for the moment that he knows it; yet in either case, there is need of the greatest circumspection on the part of him who examines them. If he find a witness disposed to prejudice the accused, he ought to take the utmost care that his disposition may not show itself; and he should not question him at once on the point for decision, but proceed to it circuitously, so that what the examiner chiefly wants him to say may appear to be wrung from him. Nor should he press him with too many interrogatories, lest the witness, by replying freely to everything, should invalidate his own credit; but he should draw from him only so much as it may seem reasonable to elicit from one witness. But in the case of one who will not speak the truth unless against his will, the great happiness in an examiner is, to extort from him what he does not wish to say; and this cannot be done otherwise than by questions that seem wide of the matter in hand: for to these he will give such answers as he thinks will not hurt his party; and then, from various particulars which he may confess,

he will be reduced to the inability of denying what he does not wish to acknowledge. For, as in a set speech we commonly collect detached arguments, which taken singly seem to bear but lightly on the accused, but by the combination of which we succeed in proving the charge — so a witness of this kind must be questioned on many points regarding antecedent and subsequent circumstances, and concerning places, times, persons, and other subjects: so that he may be brought to give some answer; after which he must either acknowledge what we wish, or contradict what he himself has said. If we do not succeed in that object, it will be manifest that he is unwilling to speak; and he must be led on to other matters, that he may be caught tripping, if possible, on some point, though it be unconnected with the cause. He may also be detained an extraordinary time, that by saying everything and more than the case requires, in favor of the accused, he may make himself suspected by the judge; and he will thus do no less damage to the accused than if he had stated the truth against him. But if (as we supposed in the second place) the accuser be ignorant of the witness' disposition, he must sound his inclination cautiously; interrogating him, as we say, step by step, and leading him gradually to the answer which is necessary to be elicited from him. But as there is sometimes such art in witnesses, that they answer at first according to an examiner's wish, in order to gain greater credit when they afterwards speak in a different way, it is wise in an orator to dismiss a suspected witness before he does any harm.

For advocates that appear on behalf of defendants, the examination of witnesses is in one respect *more easy*, and in another *more difficult*, than for those who are on the side of the prosecutor. It is *more difficult* on this account — that they can seldom or never know, before the trial, what the witness is going to say; and it is *more easy*, inasmuch as they know, when he comes to be questioned, what he has said. Under the uncertainty, therefore, which there is in the matter, great caution and inquisition is necessary to ascertain what sort of character he is that prosecutes the defendant; what feeling he entertains against him; and from what motives: and all such matters are to be exposed and set aside in our pleading, whether we would have the witnesses appear to have been instigated by hatred, or by envy, or by desire of favor, or by money. If the opposite party too produce but few witnesses, we may reflect on their *small number*; if they are extraordinarily numerous, we may insinuate that they are *in conspiracy*; if they are of humble rank, we may speak with contempt of their *meanness*; if persons of consequence, we may deprecate their *influence*. It will be of most effect, however, to expose the motives on which the witnesses speak against the defendant, which may be various, according to the nature of the causes and the parties engaged in them; for to such representations as I have just mentioned, the opposite party can answer with commonplace arguments: as, when the witnesses are few and humble, the prosecutor can boast of his simple honesty, in having sought for none but

such as were acquainted with the case in hand; while to commend a large number, or persons of consideration, is a somewhat easier task. But occasionally, as we have to commend witnesses, so we have to decry them. . . . As to what we should say against the witnesses respectively, it can only be drawn from their individual characters.

The manner of questioning witnesses remains to be considered. In this part of our duty, the principal point is to know the witness well: for if he is timid, he may be frightened; if foolish, misled; if irascible, provoked; if vain, flattered; if prolix, drawn from the point. If, on the contrary, a witness is sensible and self-possessed he may be hastily dismissed as malicious and obstinate; or he may be confuted, not with formal questioning, but with a short address from the defendant's advocate; or he may be put out of countenance, if opportunity offer, by a jest; or if anything can be said against his moral character, his credit may be overthrown by infamous charges. It has been advantageous, on certain occasions, not to press too severely on men of probity and modesty; for those who would have fought against a determined assailant are softened by gentle treatment.

ON ANCIENT AUTHORS

HOMER

AS Aratus, then, thinks that "we ought to begin with Jupiter," so I think that I shall very properly commence with Homer; for, as he says that "the might of rivers and the courses of springs take their rise from the ocean," so has he himself given a model and an origin for every species of eloquence. No man has excelled him in sublimity on great subjects, no man in propriety on small ones. He is at once copious and concise, pleasing and forcible; admirable at one time for exuberance, and at another for brevity; eminent not only for poetic, but for oratorical excellence. To say nothing of his laudatory, exhortatory, and consolatory speeches, does not the ninth book of the Iliad, in which the deputation sent to Achilles is comprised, or the contention between the chiefs in the first book, or the opinions delivered in the second, display all the arts of legal pleadings and of councils? As to the feelings, as well the gentle as the more impetuous, there is no one so unlearned as not to acknowledge that he had them wholly under his control. Has he not at the commencement of both his works — I will not say observed, but established, the laws of oratorical exordia? for he renders his reader *well affected* towards him by an invocation of the goddesses who have been supposed to preside over poets; he makes him *attentive* by setting forth the grandeur of his subjects, and *desirous of information* by giving a brief and comprehensive view of them. Who can state facts more concisely than he who

relates the death of Patroclus, or more forcibly than he who describes the combat of the Curetes and Ætoliens? As to similes, amplifications, illustrations, digressions, indications, and proofs of things, and all other modes of establishment and refutation, examples of them are so numerous in him that nearly all those who have written on the rules of rhetoric produce from him illustrations of their precepts. What peroration of a speech will ever be thought equal to the entreaties of Priam beseeching Achilles for the body of his son? Does he not indeed, in words, thoughts, figures, and the arrangement of his whole work, exceed the ordinary bounds of human genius? So much indeed that it requires a great man even to follow his excellences, not with rivalry (for rivalry is impossible), but with a just conception of them.

VERGIL AND OTHER ROMAN POETS

ACCORDINGLY, as Homer among the Greeks, so Vergil among our own countrymen, presents the most auspicious beginning—an author who of all poets of that class, Greek or Roman, doubtless approaches nearest to Homer. I will here repeat the very words which when I was a young man I heard from Domitius Afer, who, when I asked him what poet he thought came nearest to Homer, replied, "Vergil is second to him, but nearer the first than the third. Indeed, though we must give place to the divine and immortal genius of Homer, yet in Vergil there is more care and exactness, for the very reason that he was obliged to take more pains; and for what we lose in the higher qualities we perhaps compensate in equability of excellence."

All our other poets will follow at a great distance. Macer and Lucretius should be read indeed, but not in order to form such a style as constitutes the fabric of eloquence: each is an elegant writer on his own subject, but the one is tame and the other difficult. Varro Atacinus, in those writings in which he has gained a name as the interpreter of another man's work, is not indeed to be despised, but is not rich enough in diction to increase the power of an orator. Ennius we may venerate, as we venerate groves sacred from their antiquity; groves in which gigantic and aged oaks affect us not so much by their beauty as by the religious awe with which they inspire us.

There are other poets nearer to our own times, and better suited to promote the object of which we are speaking. Ovid allows his imagination to wanton, even in his heroic verse, and is too much a lover of his own conceits; but deserves praise in certain passages. Cornelius Severus, though a better versifier than poet, yet if he had finished his 'Sicilian War,' as has been observed, in the manner of his first book, would justly have claimed the second place in epic poetry. But an immature death prevented his powers from being brought

to perfection; yet his youthful compositions display very great ability, and a devotion to a judicious mode of writing which was wonderful, especially at such an age.

HISTORIANS AND ORATORS

IN history, however, I cannot allow superiority to the Greeks: I should neither fear to match Sallust against Thucydides, nor should Herodotus feel indignant if Livy is thought equal to him — an author of wonderful agreeableness and remarkable perspicuity in his narrative, and eloquent beyond expression in his speeches, so admirably is all that is said in his pages adapted to particular circumstances and characters; and as to the feelings (especially those of the softer kind), no historian, to speak but with mere justice, has succeeded better in describing them. Hence, by his varied excellences, he has equalled in merit the immortal rapidity of Sallust: for Servilius Nonianus seems to me to have remarked with great happiness that they were rather equal than like — a writer to whom I have listened while he was reading his own histories; he was a man of great ability, and wrote in a sententious style, but with less conciseness than the dignity of history demands. That dignity Bassus Aufidius, who had rather the precedence of him in time, supported with admirable effect, at least in his books on the German war; in his own style of composition he is everywhere deserving of praise, but falls in some parts below his own powers. . . .

But our *orators* may, above all, set the Latin eloquence on an equality with that of Greece; for I would confidently match Cicero against any one of the Greek orators. Nor am I unaware how great an opposition I am raising against myself, especially when it is no part of my design at present to compare him with Demosthenes; for it is not at all necessary, since I think that Demosthenes ought to be read above all other orators, or rather learned by heart. Of their great excellences I consider that most are similar; their method, their order of partition, their manner of preparing the minds of their audience, their mode of proof and in a word, everything that depends on invention. In their style of speaking there is some difference: Demosthenes is more compact, Cicero more verbose; Demosthenes argues more closely, Cicero with a wider sweep; Demosthenes always attacks with a sharp-pointed weapon, Cicero with a weapon both sharp and weighty; from Demosthenes nothing can be taken away, to Cicero nothing can be added; in the one there is more study, in the other more nature. In wit and pathos, certainly — two stimulants of the mind which have great influence in oratory — we have the advantage. Perhaps the custom of his country did not allow Demosthenes pathetic perorations; but on the other hand, the different genius of the Latin tongue did not grant to us those beauties which the Attics so much admire. In the epistolary style, indeed, though there are letters written by both, and in

that of dialogue in which Demosthenes wrote nothing, there is no comparison. We must yield the superiority, however, on one point: that Demosthenes lived before Cicero, and made him in a great measure the able orator that he was; for Cicero appears to me, after he devoted himself wholly to imitate the Greeks, to have embodied in his style the energy of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates. Nor did he by zealous effort attain only what was excellent in each of these, but drew most or rather all excellences from himself, by the felicitous exuberance of his immortal genius. He does not, as Pindar says, "collect rain-water, but overflows from a living fountain"; having been so endowed at his birth, by the special kindness of Providence, that in him eloquence might make trial of her whole strength. For who can instruct a judge with more exactness, or excite him with more vehemence? What orator had ever so pleasing a manner? The very points which he wrests from you by force, you would think that he gained from you by entreaty; and when he carries away the judge by his impetuosity, he yet does not seem to be hurried along, but imagines that he is following of his own accord. In all that he says, indeed, there is so much authority that we are ashamed to dissent from him; he does not bring to a cause the mere zeal of an advocate, but the support of a witness or a judge: and at the same time, all these excellences, a single one of which any other man could scarcely attain with the utmost exertion, flow from him without effort; and that stream of language, than which nothing is more pleasing to the ear, carries with it the appearance of the happiest facility. It was not without justice, therefore, that he was said by his contemporaries "to reign supreme in the courts"; and he has gained such esteem among his posterity, that Cicero is now less the name of a man than that of eloquence itself. To him, therefore, let us look; let him be kept in view as our great example; and let that student know that he has made some progress, to whom Cicero has become an object of admiration.

STATIUS

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS, epic, lyric, and dramatic poet, was born at Naples about the middle, and died there about the end, of the first century A.D. Neither date can be fixed. His last volume of verse was published at Naples in 95. He flourished especially, however, at Rome, under the capricious and cruel emperor Domitian. He and Martial testify eloquently to their mutual jealousy by making no mention of each other. Juvenal marks him as a thriftless adventurer; saying he might well have starved had not Paris, the popular actor, bought his farce. Statius himself launched his hopes of eternal fame with his long-wrought epic on the tragical story of Thebes.

The four ponderous epics still extant, dating from the first century of our era, give us little reason to regret the loss of the numberless heavy galleons besides that have sunk into oblivion. Whether patriotically Roman in subject, like the ventures of Lucan and Silius Italicus, or rebuilt from Greek materials like Valerius Flaccus' *'Argonautica'* and Statius' *'Thebaid,'* the four survivors plainly follow the track of the stately flagship, the *Æneid*—but far astern!

For several reasons there is perhaps no passage in the poem more pleasing than the closing lines of the *'Thebaid'*: —

After the long sea-journey my vessel hath won her the harbor.
Shalt thou afar survive to be read, outliving thy master,
O my *'Thebaid,'* watched for twice six years without ceasing?
Verily Fame already has smoothed thy favoring pathway;
Cæsar, the noble-spirited, deigns already to know thee,
Eager is now the Italian youth to read and proclaim thee!
Live, I pray: nor yet draw nigh to the sacred *Æneid*:
Follow thou, rather, afar, and always worship her footprints.

This same repellent subject, the tale of Thebes, like "Pelops' line and the tale of Troy divine," had been constantly reworked since the earliest dawn of Greek poetry. Hardly one prominent incident in these twelve long books—nearly ten thousand hexameter verses—can have brought a sense of pleased surprise to the jaded listener. Nor has the story of *Œdipus'* misfortunes, and the strife of his sons, as here set forth, any fitness or helpful application either for the Roman audience or for us. No stately or pathetic figure dominates the scene as in Sophoclean tragedy. It is simply a complicated series of

harrowing mythical events, retold with much vigor of language and versification, with measureless learned digression, with much heaping-up of elaborate simile and allusive epithet — "a tale full of sound and fury," but as for all larger ethical or artistic purport, "signifying nothing." Statius seems to have been a professional composer of epic, brought up to the art by his father — himself a successful versifier at least, if not the great poet filial affection would make him.

Once again at least, Statius, with indomitable energy, attempted to exhaust a great cycle of Hellenic myth: to trace the whole life of Achilles, from Chiron's forest school to the lonely barrow by Sigeion. We can hardly regret that this time only eleven hundred lines have been completed, and that the young hero never even reaches Troy! It is not for these things, if at all, that Statius is now remembered; though in his own day the 'Thebaid,' at least, was straightway read book by book to admiring throngs, and became at once a text which school-boys committed to memory.

"Statius is great," says Niebuhr, "in his little poems. These are real poetry indeed, and have the true local color. They are read with especial enjoyment if one reads them in Italy." This praise, and quite as warm words of Goethe, has reference to the 'Silvæ,' or occasional pieces. There are altogether thirty-two of these. Statius boasts of the facility with which even the longest, of almost three hundred verses, was dashed off within two days. But indeed the haste has often left its marks. He was, in fact, a popular and hard-worked court poet — and of what a court! The savage emperor Domitian, the all-powerful freedmen and other adventurers about him, even the wretched boy pets and pages, could demand the services of this ever-ready and vigorous quill. He shall sing of a curious tree, a fine statue, or a luxurious villa. An elegy is wanted for the death of a page, of a talking parrot, of a pet lion. Statius shall be ready.

The pity of it all is that we really discern poetic instinct, masculine force, earnest feeling, in the man. He must have felt such service as degradation indeed — this busy singer of an ignoble day. When the favorite eunuch of the tyrant requires a dedicatory poem for his own curly locks, sent as an offering to an Oriental shrine, even Statius grows weary at last; and the next poem is a plaintive and sincere appeal to his wife to join him in his return to his native city, Naples, there to spend a peaceful and quiet old age. This poem to his wife, another written for the recurrence of Lucan's birthday, and especially the lyric appeal to Somnus, the god of sleep, are full of natural feeling and poetic grace.

Statius' relations with his Roman wife Claudia and his stepdaughter seem to have been most harmonious. He himself was childless. He was probably of good social rank, and a land-owner. He was apparently cut off rather prematurely, soon after his return to Naples, while engaged on the 'Achilleis.'

The epic poems of Statius were popular throughout later antiquity, and

were preserved in numerous manuscripts. The Renaissance caused their eclipse, by bringing to light the nobler Hellenic masterpieces. Shortly before that time, however, the genius of a far greater Italian poet gave him an immortality of fame which his own works would not have assured him.

In Canto XLV of the 'Divina Commedia,' the living Dante and his ghostly guide Vergil, already nearing the summit of the Purgatorial mountain, are joined by another shade, a heavenward pilgrim. In answer to Vergil's inquiries he tells them: —

Statius the people name me still on earth.
I sang of Thebes, and then of great Achilles;
But on the way fell with my second burden.

At once he adds his indebtedness for all his inspiration to the Æneid: —

And to have lived upon the earth what time
Vergilius lived, I would accept one sun
More than I must ere issuing from my ban.

That is, not to have known his master in the flesh is the deepest regret even of the disembodied soul, and worse than a year of the grievous purifying agony just escaped. There are few more entrancing scenes in all the shining leaves of the 'Commedia' than the Imaginary Conversation that ensues among these three poets, who could never have met in our world. Dante shows, through Vergil's lips, real knowledge and admiration of the 'Thebaid.'

Most readers of the 'Commedia' will doubtless agree that there is much of chance, and sometimes of afterthought, in the fate and abode assigned by Dante to various departed spirits. He had by this time been engaged long upon the poem that was still to make him meager for so many a year. Something had now called Statius especially to his attention, and he realized that the courtly singer had been omitted — when less prominent poets were named — from Homer's company of sinless pagans in Limbo. But now, in the Purgatorio, only Christians could be met.

Then arose in Dante's imagination — for there appears to be no such hint in Statius' works, nor in tradition elsewhere — the fancy that in his last days the poet of the 'Thebaid' was converted to the new faith. In magnificent verses Statius assures Vergil that it was through the famous fourth Eclogue that his soul was first aroused to its earnest and successful quest for highest truth. Hence his double gratitude to Vergil, his guide to poetry and also to salvation: —

Thou first directedst me
Towards Parnassus, in its grotts to drink,
And first concerning God didst me enlighten.
Thou didst as he who walketh in the night,

Who bears his light behind, which helps him not,
 But wary makes the persons after him,
 When thou didst say: "The age renews itself,
 Justice returns, and man's primeval time,
 And a new progeny descends from heaven.
 Through thee I Poet was, through thee a Christian.

Statius' 'Thebaid' has been several times translated into English verse. Pope's version of Book I, was, to say the least, a surprising exploit for a boy of twelve; and we can well believe that the mature poet "retouched" it a little. The 'Silvæ' have been undeservedly neglected. The entire Teubner text of Statius, in excellent print, makes a single rather stout volume, and should be somewhat better known. *Popular* none of the courtly epic poets of the Empire can or should ever be.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

A ROYAL BANQUET

[A brief passage from Statius' 'Thebaid' will suffice to illustrate the rather purposeless splendor and richness of color lavished upon the descriptions. The lover of Vergil will recognize the master's frequent influence. The English rendering is of course somewhat free at times; but both in scholarship and metrical skill is still a surprising performance for a boy just entering his teens — even though that boy be Alexander Pope.]

THE King once more the solemn rites requires,
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
 His train obey, while all the courts around
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.
 Embroidered purple clothes the golden beds;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light.
 Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
 And there in flames the slaughtered victims fry.
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
 Stretched on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
 And now the King, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,

Who first their youth in arts of virtue trained,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintained;
Then softly whispered in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear:
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face —
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise;
Their downcast looks a decent shame confessed,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine
Which Danaüs used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold;
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, even in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fixed on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crowned,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground.
By turns on each celestial power they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crowned with chaste laurel, and with garlands dressed,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.

Translated by Alexander Pope

TO MY WIFE

AN INVITATION TO A JOURNEY

From the 'Silvæ'

WHY, what then ails my sweetest wife,
 To sigh all night, and mope all day?
 I know thee true to me, my life!
 No wanton shaft hath found its way
 To that pure heart, and shall not so;
 I scorn thee, Nemesis, while I say't!
 To war, to sea, had I to go,
 For twenty years my love would wait,
 And send a thousand suitors hence.
 She ne'er would stoop her web to ravel,
 But shut her doors without pretense,
 And calmly bid the rascals travel!
 Why then this grieved and lofty look,
 Because the impulse cometh to me
 To seek our childhood's pious nook
 And lay my bones in ancient Cumæ?
 Take heart! Thou ne'er wert one of those
 Possessed by Circe, or a madness
 For those accursed theatric shows;
 But honor, peace, and sober gladness
 Content thee well. And do but think
 How light the voyage we take! Though truly
 Thine is a soul which would not shrink
 From the dark shores of western Thule,
 The horrors of the icy North,
 Or seven-mouthed Nile's mysterious sources,
 If once the fiat had gone forth
 That doomed *me* to such distant courses.
 Venus be praised, my early love
 Is mine as well, in life's decline!
 The chains I wear, nor would remove,
 But gladly sport, are thine, dear — thine!
 Thine, when I won the Alban crown,
 And Cæsar's blessèd gold was earning,
 The wreathèd arms about me thrown,
 The panting kiss, my own returning;

And thine, on Capitolian mount —
Worsted with me, in contest fateful —
Wrath on my slighted lyre's account
And keen reproach to Jove ungrateful;
The nights that wakeful thou hast lain
No stammering note of mine to miss;
And all the years of cheerful pain
Thou livedst with me, my Thebaïs!
Who else, when late the darksome grave
Had all but claimed me, and the roar
Was in my ears of Lethe's wave,
My foot upon the utmost shore,
Had stood, like thee, with eyes so sad
The imminent doom confronting? Lo,
Thy grief it was the end forbade:
The great gods dared not face thy woe.
And wilt thou then, who once with me
Such way hast trod, decline to share
A brief sail on a smiling sea?
Why! where's thy far-famed courage? Where
Thy likeness to the dames of Greece
And Latium in heroic ages?
Love's reckless. Had it chanced to please
The most astute of married sages
To set up housekeeping in Troy,
Penelope had gone there gayly!
Sure as desertion slew the joy
Of Melibœa, Ægiale. . . .
Come then to fair Parthenope!
For when that nymph — Apollo guiding —
With Venus' team traversed the sea,
She found a place of sweet abiding.
And I, who after all, am not
Either a Lydian or a Thracian,
Will choose for thee some happy spot,
Some soft sea-lapped and sheltered station,
In summer cool, in winter mild;
Where days go by in easeful quiet,
And nights in slumber sweet beguiled.
No echo of the Forum's riot
Shall enter there, nor dismal strife
Of wrangling courts; but he's the victor
Who lives, unforced, the noblest life,

And keeps the peace without a lictor!
 Who cares, I say, for all the splendor
 That glads the eye in golden Rome?
 Vistas of columns without end, or
 Park, temple, portico and dome?
 Seats in the theater's shady half,
 Or five-year Capitolian contest?
 Menander's blend of Grecian chaff
 With Roman feeling, fair and honest!
 Nor need we lack diversions here:
 There's Baiæ, by her summer ocean;
 The Sibyl's mystic mount is near,
 Predestined goal of pious Trojan;
 The slopes of Gaurus gush with wine,
 While yonder, rival of the moon,
 A Pharos flings across the brine,
 For sailor's cheer, its radiant boon;
 Long on Sorrento's lovely hills
 Hath Pollius grown a vintage brave;
 Dear are Ænaria's healing rills,
 And Stabiæ risen from its grave.

But why our common country's charms
 Retell? Enough, dear wife, to say
 She bore me for thy tender arms,
 To be thy comrade many a day.
 And shall the mother of us both
 Be slighted thus? A truce to teasing!
 Thou comest, love, and nothing loth;
 I see thee so thy speed increasing,
 Mayhap thou'lt e'en arrive before me!
 Nay, without me, I almost deem
 The stately Roman homes would bore thee,
 And even Tiber's lordly stream!

TO SLEEP

From the 'Silvæ'

HOW have I sinned, and lost alone thy grace,
 O young and very gentle god of Sleep?
 Still are the trees, the fields, the woodland ways,
 Drowsy the nodding tree-tops. Even the deep
 Roar of the rushing river muffled seems,
 While, shorn of all his violence, the sea
 Leans on the land's broad bosom, sunk in dreams.
 Yet now, seven times, the moon hath looked on me
 Languishing; and the stars of eve and morn
 Their lamps relit; while heedless of my pain
 Aurora passes in half-pitying scorn,
 Nor lays her cooling touch upon my brain.
 Were I as Argus, and my thousand eyes
 Alternate veiled, nor ever all awake,
 'Twere well. But now the heart within me dies.
 Is there not somewhere one who, for the sake
 Of girlish arms all night about him thrown,
 Would fain repel thee, Sleep? Oh, leave him so
 And visit me! Yet shed not all thy down
 On these poor lids, which cannot hope to know
 The dreamless rest of the untroubled clown;
 But lean, and touch me with thy wand, and go!

SATURNALIA

From the 'Silvæ'

HENCE, Pallas grave, and Sire Apollo!
 And let the attendant Muses follow!
 Your fêtes be holden far away,
 Nor hither come ere New Year's day.
 But aid me, Saturn, loose of gait,
 December with new wine elate,
 And saline jest, and laughter free,
 To sing our Cæsar's jubilee —
 A day of sport, a night of revell

Aurora scarce had cleared the level
 Of the horizon, on a morn
 Dewless and bright as e'er was born,
 When canvas whitened all the plain,
 And showers of dainties fell like rain:
 Huge Pontic nuts, and noble spoil
 Of wild Idumea's mountain soil;
 The sun-baked figs of fiery Caunus
 And damson plums descended on us,
 With cakes and cheeses of the fairies,
 And the sweet curd of Umbrian dairies,
 And spicy loaves, bay-flavored, and
 Plump dates dispensed with open hand!
 Not Hyas' weeping sisterhood
 E'er deluged earth with such a flood;
 Nor such, when wintrier stars prevail,
 The flurry of sun-smitten hail
 To folk who view the Latin play.
 But let the tempests have their way
 If but this homely Jove of ours
 Deny us not his toothsome showers!
 Till now each busy booth and tent
 Receives a fuller complement
 Of stately folk in garments fine,
 Who, 'mid the flow of watered wine,
 Their costlier viands bring to light,
 Their baskets full, and napery white —
 For gods who feast on Ida, meet.

If thou, whom all the nations greet
 As harvest-giver — nor alone
 The toga'd race thy scepter own —
 Annona, scorn our festival,
 When I on hoary Eld will call
 To answer if the golden prime
 Excelled in aught this happy time;
 If crops were ever more abundant
 Than now, or vintage more redundant;
 Or if, at any time, the classes
 Were ever friendlier with the masses —
 Churl, knight, and senator, man and woman
 All gorging at a table common!
 Nay — if it be not too audacious

To name the thing — our sovereign gracious
Himself hath found a sitting here,
Thrice welcome to the boundless cheer;
And many a pauper felt the pride
Of feasting once at Cæsar's side!
Curious, to stand aloof, and see
How works this novel luxury:
In fiery spurts of virile passion,
Or strifes, in Amazonian fashion,
As if by Tanaïs' banks engaged,
Or shores of savage Thasis waged.

But now the folk of puny stature,
All bossed and bowed, the sport of nature,
Enter in line, our gifts partake,
And then a mutual onslaught make
With fists of so diminutive size
That Mars and Valor in the skies
Explode with laughter; while the cranes
Who wait our festival's remains,
Awhile oblivious of their plunder,
Observe the fray in silent wonder.
As day declines, impulsive charges
Are made upon a lavish largess.
Light ladies enter on the scene,
With whoso walks the stage's queen,
For beauty or for art renowned.
The players' pompous lines are drowned
By cymbals beaten to the whirls
Of Syrian and Spanish girls,
While one there is outvies the dancer —
To wit, that humble necromancer
Who changes, by mysterious passes,
Sulphur to gold, in shivered glasses.
Amid these various junketings,
A sudden flight of wingèd things
Obscures the firmament. Captives, they,
The rain-beset Numidian's prey,
Or snared beside the Euxine sea,
Or sacred Nile. Incontinently
The seats are cleared, the chase begins,
And soon the wealth of him who wins
His bulging *sinus* clear displays.

Then what a shout in Cæsar's praise —
Lord of these Saturnalia glorious —
Ascends from countless throats uproarious!
Forbidden the tribute, still they cheer,
Until the darkening atmosphere
Hath taken eve's cerulean hue;
When blazes on the startled view
A flaming orb the arena over,
And all the shadows fly to cover.
The heavens, from pole to pole, are lit,
The Gnosian ¹ stars with pallor smit,
The privacy of night hath vanished,
And quiet flies, and sleep is banished
To drowsy cities far remote.

Our further pranks, who will may note!
Recount our tireless banqueting,
Our large potations fitly sing!
For now, at last, o'er even me
A soft Lyæan lethargy
Prevails. I prophesy however
The day I've sung will live forever;
The memory of its hero last,
While stand the Latian mountains fast,
While Tiber flows, till Rome shall fall
And the regenerate Capitol.

Translations by Harriet Waters Preston

¹ Cretan: the constellation of "Ariadne's Crown."

PETRONIUS ARBITER

IN the solemn last book of the fragmentary Annals of Tacitus, where the historian is enumerating the distinguished victims of Nero's tyranny, he pauses for a moment before one gallant figure, of which the smiling, dauntless, almost insolent grace appears to discountenance and half confute the somber vehemence of his own righteous wrath.

"But about Gaius Petronius," he says, "a word more is necessary. It had been the habit of this man to sleep in the daytime, reserving the night hours both for the duties and the delights of life. Others win fame by industry; he won his by indolence. Yet it was not as a roisterer, or a debauchee, that he was renowned, like the common herd of spendthrifts, but for being profoundly versed in the art of luxury. Free of speech, prompt in action, and ostentatiously careless of consequences, he nevertheless charmed by a complete absence of affectation. Yet when he was proconsul in Bithynia and afterward as consul he showed great vigor and ability in affairs. Returning then to his vices—or to his affectation of vice—he was received into the small circle of Nero's intimates as 'arbiter,' or final authority in matters of taste. Nothing was considered truly elegant and refined until Petronius had given it his sanction. All this excited the jealousy of Tigellinus, who scented a rival, and one more accomplished than himself in the proper lore of the voluptuary. He therefore began appealing to the emperor's cruelty, which was stronger in him than any other sentiment; accused Petronius of complicity with Scævinius, had him indicted, seized and imprisoned the greater part of his household, suborned a slave to testify against him, bought off the defense. Meanwhile Cæsar had gone into Campania; but Petronius, who was to have followed him, was arrested at Cumæ, and preferred himself to put an end to all uncertainty. Yet he showed no unseemly hurry even about taking his own life. When his veins had been once opened, he ordered them bound up again for a little and talked with his friends cheerfully and lightly—not in the least as though wishing to impress them by his fortitude. Verses were improvised, and merry songs were sung. He was ready to listen to anything and everything except philosophical maxims and discourse on the immortality of the soul. To some of his slaves he gave largess, and to some he gave lashes. Finally he lay down upon a couch, and composed himself to sleep, as though preferring that his compulsory end should appear an accidental one. He had not, however, like many of the victims of that period, devoted his last will and testament to the adulation of Nero and Tigellinus. On the contrary, he drew up an arraignment of the emperor, detailing all his adulteries and in-

genious atrocities, and giving the names of those whom he had destroyed — both men and women; which document he sealed and despatched to Nero. He then broke his seal-ring, that it might bring no one else into trouble.”

Except for what remains of his own writing, and for casual and unimportant allusions by the elder Pliny, Macrobius, and one or two other ancient writers, this is literally all we know of Nero’s *arbiter elegantiæ*; but seldom have a character and a career been condensed into fewer and more telling words. The whole man is there — as truly as in the highly elaborate portrait drawn by Henryk Sienkiewicz, in ‘*Quo Vadis*.’ We see and know him in all his native amiability and perfect breeding, his keen insight, quiet daring, and immense reserve of power; his irresistible gaiety and careless fascination. But even without the help of the stern yet candid analysis of Tacitus, we almost think we could have divined the same interesting personality from the disjointed fragments of Petronius’ own book. Even where the matter of the story it tells is coarsest, the narrator’s accent is so refined, his touch so light — above all, his humor is at once so droll and so delightfully indulgent and humane — that we cannot help separating the man from his work. We feel as if he had the magic art of keeping his own fine toga to some extent unsmirched by the filth amid which he treads; and as if it were quite deliberately, and with a motive not base and unkindly, that he holds his artistic silver mirror up to the festering waste of common Roman nature.

The ‘*Satiricon*,’ or ‘*Satirorum Liber Petronii Arbitri*,’ contained originally — or was apparently to have contained — some twenty books, of which we only possess parts of the fifteenth and sixteenth, and a few more disconnected passages. The species of satire was that known as Menippean, or prose interspersed with bits of verse. In the language of our day, the works would be called a novel of manners and adventure. And what manners! what adventures! Over and over again we turn away in disgust, but the irresistible accents of the narrator win us back. “Come, come,” he seems to say, “nothing human is alien! Squeamishness — pardon me! — is often a mere lack of nerve! These curious, wallowing folk are, after all, our next of kin. Do not let us commit the unpardonable vulgarity of being ashamed of our relations! And then — they are so deliciously droll!” So he pursues his theme with all the verve of Dumas père, and all but the unerring discernment and dramatic power of Shakespeare.

The freedman Encolpius is relating his adventures, and those of his friend Ascyltos, by sea and land. They appear, when we abruptly make their acquaintance, already to have traveled far and seen much, but just where we pick them up they are living by their abundant wits among the semi-Greek cities of southern Italy; chiefly perhaps at Cumæ. The best and most complete episode they have to offer us is that of a stupendous feast, given by an enormously rich and ignorant parvenu named Trimalchio. The invitations have been so general that our two ne’er-do-wells find it easy to be included. The

clumsy ceremonial and sumptuous hideousness of the house of entertainment are minutely and conscientiously described — the costly serving of impossible viands, the persons of the host and of his wife Fortunata, with the ineffably queer contrast between their naïve grossness and their esthetic affectations, their good temper and bad taste. Then we have the motley assemblage of guests, who, when Trimalchio leaves the table for a few minutes, all break out into uproarious talk. They have had just wine enough to reveal themselves without stint or shame. Two, a trifle more maudlin than the rest, solemnly discuss the folly and danger of too frequent baths. A morose old fellow interrupts them to bemoan the degeneracy of the times, the frightful decay of religion — above all, the high cost of living. He will tell anybody who will listen to him, how cheap bread used to be, and how big the loaves when a certain Safinius was ædile. After Trimalchio comes back, he makes a pompous attempt at turning the conversation to higher themes. He has heard that literature and art are the proper things to discuss at banquets, and he calls attention to the splendor of his own table-ware, and repeats what they used to tell him at school about Homer. His elderly spouse, Fortunata, who has had a little too much wine since she joined the company at dessert, now obliges them with a dance; after which the fun becomes fast and furious, and unutterable anecdotes are in order. Trimalchio himself tells a ghost story; then, lapsing into a sentimental mood, he begins to recite his own last will and testament, and is so overcome by the generosity of his own posthumous provisions that he bursts into tears, and blubbers out an epitaph which begins, "Here lies Gaius Pompeius Trimalchio, the new Mæcnas," and closes with the touching words, "He left thirty million sesterces, and never attended a course of Philosophy. Stranger, go thou and do likewise!"

The wit, spirit, and dramatic life of the whole scene are wonderful; the satire on the high life of the day and its frantic luxury is audacious and merciless. So hearty, infectious, and in the main, wholesome a laugh is not to be found elsewhere in all the Latin classics; not even in Horace, or Terence, or the gayest letters of Cicero. If, as appears likely enough, Tigellinus himself was glanced at in the demurely detailed solecisms and ineptitudes of Trimalchio at table, we really cannot wonder that Petronius' life was forfeit. All other and graver injuries would be light to a man of that description when put beside the doom of being made supremely and eternally ridiculous.

Each one of the heterogeneous mob at Trimalchio's table is made to speak his own proper and inevitable dialect. Encolpius, the hero, talks the cultivated Latin of his day — the Latin of a man who also knows Greek. But rustic and otherwise vulgar idioms come naturally to the lips of other guests; and there is a spice of racy old Roman slang — of the sort, no doubt, over which Cicero and his friend Papirius Pætus used to chuckle in their *soixantaine*, and which diverted them as the most polished Greek epigram could not do.

The friends manage to slip away during the emotion occasioned by Tri-

malchio's epitaph, and resume their vagrant life. Presently they have a furious quarrel, and after they have parted company, Encolpius, while wandering disconsolately through a richly frescoed portico in a certain seaside town, falls in with a fat and unappreciated poet named Eumolpus, who is also a great connoisseur in art, and explains the paintings. These two join fortunes in their turn, and finally arrive together at Cortona, "the most ancient town in Italy," the manners and customs of whose citizens are described with an elaborate irony, of which, amusing as it is, we suspect that we do not appreciate quite all the delicate malice. Eumolpus, who has written long poems, both on the 'Capture of Troy' and the 'Civil War,' is lavish of recitations from these neglected masterpieces: and his poetry is by no means bad; though in the midst of its most serious and dignified passages, the reader is liable to be irresistibly tickled by a sly touch of irreverent Vergilian parody.

The MS. of the 'Cena Trimalchionis' was first discovered in a convent at Trau in Dalmatia, in 1650, and published at Padua four years later. It has been several times translated; and considering the obvious affinities between Petronius and the more polished representatives of 'l'esprit Gaulois,' one would have expected the French translations to be the best of all. But the most noteworthy and complete of these, by Héguin de Guerle of the Academy of Lyons, is weakened by excessive diffuseness; and is not to be compared in point, pith, and color, with a German version by Heinrich Merckens, published — strange to say, without any paraphernalia of notes or parade of scholarship — at Jena in 1876.

Besides the fragments of the 'Satiricon,' there are a good many others, both in prose and verse — some of the latter very charming — which are attributed with reasonable if not absolute certainty to Petronius Arbiter. One thinks at times with an impatience bordering on exasperation of all the lost books of the 'Satiricon,' and of what they might have told us concerning the habits and humors of the dead and gone Romans; but the rigid moralist will be apt to consider that what we have is enough.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CLOAK

ASCYLTOS wished to push on to Naples that very day. "But," say I, "it is most imprudent to go to a place where we may be sure close search will be made for us. Let us rather keep clear of the city, and travel about for a few days; we have enough money to do it comfortably." He falls in with my plan, and we set out for a town, charmingly situated among smiling fields, where not a few of our friends were enjoying the pleasures of the season. Hardly, however, had we accomplished half our journey, when

bucketfuls of rain began to fall from a great cloud, and we fled for refuge to a wayside inn, where we found many others in like plight with ourselves. The crowd prevented our being watched; and so we examined with curious eyes to see what theft stood easiest to our hands, and presently Ascyrtos picked up a little sack which proved to contain many gold pieces. Rejoicing that our first omen should be so lucky, but afraid that the bag might be missed, we slipped out by the back door. Here we saw a groom saddling some horses, who presently entered the house in search of something he had forgotten; and during his absence I undid the cords, and made off with a gorgeous cloak which was bound to one of the saddles. Then skirting the stable walls, we took refuge in a wood hard by. Safe in its recesses, we had a great discussion as to the best disposition of our treasure, that we might not excite any suspicion either of being thieves or of possessing valuables. Finally we determined to sew the money into the lining of a worn mantle, which I then threw over my shoulders, while Ascyrtos took charge of the cloak; and we planned to make our way by unfrequented roads to the city. But just as we were getting out of the forest, we heard on our left: "They won't escape: they went into the wood. Split up the party and make a thorough search. In this way we shall catch them easily." When we heard this we were so frightened that Ascyrtos plunged off through the briers toward town, while I rushed back into the wood at such a pace that the precious mantle fell from my shoulders without my knowing it. Worn out at last, and incapable of walking a step further, I threw myself down in the shade of a tree, and then noticed for the first time that my mantle was gone. Grief restored my strength; and rising, I set about recovering my treasure. After a long and fruitless search, overcome by fatigue and sorrow, I found myself in a deep thicket, where for four hours, melancholy and alone, I stayed amid the horrid shades. When I had at last resolved to leave this place, on a sudden I came face to face with a peasant. Then in truth I had need of all my firmness; nor did it fail me. I went boldly up to him, and asked him the way to the city, declaring that I was lost in the forest. My appearance roused his compassion, for I was pale as death and covered with mud; and after asking if I had seen anyone in the wood, and receiving a negative answer, he obligingly put me on the highroad, where he met two of his friends, who reported that they had scoured every forest-path and found nothing but the mantle, which they displayed. I had not sufficient audacity to claim it as mine, you may easily believe, though I knew it well enough and its value; but how I regretted it and sighed for the loss of my fortune! The peasants, however, suspected nothing, and with ever more and more lagging footsteps I pursued my way.

It was late when I reached the city; and there at the first inn I found Ascyrtos lying, half dead with fatigue, on a miserable pallet. I let myself fall on another bed, and couldn't utter a single word. Greatly disturbed at not seeing my mantle, he demanded it of me in the most peremptory tones. I was

too weak to articulate, and a melancholy glance was my only answer. Later, when my strength returned, I unfolded our misfortune to Ascylos. He thought I was joking; and in spite of my tears and solemn protestations, did not entirely lay aside his suspicions, but seemed inclined to think that I wanted to cheat him out of the money. This distressed me; and still more the consciousness that the police were on our tracks. When I spoke of this to Ascylos, he took it lightly enough, because he had escaped from their clutches before. He assured me that we were perfectly safe, as we had no acquaintances, and no one had seen us. Yet we would have liked to feign illness, and keep to our bedroom; but our money was gone, and we had to set out sooner than we had planned, and under the pressure of need sell some of our garments.

As night was closing in, we came to a market-place where we saw a quantity of things on sale, not valuable in truth, and of which the ownership was so questionable that night was surely the best time to dispose of them. We too had brought the stolen cloak; and finding the opportunity so favorable, we took up our stand in a corner, and unfolded an edge of the garment, in the hope that its splendor might attract a purchaser. In a few minutes up comes a peasant well known to me by sight, with a young woman alongside, and begins to examine the cloak carefully. On his part Ascylos cast a glance towards the shoulders of the rustic, and stood spell-bound; for he saw it was the very man who had picked up my mantle in the forest, neither more nor less. But Ascylos could not believe his eyes; and to make sure, under pretext of drawing the would-be purchaser towards him, he drew the mantle from his shoulders and fingered it carefully.

Oh, wonderful irony of fortune! the peasant had never felt the seams, and was ready to sell it for a mere mass of rags, which a beggar would scorn. As soon as he had made sure that our deposit was intact, Ascylos, after surveying the man, drew me to one side and — "Learn, brother," said he, "that the treasure for which I lamented is restored to us. That is the very mantle and the money in it, to the best of my belief. Now what are we to do to get it back?" I was delighted, not only because I saw the plunder, but because fortune had cleared me of so base a suspicion. I wanted no beating about the bush, but a straightforward appeal to justice; and should the man refuse to give up another's property on demand, his summons to court.

But Ascylos stood in dread of the law. "Who knows us here," said he, "or who would believe what we said? Better buy it, since we know its value, even though it be ours already, than get into court. We shall get it cheap.

"What is the use of laws, where our lady Money sits queen, or

Where a man who is poor never has right on his side?

Round their frugal board the philosophers mourn at such fashions,

Yet they too have been found selling their speeches for gold.

So the judges' rights are reduced to a tariff of prices;

Knights, when they sit on the bench, prove that the case has been bought."

But save for one small coin, with which we had meant to buy pease and beans, we were penniless. So not to lose our hold, nor run the risk of letting slip the better bargain, we came down in the price of the cloak. As soon as we had unfolded our merchandise, the woman, who with covered head had been standing at the peasant's side, grasped the garment with both hands, screaming at the top of her voice that she had caught her thieves. In response, for the sake of doing something, though we were horribly frightened, we seized the torn and dirty mantle, and with equal energy announced that it was our property. But our case was weaker than theirs by far, and the crowd, which ran up at the noise, enjoyed a hearty laugh at our expense; seeing that the others were claiming a splendid garment, and we one that was dirty and covered with patches. When they had had their laugh out, Ascylos said, "You see a man loves his own best: let them give us back our mantle and take their cloak." This bargain suited both the peasant and the woman; but up came two sheriffs — two night-hawks, rather — and wanted to appropriate the cloak. They demanded that both garments should be deposited with them, saying the judge would decide on the merits of the case the following day. And they said moreover that the real question was, against which party a charge of theft could be brought. They had all but settled on confiscating the goods; and a man in the crowd, bald, with pimply forehead, who had something to do with the courts, took hold of the cloak and declared that he would produce it the following day. It was clear that their real object was to get hold of the cloak and share it among themselves, feeling sure that we would not dare to present ourselves in court. True enough too, and so the case was speedily settled; for the angry peasant, disgusted at our making such a fuss about a mass of patches, threw the mantle in Ascylos' face and ordered him to hand over the cloak, the only ground of dispute. Our treasure once more in our hands, we hurried away to the tavern, and behind closed doors had a good laugh at the sharpness of the peasant and the crowd, who had combined by their cleverness to get us back our money.

TRIMALCHIO'S REMINISCENCES

TRIMALCHIO now turned his beaming countenance in our direction. "If you don't like the wine," said he, "I will change it. Your drink must suit you. Praise be to the gods. I don't buy it, for all that pleases your palate comes from a certain country-place of mine, which I have not yet visited. They say it lies between Terracina and Taranto. My present purpose is to add Sicily to my other estates, so that if I should want to go to Africa, I might keep to my own property on the journey. But tell me, Agamemnon, what was the subject of your discussion today? — for though I am no lawyer, still I have acquired all the principles of a polite

education; and to prove that I keep up my studies, learn that I have three libraries, one Greek and two Latin. So give me the peroration of your address."

When Agamemnon had begun, "Two men, one rich and one poor, were enemies—" "What is *poor*?" demands Trimalchio. "Neat point!" exclaims Agamemnon, and went on to give some sort of a learned dissertation. Presently Trimalchio interrupted him. "If the subject in hand," says he, "be fact, there is no room for argument; if not fact, then it is nothing at all."

As we received these and such-like statements with the warmest expressions of approval, he proceeded: "Pray, my dear Agamemnon, do you remember by any chance the twelve labors of Hercules, or anything about the story of Ulysses—as for example, how the Cyclops dislocated his thumb with a paint-brush? I used to read Homer when I was a boy, and at Cumæ I saw with my own eyes the Sibyl hung up in a glass bottle; and when the boys said to her, 'What do you want, Sibyl?' she used to answer, '*I want to die.*'"

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI

THEN said Ganymede: "You're talking in the air, and nobody gives a thought to the famine which threatens us. By Hercules! I haven't been able to get a crumb of bread today. And why not? The long drought. Why, I've been on short rations for a year now! The ædiles—curse 'em!—are in league with the bakers. 'One good turn deserves another,' is their motto; and so the poor toil on, and the jaws that crush them make one long holiday. Oh, if we only had some of those valiant defenders, such as I found here when first I came from Asia. That was living. This sort of thing had been going on in the interior of Sicily: there had been a drought as though Jupiter were in a rage with the Sicilians. But I remember Safinius; when I was a boy he lived by the old arch. What a keen tongue the man had! Wherever he went, he caused a flare-up! But he was an upright man, on whom you could depend—who stood by his friends—with whom you could play morra in the dark. But when he spoke in the Senate! How he dealt his adversaries one after another a knock-down blow: he didn't talk in the air, either, but went straight to the point. When he was pleading at the bar his voice would peal out like a trumpet; but he never got hot or had to clear his throat. He had a certain something of us Asiatics about him, you see. And how kindly he was; always returned your bow! never forgot a name! Just like one of us! By the same token, when he was ædile, living was dirt-cheap. Two men couldn't get to the end of a penny loaf; while those you get for the same price nowadays are about as big as a bull's eye. These are bad

times; this colony is growing backwards like a calf's tail. And why not? We have a good-for-nothing ædile, who would rather gain a penny than save one of our lives. He lives high, and makes more in one day than all another man's fortune. I know what brought him in a thousand nummi in gold; but if we were any good, we should make him laugh out of the other side of his mouth. But we are all alike — brave as lions at home, timid as a fox abroad. As for me, I've eaten my wardrobe, and if the scarcity continues I shall sell my little cottage. For what will become of us if neither god nor man has compassion on this colony? I wish I may starve if I don't believe it all comes from the gods! For nobody believes in heaven any longer; nobody keeps the fasts; nobody cares a straw for Jove: but all shut their eye to everything but their possessions. In olden times the women used to go barefoot to the Capitol, their hair loose and their thoughts pure, and implore Jupiter the god of Rain; and immediately the water would come down in bucketfuls, and all laughed with joy. Never a bit of it now! The feet of the women are shod, and the feet of the gods are slow; it's because we don't keep up our religious ceremonies that the fields lie waste."

"Come now," said Echion, the ragman, "be a little more complimentary! 'Here we go up, and here we go down!' as the peasant said when he lost his spotted pig. What today is not, will be tomorrow. Such is life. By Hercules! our country would be all right, if it had any men in it. It's passing through a crisis just now. And that's not the whole of it. We ought to take things as we find them: the zenith is always overhead. If you were in another land, you would say that here the pigs walked round all ready roasted. And we are to have a fine treat in three days' time on the feast-day; none of your professional gladiators, but a lot of freedmen. Our friend Titus has a warm heart and a clever head. He's got something or other up his sleeve. I ought to know, for I'm a great friend of his. He's no sparer of flesh: he will give them good swords and no quarter; the spectators will have a solid heap of dead in their midst: and he can afford it. His father left him a million and a half. Suppose he spends twenty thousand: his fortune won't feel it, and his name will live forever."

THE MASTER OF THE FEAST

IN the best of humors, Trimalchio began: "My friends, even slaves are men, and suck the same milk as ourselves, though ill-luck keeps them down in the world. And by my life! they shall soon drink of the water of freedom. In short, I have set them all free in my will. I have given, besides, a farm to Philargyras, and the woman who lives with him, and to Carrio a whole block of buildings free of taxes, and a bed with bedding. Fortunata I make my residuary legatee, and I recommend her to the care of all my friends;

and I make these facts known that my slaves may love me as well now as though I were already dead."

All began to express their gratitude to their indulgent master. He took it with perfect seriousness; and ordered a copy of his will to be brought, which he repeated from the first word to the last, amid the groans of his household. Then, turning towards Habinnas, "Promise, my dearest friend," said he, "that you will build my monument according to my directions. Let there be a little dog at the feet of my statue, and deck it with garlands and perfumes, and paint about it all the incidents of my life; so by your kindness, though dead, I shall still live. Moreover, I want my lot to have a hundred feet frontage, and be two hundred feet deep. I want you to plant all kinds of apple-trees about my ashes, and plenty of grape-vines. For it is wrong to beautify the homes of the living only, and neglect those abodes where we are sure to make a longer stay. And so I beg you, above all things, to set up a notice: 'This monument does not pass to the heir.' Moreover, I will provide in my will against any insult being offered my remains: I will put one of my freedmen in charge of my sepulcher, whose business shall be to see that no nuisance is committed there. I beg you put ships on my monument, going under full sail, and my likeness, clad in robes of state, and sitting on the tribune's seat, with fine gold rings on my fingers, and scattering a bagful of money among the crowd—you recollect when I gave a public entertainment and two denarii apiece to the guests all round. And pray have a dining-room, and all the folks enjoying themselves! At my right hand you must put a statue of my beloved Fortunata holding a dove, and leading a small dog by a leash; and have my Cicaro represented, and some big jars tightly sealed, so the wine cannot possibly run out; and see that they carve a broken urn with a boy weeping over it. Finally you must put a timepiece in the center, so that whoever looks up to learn the hour will have no choice but to read my name." . . .

At this point Trimalchio began to weep; Fortunata and Habinnas also burst out sobbing, and all the slaves followed suit, till the dining-room resounded with lamentations, as though they were all at a funeral. I also was preparing to burst into tears, when Trimalchio checked me by the remark, "Well then, since we know that we must die, why not live while we may?"

The foregoing selections translated by L. P. D.

ON DREAMS

THE dreams that tease us with their phantoms eerie
 Come not from holy shrine nor heavenly space,
 But from within. Sleep stays the limbs a-weary,
 The truant spirit goes its wanton ways.
 Deeds of the day, deeds of the dark. The warrior

Sees hosts in flight and hapless towns on fire;
 The monarch slain confronts his fell destroyer,
 Amid a weltering waste of blood-stained mire;
 The Forum's all-triumphant pleader trembles
 Before the law, or frets within the bar;
 The miser his unearthèd gold assembles,
 And baying hounds the huntsman call afar;
 The sinking seaman grasps the vessel keeling,
 The courtesan indites a billet-doux,
 The debauchee counts out his coin unwilling,
 The very dogs in dreams their hare pursue.

EPITAPH ON A FAVORITE HUNTING-DOG

(ATTRIBUTED TO PETRONIUS ARBITER)

NATIVE of Gaul was I, and the name they gave me was Cockle,
 After a white sea-shell. I was beautiful too,
 Ay, and brave! I would scour the darkest depths of the forest
 Or upon desolate hill startle the quarry hirsute.
 Never was need at all of ugly chains to withhold me,
 Never an insolent lash wounded my snowy skin;
 Softly I used to lie in the lap of my lord or my lady,
 Or on the high state bed, when I came panting home.
 Even my bark, men said, awoke no terror insensate:
 Only a poor dumb beast, yet with a speech of my own!
 Nevertheless the doom ordained from my birthday o'ertook me,
 Wherefore I sleep in earth under this tiny stone.

Translated by Harriet Waters Preston

MARTIAL

(MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS)

MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS, the epigrammatist, was, like Seneca and Quintilian, a Spanish Latin. Born at Bilbilis about 40 A.D., he probably came to Rome in 63; but we first individualize him about 79. He lived in Rome for nearly thirty-five years, publishing epigrams, book after book and edition after edition, doing hack-work in his own line for those who had the money to buy but not the wit to produce, and plagiarized by those who lacked both the wit and the money; reading his last good thing to his own circle, from which he could not always exclude poachers on his preserves, and lending a courteous or a politic patience to the long-winded recitations of new aspirants; patronized in various more or less substantial ways by the Emperor and sundry men of wealth, influence, and position, on whom he pulled all the strings of fulsome flattery and importunate appeal; adjusting himself to the privileges and expectancies of Rome's miscellaneous "upper ten" in private and public resorts; solacing his better nature with the contact and esteem of the best authors of the day. Bored with the "fuss and feathers" of town life, and yearning for the lost or imagined happiness of his native place, he would from time to time fly to his Nomentane cottage or make trips into the provinces, only to be disenchanted by rustic monotony and depressed by the lack of urban occupations and diversions. His works, and his life as there sketched, expose the period and its representative men at their best and at their worst. This delineation gives to his writings an importance even greater than that due to his pre-eminence as the one poet of his age, or to the special supremacy of his epigrams as such. His rating as a poet has indeed been questioned, and his restriction of the epigram deplored; but no one can question his portraiture of the Roman Empire at the turn of its troubled tide.

Returning to Spain early in Trajan's reign, he died there about 102; and his death is noted with sincere feeling by the younger Pliny, whose recognition must to a certain degree offset our repugnance to some of Martial's admitted characteristics. Martial was a man of many personal attractions: he was essentially sympathetic and true, loving nature and children; his manners were genial, and his education was finished; his acute observation was matched by his versatile wit; in an age of artifice, his style was as natural as his disposition was fair and generous. All these qualities are detected in his works, although his time demanded the general repression or the prudent display

of such qualities by one whose livelihood must depend on patronage — an inevitable professionalism that perhaps fully explains, not only his obsequiousness, but also his obscenity. Martial was a predestined gentleman and scholar, forced by his profession into a trimmer and a dependent: a man of stronger character might have refused to live such a life even at the cost of his vocation and its aptitudes; but Martial was a man of his own world.

Whether Martial was married, and how many times, it is hard to determine: he is his only witness, and his testimony is too indirect to be unquestionable; at any rate, he seems to have had no children. His pecuniary condition is equally doubtful: he credits himself with possessions adequate to comfort only as a basis for protestations of discomfort; but we know how time and circumstances alter one's standards of worldly contentment. Even when Martial speaks in the first person, we cannot be sure it is not the "professional," instead of the individual, first person — the vicarious and anonymous first person of the myriad public whose hints he worked up into effective mottoes, valentines, and lampoons, and for whose holiday gifts he devised appropriate companion pieces of verse.

Martial's poems — fifteen books, containing about sixteen hundred numbers in several measures — are epigrams of different kinds. The 'Liber Spectaculorum' [The Show Book] merely depicts the marvels of the "greatest shows on earth," while eulogizing the generosity of the emperors who provided them. The 'Xenia' [Friendly Gifts] and 'Apophoreta' [Things to Take Away with You] are couplets to label or convoy presents, whose enumeration includes an inventory of Flavian dietetics, costume, furniture, and bric-à-brac. The other twelve books are epigrams of the standard type; a kind illustrated indeed by the Greeks, but developed and fixed by the Romans from Catullus down, Martial being the perpetual exemplar of its possibilities.

Besides some lapses of taste, whereby the fatal facility of over-smartness sometimes leads to contaminating tender or lofty sentiments by untimely pleasantry, Martial is justly condemned by the modern world for the two blemishes which have been already specified. How far he really felt his obsequiousness and his obscenity to be compromises of his dignity, and how far his life was cleaner than his page, we cannot tell. In justice to Martial's memory, it must be said that only about one-fifth of his epigrams are really offensive.

The reign of Domitian was a reaction within a reaction, characterized by the power and the impotence of wealth and its cheap imitations. It was an age of fads and nostrums: sincere, in the galvanizing of dead philosophies; affected, in the vicarious intellectualism or the vicarious athleticism of hired thinkers and hired gladiators. It was an age of forgotten fundamentals, with no enthusiasm except for practical advantage, with public spirit aped only in mutual admiration. Its art and literature had no creativeness and no re-

sponsibility, while the stage and the arena were scenes of filth or brutality. Its religion was either agnostic paganism or various novel sentimentalities. Its social functions were chiefly heterogeneous gatherings of a flotsam and jetsam assemblage of parvenus, where acquaintance was accidental and multitudinous isolation was the rule. The incongruities of the day afforded matchless targets for our poet's wit, many of them unfortunately not suited to modern light. Yet other ages of the world have indisputably exhibited in their own forms one or another of the features familiarized to us by Martial.

Martial divides with Juvenal and Tacitus the right to represent this period; but the division is not equal. The serious purpose of the satirist, even more than the purely impersonal attitude of the historian, leads him to emphasize unduly circumstances of perhaps great momentary importance, but of no ultimate or typical pertinence. On the other hand, the satirist and the historian are apt to neglect or overlook many aspects of contemporary life because these seem insignificant as regards any particular aim or tendency; whereas trifles are often the best exhibits of the actual offhand life, as distinguished from the professed principles and practice of the time. Hence Martial's epigrams have been well called by Merivale "the quintessence of the Flavian epoch." The epigrammatist has no mission to fulfil; and the form as well as the volume of his works enables him to touch every aspect of life into the boldest relief. Especially interesting is the modernness of these touches; and it would startle a stranger to see how slight an adaptation of an epigram produces anticipatory echoes of present-day experiences, in their extremest or most peculiar features.

Generally speaking, the Romans were humorous in the dry manner, while the Greeks were witty; but Greek comedy and epigram are as humorous as those of any nation, and Martial vindicates the Roman capacity for triumphant wit — a wit that shows all the colors of all the nationalities. The wit of America, of France, of Ireland, blend with each other in Martial's epigrams; and even travesties like the American mockery of Hebrew or negro idiosyncrasies find illustration. Puns, parodies, paradoxes, refrains, antitheses, alliterations, echoes and surprises of all sorts are there, with some curious antetypes of modern slang, of present provincial or proverbial usages, and even of some points of recent comic songs. In the versions here appended, literalness has been sacrificed to spirit; the characteristic features of the original have been preserved in a modern countenance and expression. In the small space at command, preference has been given to our poet's wit rather than his other qualities, as being the special characteristic of himself and of the epigram; though the omission of other specimens is a sacrifice of his dues.

The only notable edition of Martial is Friedländer's with German notes, the school manuals being inadequate and unsympathetic. There is no great translation, the French renderings in prose and verse being the best complete reproduction; there are admirable versions of individual epigrams in all the

modern languages. Sellar's monograph in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and his 'Selections from Martial' give perhaps the best brief estimate of the poet in our tongue.

CASKIE HARRISON

THE UNKINDEST CUT

LAST night as we boozed at our wine,
 After having three bottles apiece,
 You recall that I asked you to dine,
 And you've come, you absurdest of geese!
 I was maudlin, you should have been mellow,
 All thought of the morrow away:
 Well, he's but a sorry good fellow
 Whose mind's not a blank the next day!

EVOLUTION

A SURGEON once — a sexton now — twin personages:
 Identical professions, only different stages!

VALE OF TEARS

ALONE she never weeps her father's death;
 When friends are by, her tears time every breath.
 Who weeps for credit, never grief hath known;
 He truly weeps alone, who weeps alone!

SIC VOS NON VOBIS

IF that the gods should grant these brothers twain
 Such shares of life as Leda's Spartans led,
 A noble strife affection would constrain,
 For each would long to die in brother's stead;
 And he would say who first reached death's confine,
 "Live, brother, thine own days, and then live mine!"

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

YOU'RE pretty, I know it; and young, that is true;
 And wealthy — there's none but confesses that too:
 But you trumpet your praises with so loud a tongue
 That you cease to be wealthy or pretty or young!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

YES, New and I both here reside:
 Our stoops you see are side by side;
 And people think I'm puffed with pride,
 And envy me serenely blessed,
 With such a man for host and guest.
 The fact is this — he's just as far
 As folks in Borrioboola Gha.
 What! booze with him? or see his face,
 Or hear his voice? In all the place
 There's none so far, there's none so near!
 We'll never meet if both stay here!
 To keep from knowing New at all,
 Just lodge with him across the hall!

THE LEAST OF EVILS

WHILE some with kisses Julia smothers,
 Reluctant hand she gives to others:
 Give me thy merest finger-tips,
 Or anything — but not thy lips!

THOU REASON'ST WELL

THE atheist swears there is no God
 And no eternal bliss:
 For him to own no world above
 Doth make a heaven of this.

NEVER IS, BUT ALWAYS TO BE

YOU always say "tomorrow," "tomorrow" you will live;
 But that "tomorrow," prithee, say when will it arrive?
 How far is't off? Where is it now? Where shall I go to find it?
 In Afric's jungles lies it hid? Do polar icebergs bind it?
 It's ever coming, never here; its years beat Nestor's hollow!
 This wondrous thing, to call it mine, I'll give my every dollar!
 Why, man, today's too late to live — the wise is who begun
 To live his life with yesterday, e'en with its rising sun!

LEARNING BY DOING

AS Mithridates used to drink the deadly serpent's venom,
 That thus all noxious things might have for him no mischief in 'em —
 So Skinner feeds but once a day with scanty preparation,
 To teach his folks to smile unfed nor suffer from starvation.

TERTIUM QUID

WHEN poets, croaking hoarse with cold,
 To spout their verses seek,
 They show at once they cannot hold
 Their tongues, yet cannot speak.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS

I WONDER not that this sweetheart of thine
 Abstains from wine;
 I only wonder that her father's daughter
 Can stick to water.

CANNIBALISM

WITHOUT roast pig he never takes his seat:
 Always a boor — a boar — companions meet!

EQUALS ADDED TO EQUALS

YOU ask why I refuse to wed a woman famed for riches:
 Because I will not take the veil and give my wife the breeches.
 The dame; my friend, unto her spouse must be subservient quite:
 No other way can man and wife maintain their equal right.

THE COOK WELL DONE

WHY call me a bloodthirsty, gluttonous sinner
 For pounding my chef when my peace he subverts?
 If I can't thrash my cook when he gets a poor dinner,
 Pray how shall the scamp ever get his deserts?

A DIVERTING SCRAPE

MY shaver, barber eke and boy —
 One such as emperors employ
 Their hirsute foliage to destroy —
 I lent a friend as per request
 To make his features look their best.
 By test of testy looking-glass
 He mowed and raked the hairy grass,
 Forgetful how the long hours pass;
 He left my friend a perfect skin,
 But grew a beard on his own chin!

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

YOU'D marry a Crichton, Miss Jemima:
 Smart for you!
 But somehow he won't come to time. Ah!
 He's smart too!

THE COBBLER'S LAST

PREDESTINED for patching and soling,
 For fragrance of grease, wax, and thread,
 You find yourself squire by cajoling,
 When with pigs you should hobnob instead;
 And midst your lord's *vertu* you're rolling,
 With liquor and love in your head!
 How foolish to send me to college,
 To soak up unpractical views!
 How slow is the progress of knowledge
 By the march of your three-dollar shoes!

BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW

HIS grave must be shallow — the earth on him light —
 Or else you will smother the poor little mite.

E PLURIBUS UNUS

WHEN hundreds to your parlors rush,
 You wonder I evade the crush?
 Well, frankly, sir, I'm not imbued
 With love of social solitude.

FINE FRENZY

LONG and Short will furnish verse
 To market any fake:
 Do poets any longer dream,
 Or are they wide-awake?

LIVE WITHOUT DINING

NOW, if you have an ax to grind, or if you mean to spout,
 If your invite is to a spread, then you must count me out:
 I do not like that dark-brown taste, I dread the thought of gout,
 I'm restless at the gorgeous gorge that ostentation dares.
 My friend must offer me pot-luck on wash-days unawares;
 I like my feed when his menu with my own larder squares.

THE TWO THINGS NEEDFUL

HOW grand your gorgeous mansion shows
 Through various trees in stately rows!
 Yet two defects its splendors spite:
 No charmed recess for tedious night —
 No cheerful spot where friends may dine —
 Well, your non-residence is fine!

TACITUS

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS (the prænomen Publius, long a matter of dispute, is now definitely assured) was born about 55 A.D. The place of his birth is quite uncertain: by some scholars this honor has been assigned to the Umbrian town Interamna, by others to Rome; but neither of these views rests upon any adequate foundation. Of the details of his life we are but scantily informed. In his 'Dialogus de Oratoribus' he tells us that when a youth he attached himself to Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus, the forensic leaders of his day. Whether he also enjoyed the instruction of Quintilian, the famous rhetorician, is a matter of doubt. In the year 78 he married the daughter of Agricola, governor of Britain. Subsequently he filled the offices of quæstor under Titus, of prætor under Domitian, and of consul (year 97) under Nerva. From the year 100 on, he appears to have held no public trust, but to have devoted himself exclusively to his literary labors. His death probably occurred shortly after the publication of the 'Annals' (115-117 A.D.).

The 'Dialogus de Oratoribus,' Tacitus' earliest work, was probably published about 81 A.D., and gives an account of a discussion at which the writer represents himself as having been present some seven years previously. The chief disputants are Aper and Messalla; the theme is the quality of contemporary eloquence. Aper maintains that the new oratory really marks a great advance upon that of preceding epochs: it is brilliant and attractive, where the earlier oratory was dull and tedious. An audience of today, Aper declares, would not tolerate such speakers. Even Cicero, with all his fame, was not free from the faults of his day; and was worthy of admiration only in his later speeches.

In reply to Aper, Messalla vigorously defends the oratory of the Ciceronian era, and arraigns contemporary eloquence as disfigured by meretricious embellishment. To Messalla's mind the prime cause of this decadence is neglect in the training of the young. Formerly the mother personally superintended the education of her children; now these are given over to irresponsible slaves and nurses. Again, in the earlier days, a young man preparing himself for the profession of oratory was wont to attach himself to some eminent advocate or jurist; and so to acquire the mastery of his art by practical experience. Today, Messalla complains, it is the fashion merely to declaim artificial show-pieces in the schools.

Secundus and Maternus, who share in the discussion, urge also changed political conditions as another important reason for the decline of eloquence.

Under the Republic there had been an active political life and keen strife of parties; under the Empire the fortunes of the state were directed by a single head. What wonder then that eloquence had declined, when the causes that created it were no longer in existence!

In its fine dramatic setting, its profound grasp of the moving causes in Roman civilization, and in its elevated diction, the 'Dialogus' is a consummate literary masterpiece; Wolf well recognized its merits and its charm when he characterized it as an *aureus libellus* [golden little book].

Between the publication of the 'Dialogus' and of the 'Agricola' seventeen years intervened. Of this period fifteen years were occupied by the reign of Domitian, under whom freedom of speech had been rigorously suppressed. The accession of Nerva, however, in 96 A.D., followed by that of Trajan at the beginning of 98, was the augury of a new era; and encouraged Tacitus to publish his 'Life of Agricola' in the latter year. Agricola, Tacitus' father-in-law, had died in 93; and it is quite possible that Tacitus' account of his life was written in the months immediately following that event, and then withheld from publication until the dawn of a more auspicious period. How keenly Tacitus had felt the intellectual and moral servitude enforced upon his countrymen by Domitian's rule is made clear by a passage of remarkable power contained in the preface to this work (here quoted).

The best years of Agricola's life had been spent in the service of his country, and for the most part in the field. His most conspicuous successes were achieved in Britain. He had been appointed governor of that province in 78, and remained there seven years. In the course of his administration he had not only reduced the entire island to subjection, as far north as the highlands of Scotland, but had also established the Roman civilization among the Britons. All these achievements are pictured in glowing colors and with signal affection by the writer. Tacitus' apostrophe to his departed father-in-law (here quoted), is a lofty and impressive illustration of the writer's genius.

The 'Germania' was published in 98 A.D., the same year as the 'Agricola.' It is a brief treatise on the geography, peoples, and institutions of the Germans. The larger portion of the work—and by far the most interesting—is devoted to a consideration of those customs and institutions which are common to the Germans as a whole; such as their political organization, their military system, the courts, religion, dwellings, clothing, marriage, amusements, slavery, and industrial occupations. The remainder of the work treats of the location of the separate tribes, and of the institutions peculiar to each.

The purpose of the 'Germania' has been differently conceived by different critics. Some have thought that Tacitus' object was, by holding before his countrymen a picture of the Germans, to mark the contrast between the two civilizations, German and Roman, and to commend the rugged simplicity of the one as opposed to the degeneracy of the other. Others have regarded the treatise as a political pamphlet, written in support of Trajan, and in-

tended to justify the attention which that prince was then bestowing upon the problems presented by the tribes of the North. Yet others have thought that the work was prepared as an introduction to the extensive historical writings which Tacitus had already projected.

But there are serious objections to each of these views; moreover, it seems improbable that the 'Germania' was written with any "tendency" or purpose beyond the natural and obvious one of acquainting its readers with accurate details of German geography and institutions. The German people had long been known to the Romans, and for a century and a half had furnished a more or less constant opposition to the Roman arms. Nor was the subject new: Cæsar, Livy, Pliny, and others, had given detailed accounts of this interesting and important race. That Tacitus, therefore, should have undertaken a fresh presentation of their situation and customs, seems perfectly natural, without resort to the theory of a special extraneous motive. Whatever its original purpose, the 'Germania' must be recognized as a mine of authentic information concerning the ancient Germans, and as a source of the first importance for all modern study of Germanic institutions.

In the preface to the 'Agricola,' Tacitus had already announced his purpose of writing the history of the reigns of Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. Later, this plan was modified. The new project embraced the history of the imperial period from the death of Augustus to the death of Domitian — a space of eighty-two years. This period naturally fell into two eras: the former that of the Julian-Claudian dynasties (from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero), the latter that of the Flavian dynasty (Vespasian to Domitian), including the transition period of turmoil during the brief reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. It was the latter of these two eras that Tacitus treated first, giving to the work the title 'Historiæ.' The events he describes had all occurred within his own memory, and many within the range of his own observation and experience. The entire work consisted probably of twelve books, published at intervals between 104 and 109 A.D. Of these twelve books only the first four, and half of the fifth, have come down to us. The preserved portions begin with the accession of Galba, and carry the history only to the beginning of the reign of Vespasian. A vivid picture is given in this narrative of the stormy events of the years 68 and 69; including the murder of Galba, the defeat and suicide of Otho, the overthrow of Vitellius, the accession of Vespasian, along with the formidable insurrection of the Batavians under Civilis. But the descriptions are almost exclusively military. There is less of the fine psychological analysis which appears later as a striking characteristic of the 'Annals.' Doubtless this feature may have been more prominent in the lost books of the 'Histories' (VI–XII), which covered the reigns of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. One of the most interesting portions of the extant books is the account of the Jews, given at the beginning of Book V. The

description of the siege and capture of Jerusalem by Titus is unfortunately lost.

The second part of Tacitus' program embraced a history of the earlier period, from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero (14-68 A.D.). The exact title of this work was 'Ab Excessu Divi Augusti' [From the Decease of the Divine Augustus]; but owing to the treatment of events year by year, Tacitus himself alludes to his work as 'Annals,' and this designation has become the current one. The 'Annals,' like the 'Histories,' was probably published in instalments, about 115-117 A.D. The entire work in all likelihood consisted of eighteen books. These eighteen seem to have been devoted, in groups of six, to three epochs: the first six to the reign of Tiberius; the next six to the reigns of Caligula and Claudius; the concluding six to the reign of Nero. Large portions of the work have been lost. Books VII-X, along with XVII and XVIII, have disappeared completely; while extensive gaps occur in several of the others. The portions which we still have deal with the reign of Tiberius, the concluding years of the reign of Claudius, and the reign of Nero down to 66 A.D. The account of Caligula is entirely lost.

The 'Annals' is universally regarded as Tacitus' ripest and greatest work. While nominally a history of the times, it is in reality a series of masterly character sketches of figures of commanding interest and importance: the emperors, their advisers, their opponents, the members of the imperial family.

In his psychological analyses Tacitus can hardly be regarded as free from prejudice and partisanship; in the case of most of the emperors and their consorts he sees no good trait, recognizes no worthy motive. On the other hand, he is at times guilty of undue idealization; as in the case of Germanicus, who, though popular with the soldiers and the people, seems to have been deficient both in force of character and in military genius.

Tacitus' pictures; however, while overdrawn, give us in the main an accurate view of the imperial court: they exhibit the tyranny, cruelty, and wantonness of successive sovereigns, the servility of the courtiers, the degradation of the Senate, and the general demoralization of the aristocracy, in colors as powerful as they are somber. It is greatly to be regretted that none of the ameliorating influences and tendencies of the imperial régime receive recognition at Tacitus' hands. The contemporary social, industrial, and commercial prosperity are completely ignored: it is the dark side only that is revealed in his pages.

The artistic form in which Tacitus clothed the products of his genius is not only unique in itself, but also exhibits a striking development from his earliest work to his latest. In the 'Dialogus' he is manifestly under the influence of Cicero. The 'Agricola' and 'Germania,' published seventeen years later, show an almost complete emancipation from this early model. The strong individuality of the writer now reveals itself in greater condensation, in frequent boldness of word and phrase, and in somber earnestness of thought;

Sallust's influence is particularly noticeable at this stage. In the 'Histories' and in the 'Annals' we note the fullest culmination of Tacitus' stylistic development. What in the 'Agricola' and 'Germania' was a tendency, has become in the 'Histories,' and especially in the 'Annals,' a pervading characteristic. Short incisive sentences follow each other in quick succession: a single phrase or a single word is often as pregnant with meaning as a paragraph in another writer; poetic expressions abound (Vergil's influence being particularly noticeable); while a lofty moral earnestness dominates the whole.

This striking contrast of style between Tacitus' earliest and latest work is unparalleled in Roman literature; and for a long time tended to cast doubt on the authenticity of the 'Dialogus.' It is not, however, without a parallel in other literatures; and the difference between Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller' and his 'Frederick the Great' has been aptly compared with that between the 'Dialogus' and the 'Annals.'

CHARLES E. BENNETT

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

From 'A Dialogue on Oratory'

WHO does not know that eloquence and all other arts have declined from their ancient glory, not from dearth of men, but from the indolence of the young, the carelessness of parents, the ignorance of teachers, and neglect of the old discipline? The evils which first began in Rome soon spread through Italy, and are now diffusing themselves into the provinces. But your provincial affairs are best known to yourselves. I shall speak of Rome, and of those native and home-bred vices which take hold of us as soon as we are born, and multiply with every stage of life, when I have first said a few words on the strict discipline of our ancestors in the education and training of children. Every citizen's son, the child of a chaste mother, was from the beginning reared, not in the chamber of a purchased nurse, but in that mother's bosom and embrace; and it was her special glory to study her home and devote herself to her children. It was usual to select an elderly kinswoman of approved and esteemed character to have the entire charge of all the children of the household. In her presence it was the last offense to utter an unseemly word or to do a disgraceful act. With scrupulous piety and modesty she regulated not only the boy's studies and occupations, but even his recreations and games. Thus it was, as tradition says, that the mothers of the Gracchi, of Cæsar, of Augustus — Cornelia, Aurelia, Atia — directed their children's education and reared the greatest of sons. The strictness of the discipline tended to form in each case a pure and

virtuous nature, which no vices could warp, and which would at once with the whole heart seize on every noble lesson. Whatever its bias — whether to the soldier's or the lawyer's art, or to the study of eloquence — it would make that its sole aim, and imbibe it in its fullness.

But in our day we intrust the infant to a little Greek servant-girl, who is attended by one or two — commonly the worst of all the slaves — creatures utterly unfit for any important work. Their stories and their prejudices from the very first fill the child's tender and uninstructed mind. No one in the whole house cares what he says or does before his infant master. Even parents themselves familiarize their little ones, not with virtue and modesty, but with jesting and glib talk; which lead on by degrees to shamelessness, and to contempt for themselves as well as for others. Really I think that the characteristic and peculiar vices of this city — a liking for actors and a passion for gladiators and horses — are all but conceived in the mother's womb. When these occupy and possess the mind, how little room has it left for worthy attainments! Few indeed are to be found who talk of any other subjects in their homes; and whenever we enter a class-room, what else is the conversation of the youths? Even with the teachers, these are the more frequent topics of talk with their scholars. In fact, they draw pupils, not by strictness of discipline or by giving proof of ability, but by assiduous court and cunning tricks of flattery.

DOMITIAN'S REIGN OF TERROR

From the 'Agricola'

WE have read that the panegyrics pronounced by Arulenus Rusticus on Pætus Thrasea; and by Herennius Senecio on Priscus Helvidius, were made capital crimes; that not only their persons but their very books were objects of rage, and that the triumvirs were commissioned to burn in the forum those works of splendid genius. They fancied, forsooth, that in that fire the voice of the Roman people, the freedom of the Senate, and the conscience of the human race were perishing; while at the same time they banished the teachers of philosophy, and exiled every noble pursuit, that nothing good might anywhere confront them. Certainly we showed a magnificent example of patience; as a former age had witnessed the extreme of liberty, so we witnessed the extreme of servitude, when the informer robbed us of the interchange of speech and hearing. We should have lost memory as well as voice, had it been as easy to forget as to keep silence.

Now at last our spirit is returning. And yet, though at the dawn of a most happy age Nerva Cæsar blended things once irreconcilable — sovereignty and freedom; though Nerva Trajan is now daily augmenting the prosperity of

the time, and though the public safety has not only our hopes and good wishes, but has also the certain pledge of their fulfilment — still, from the necessary condition of human frailty, the remedy works less quickly than the disease. As our bodies grow but slowly, perish in a moment, so it is easier to crush than to revive genius and its pursuits. Besides, the charm of indolence steals over us, and the idleness which at first we loathed we afterwards love. What if during those fifteen years — a large portion of human life — many were cut off by ordinary casualties, and the ablest fell victims to the emperor's rage, if a few of us survive — I may almost say, not only others but our own selves survive, though there have been taken from the midst of our lives those many years which brought the young in dumb silence to old age, and the old almost to the very verge and end of existence! Yet we shall not regret that we have told, though in language unskilful and unadorned, the story of past servitude, and borne our testimony to present happiness. Meanwhile this book, intended to do honor to Agricola my father-in-law, will, as an expression of filial regard, be commended, or at least excused.

APOSTROPHE TO AGRICOLA

From the 'Agricola'

THOU wast indeed fortunate, Agricola, not only in the splendor of thy life, but in the opportune moment of thy death. Thou submittedst to thy fate, so they tell us who were present to hear thy last words, with courage and cheerfulness, seeming to be doing all thou couldst to give thine emperor full acquittal. As for me and thy daughter, besides all the bitterness of a father's loss, it increases our sorrow that it was not permitted us to watch over thy failing health, to comfort thy weakness, to satisfy ourselves with those looks, those embraces. Assuredly we should have received some precepts, some utterances, to fix in our inmost hearts. This is the bitterness of our sorrow, this the smart of our wound: that from the circumstance of so long an absence thou wast lost to us four years before. Doubtless, best of fathers, with the most loving wife at thy side, all the dues of affection were abundantly paid thee; yet with too few tears thou wast laid to thy rest, and in the light of thy last day there was something for which thine eyes longed in vain.

If there is any dwelling-place for the spirits of the just; if, as the wise believe, noble souls do not perish with the body — rest thou in peace; and call us, thy family, from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of thy virtues, for which we must not weep nor beat the breast. Let us honor thee not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence; and

if our powers permit us, with our emulation. That will be true respect, that the true affection of thy nearest kin. This too is what I would enjoin on daughter and wife: to honor the memory of that father, that husband, by pondering in their hearts all his words and acts, by cherishing the features and lineaments of his character rather than those of his person. It is not that I would forbid the likenesses which are wrought in marble or in bronze; but as the faces of men, so all similitudes of the face are weak and perishable things, while the fashion of the soul is everlasting — such as may be expressed not in some foreign substance, or by the help of art, but in our own lives. Whatever we loved, whatever we admired in Agricola, survives, and will survive in the hearts of men, in the succession of the ages, in the fame that waits on noble deeds. Over many, indeed, of those who have gone before, as over the inglorious and ignoble, the waves of oblivion will roll: Agricola, made known to posterity by history and tradition, will live forever.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GERMANS

From the 'Germania'

GOVERNMENT — INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

THEY choose their kings by birth, their generals for merit. These kings have not unlimited or arbitrary power, and the generals do more by example than by authority. If they are energetic, if they are conspicuous, if they fight in the front, they lead because they are admired. But to reprimand, to imprison, even to flog, is permitted to the priests alone; and that not as a punishment, or at the general's bidding, but as it were, by the mandate of the god whom they believe to inspire the warrior. They also carry with them into battle certain figures and images taken from their sacred groves. And what most stimulates their courage is that their squadrons or battalions, instead of being formed by chance or by a fortuitous gathering, are composed of families and clans. Close by them too are those dearest to them, so that they hear the shrieks of women, the cries of infants. *They* are to every man the most sacred witnesses of his bravery — *they* are his most generous applauders. The soldier brings his wounds to mother and wife, who shrink not from counting or even demanding them, and who administer both food and encouragement to the combatant.

Tradition says that armies already wavering and giving way have been rallied by women, who, with earnest entreaties and bosoms laid bare, have vividly represented the horrors of captivity; which the Germans fear with such extreme dread on behalf of their women, that the strongest tie by which a state can be bound is the being required to give, among the number of

hostages, maidens of noble birth. They even believe that the sex has a certain sanctity and prescience; and they do not despise their counsels, or make light of their answers. In Vespasian's days we saw Veleda, long regarded by many as a divinity. In former times too they venerated Aurinia, and many other women; but not with servile flatteries or with sham deification.

DEITIES

Mercury is the deity whom they chiefly worship; and on certain days they deem it right to sacrifice to him even with human victims. Hercules and Mars they appease with more lawful offerings. Some of the Suevi also sacrifice to Isis. Of the occasion and origin of this foreign rite I have discovered nothing but that the image, which is fashioned like a light galley, indicates an imported worship. The Germans, however, do not consider it consistent with the grandeur of celestial beings to confine the gods within walls, or to liken them to the form of any human countenance. They consecrate woods and groves; and they apply the names of deities to the abstraction which they see only in spiritual worship.

AUGURIES AND METHOD OF DIVINATION

Augury and divination by lot no people practise more diligently. The use of the lots is simple. A little bough is lopped off a fruit-bearing tree, and cut into small pieces; these are distinguished by certain marks, and thrown carelessly and at random over a white garment. In public questions the priest of the particular state, in private the father of the family, invokes the gods; and with his eyes towards heaven, takes up each piece three times, and finds in them a meaning according to the mark previously impressed on them. If they prove unfavorable, there is no further consultation that day about the matter; if they sanction it, the confirmation of augury is still required. For they are also familiar with the practice of consulting the notes and the flight of birds. It is peculiar to this people to seek omens and monitions from horses. Kept at the public expense, in these same woods and groves are white horses, pure from the taint of earthly labor; these are yoked to a sacred car, and accompanied by the priest and the king, or chief of the tribe, who note their neighings and snortings. No species of augury is more trusted, not only by the people and by the nobility, but also by the priests; who regard themselves as the ministers of the gods, and the horses as acquainted with their will. They have also another method of observing auspices, by which they seek to learn the result of an important war. Having taken, by whatever means, a prisoner from the tribe with whom they are at war, they pit him against a picked man of their own tribe, each combatant using the weapons of their country. The victory of the one or the other is accepted as an indication of the issue.

COUNCILS

About minor matters the chiefs deliberate, about the more important the whole tribe. Yet even when the final decision rests with the people, the affair is always thoroughly discussed by the chiefs. They assemble, except in the case of a sudden emergency, on certain fixed days, either at new or at full moon; for this they consider the most auspicious season for the transaction of business. Instead of reckoning by days as we do, they reckon by nights; and in this manner fix both their ordinary and their legal appointments. Night they regard as bringing on day. Their freedom has this disadvantage — that they do not meet simultaneously or as they are bidden, but two or three days are wasted in the delays of assembling. When the multitude think proper, they sit down armed. Silence is proclaimed by the priests, who have on these occasions the right of keeping order. Then the king or the chief — according to age, birth, distinction in war, or eloquence — is heard, more because he has influence to persuade than because he has power to command. If his sentiments displease them, they reject them with murmurs; if they are satisfied, they brandish their spears. The most complimentary form of assent is to express approbation with their weapons.

PUNISHMENTS — ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE

In their councils an accusation may be preferred, or a capital crime prosecuted. Penalties are distinguished according to the offense. Traitors and deserters are hanged on trees; the coward, the unwarlike, the man stained with abominable vices, is plunged into the mire of the morass, with a hurdle put over him. This distinction in punishment means that crime, they think, ought in being punished to be exposed, while infamy ought to be buried out of sight. Lighter offenses, too, have penalties proportioned to them: he who is convicted is fined in a certain number of horses or of cattle. Half of the fine is paid to the king or to the state, half to the person whose wrongs are avenged and to his relatives. In these same councils they also elect the chief magistrates, who administer law in the cantons and the towns. Each of these has a hundred associates chosen from the people, who support him with their advice and influence.

TRAINING OF THE YOUTH

They transact no public or private business without being armed. It is not, however, usual for anyone to wear arms till the state has recognized his power to use them. Then, in the presence of the council, one of the chiefs, or the young man's father, or some kinsman, equips him with a shield and a spear. These arms are what the "toga" is with us — the first honor with which

youth is invested. Up to this time he is regarded as a member of a household, afterwards as a member of the commonwealth. Very noble birth or great services rendered by the father secure for lads the rank of a chief; such lads attach themselves to men of mature strength and of long-approved valor. It is no shame to be seen among a chief's followers. Even in his escort there are gradations of rank, dependent on the choice of the man to whom they are attached. These followers vie keenly with each other as to who shall rank first with his chief; the chiefs as to who shall have the most numerous and the bravest followers. It is an honor as well as a source of strength to be thus always surrounded by a large body of picked youths: it is an ornament in peace and a defense in war. And not only in his own tribe but also in the neighboring states it is the renown and glory of a chief to be distinguished for the number and valor of his followers; for such a man is courted by embassies, is honored with presents, and the very prestige of his name often settles a war.

WARLIKE ARDOR OF THE PEOPLE

When they go into battle, it is a disgrace for the chief to be surpassed in valor, a disgrace for his followers not to equal the valor of the chief. And it is an infamy and a reproach for life to have survived the chief, and returned from the field. To defend, to protect him, to ascribe one's own brave deeds to his renown, is the height of loyalty. The chief fights for victory; his vassals fight for their chief. If their native state sinks into the sloth of prolonged peace and repose, many of its noble youths voluntarily seek those tribes which are waging some war: both because inaction is odious to their race, and because they win renown more readily in the midst of peril, and cannot maintain a numerous following except by violence and war. Indeed, men look to the liberality of their chief for their war-horse and their blood-stained and victorious lance. Feasts and entertainments—which, though inelegant, are plentifully furnished—are their only pay. The means of this bounty come from war and rapine. Nor are they as easily persuaded to plow the earth and to wait for the year's produce, as to challenge an enemy and earn the honor of wounds. Nay, they actually think it tame and stupid to acquire by the sweat of toil what they might win by their blood.

HABITS IN TIME OF PEACE

Whenever they are not fighting, they pass much of their time in the chase, and still more in idleness, giving themselves up to sleep and to feasting; the bravest and the most warlike doing nothing, and surrendering the management of the household, of the home, and of the land, to the women, the old men, and all the weakest members of the family. They themselves lie buried in sloth: a strange combination in their nature, that the same men should be

so fond of idleness, so averse to peace. It is the custom of the states to bestow by voluntary and individual contribution on the chiefs a present of cattle or of grain, which, while accepted as a compliment, supplies their wants. They are particularly delighted by gifts from neighboring tribes; which are sent not only by individuals but also by the state, such as choice steeds, heavy armor, trappings, and neck-chains. We have now taught them to accept money also.

ARRANGEMENT OF THEIR TOWNS — SUBTERRANEAN DWELLINGS

It is well known that the nations of Germany have no cities, and that they do not even tolerate closely contiguous dwellings. They live scattered and apart, just as a spring, a meadow, or a wood has attracted them. Their villages they do not arrange in our fashion — with the buildings connected and joined together — but every person surrounds his dwelling with an open space, either as a precaution against the disasters of fire, or because they do not know how to build. No use is made by them of stone or tile: they employ timber for all purposes, rude masses without ornament or attractiveness. Some parts of their buildings they stain more carefully, with a clay so clear and bright that it resembles painting, or a colored design. They are wont also to dig out subterranean caves, and pile on them great heaps of dung, as a shelter from winter, and as a receptacle for the year's produce; for by such places they mitigate the rigor of the cold. And should an enemy approach, he lays waste the open country, while what is hidden and buried is either not known to exist, or else escapes him from the very fact that it has to be searched for.

MARRIAGE LAWS

Their marriage code is strict, and indeed no part of their manners is more praiseworthy. Almost alone among barbarians they are content with one wife; except a very few among them, and these not from sensuality, but because their noble birth procures for them many offers of alliance. The wife does not bring a dower to the husband, but the husband to the wife. The parents and relatives are present, and pass judgment on the marriage gifts, gifts not meant to suit a woman's taste, nor such as a bride would deck herself with, but oxen, a caparisoned steed, a shield, a lance, and a sword. With these presents the wife is espoused, and she herself in her turn brings her husband a gift of arms. This they count their strongest bond of union, these their sacred mysteries, these their gods of marriage. Lest the woman should think herself to stand apart from aspirations after noble deeds and from the perils of war, she is reminded by the ceremony which inaugurates marriage that she is her husband's partner in toil and danger, destined to suffer and to dare with him alike both in peace and in war. The yoked oxen, the harnessed steed,

the gift of arms, proclaim this fact. She must live and die with the feeling that she is receiving what she must hand down to her children neither tarnished nor depreciated, what future daughters-in-law may receive, and may be so passed on to her grandchildren.

Thus with their virtue protected they live uncorrupted by the allurements of public shows or the stimulant of feasting. Clandestine correspondence is equally unknown to men and women. . . . The loss of chastity meets with no indulgence: neither beauty, youth, nor wealth will procure the culprit a husband. No one in Germany laughs at vice, nor do they call it the fashion to corrupt or to be corrupted. Still better is the condition of those states in which only maidens are given in marriage, and where the hopes and expectations of a bride are then finally terminated. They receive one husband, as having one body and one life, that they may have no thoughts beyond, no further-reaching desires, that they may love not so much the husband as the married state. To limit the number of their children or to destroy any of their subsequent offspring is accounted infamous; and good habits are here more effectual than good laws elsewhere.

SCENE OF THE DEFEAT OF VARUS

From the 'Annals'

NOT far hence lay the forest of Teutoburgium; and in it the bones of Varus and the legions, by report still unburied.

Germanicus upon this was seized with an eager longing to pay the last honor to those soldiers and their general; while the whole army present was moved to compassion by the thought of their kinsfolk and friends, and indeed, of the calamities of wars and the lot of mankind. Having sent on Cæcina in advance to reconnoiter the obscure forest passes, and to raise bridges and causeways over watery swamps and treacherous plains, they visited the mournful scenes, with their horrible sights and associations. Varus' first camp, with its wide circumference and the measurements of its central space, clearly indicated the handiwork of three legions. Further on, the partially fallen rampart and the shallow fosse suggested the inference that it was a shattered remnant of the army which had there taken up a position. In the center of the field were the whitening bones of men, as they had fled or stood their ground, strewn everywhere or piled in heaps. Near, lay fragments of weapons and limbs of horses, and also human heads, prominently nailed to trunks of trees. In the adjacent groves were the barbarous altars on which they had immolated tribunes and first-rank centurions. Some survivors of the disaster, who had escaped from the battle or from captivity, described

how this was the spot where the officers fell, how yonder the eagles were captured, where Varus was pierced by his first wound, where too by the stroke of his own ill-starred hand he found for himself death. They pointed out too the raised ground from which Arminius had harangued his army, the number of gibbets for the captives, the pits for the living, and how in his exultation he had insulted the standards and eagles.

SERVILITY OF THE SENATE

From the 'Annals'

AS for the Senate, it was no part of their anxiety whether dishonor fell on the extreme frontiers of the empire. Fear at home had filled their hearts; and for this they sought relief in sycophancy. And so, although their advice was asked on totally different subjects, they decreed an altar to Clemency; an altar to Friendship; and statues round them to Cæsar and Sejanus, both of whom they earnestly begged with repeated entreaties to allow themselves to be seen in public. Still, neither of them would visit Rome or even the neighborhood of Rome: they thought it enough to quit the island and show themselves on the opposite shores of Campania. Senators, knights, a number of the city populace, flocked thither, anxiously looking to Sejanus; approach to whom was particularly difficult, and was consequently sought by intrigue and by complicity in his counsels. It was sufficiently clear that his arrogance was increased by gazing on this foul and openly displayed servility. At Rome indeed hurrying crowds are a familiar sight, and from the extent of the city no one knows on what business each citizen is bent: but there, as they lounged in promiscuous crowds in the fields or on the shore, they had to bear day and night alike the patronizing smiles and the supercilious insolence of hall-porters, till even this was forbidden them; and those whom Sejanus had not deigned to accost or to look on, returned to the capital in alarm, while some felt an evil joy, though there hung over them the dreadful doom of that ill-starred friendship.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF TIBERIUS

From the 'Annals'

ON the 15th of March, his breath failing, he was believed to have expired; and Caius Cæsar was going forth with a numerous throng of congratulating followers to take the first possession of the empire, when suddenly news came that Tiberius was recovering his voice and

sight, and calling for persons to bring him food to revive him from his faintness. Then ensued a universal panic; and while the rest fled hither and thither, everyone feigning grief or ignorance, Caius Cæsar, in silent stupor, passed from the highest hopes to the extremity of apprehension. Marcus, nothing daunted, ordered the old emperor to be smothered under a huge heap of clothes; and all to quit the entrance-hall.

And so died Tiberius in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Nero was his father, and he was on both sides descended from the Claudian house; though his mother passed by adoption, first into the Livian, then into the Julian family. From earliest infancy, perilous vicissitudes were his lot. Himself an exile, he was the companion of a proscribed father; and on being admitted as a stepson into the house of Augustus, he had to struggle with many rivals, so long as Marcellus and Agrippa, and subsequently Caius and Lucius Cæsar, were in their glory. Again, his brother Drusus enjoyed in a greater degree the affection of the citizens. But he was more than ever on dangerous ground after his marriage with Julia, whether he tolerated or escaped from his wife's profligacy. On his return from Rhodes he ruled the emperor's now heirless house for twelve years; and the Roman world, with absolute sway, for about twenty-three. His character too had its distinct periods. It was a bright time in his life and reputation while under Augustus he was a private citizen or held high offices; a time of reserve and crafty assumption of virtue, as long as Germanicus and Drusus were alive. Again, while his mother lived, he was a compound of good and evil; he was infamous for his cruelty, though he veiled his debaucheries, while he loved or feared Sejanus. Finally he plunged into every wickedness and disgrace, when, fear and shame being cast off, he simply indulged his own inclinations.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ROME, AND NERO'S ACCUSATION OF THE CHRISTIANS

From the 'Annals'

A DISASTER followed — whether accidental or treacherously contrived by the emperor is uncertain, as authors have given both accounts; worse, however, and more dreadful than any which have ever happened to this city by the violence of fire. It had its beginning in that part of the Circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills, where amid the shops containing inflammable wares, the conflagration both broke out, and instantly became so fierce and so rapid from the wind that it seized in its grasp the entire length of the Circus. For here there were no houses fenced in by solid masonry, or temples surrounded by walls, or any other obstacle to inter-

pose delay. The blaze in its fury ran first through the level portions of the city, then rose to the hills, while it again devastated every place below them; it outstripped all preventive measures, so rapid was the mischief and so completely at its mercy the city, with those narrow winding passages and irregular streets which characterized old Rome. Added to this were the wailings of terror-stricken women, the feebleness of age, the helpless inexperience of childhood; the crowds who sought to save themselves or others, dragging out the infirm or waiting for them, and by their hurry in the one case, by their delay in the other, aggravating the confusion. Often while they looked behind them, they were intercepted by flames on their side or in their face. Or if they reached a refuge close at hand, when this too was seized by the fire, they found that even places which they had imagined to be remote were involved in the same calamity. At last, doubting what they should avoid or whither to betake themselves, they crowded the streets or flung themselves down in the fields; while some who had lost their all, even their very daily bread, and others out of love for the kinsfolk whom they had been unable to rescue, perished, though escape was open to them. And no one dared to stop the mischief, because of incessant menaces from a number of persons who forbade the extinguishing of the flames; or because again others openly hurled brands, and kept shouting that there was one who gave them authority — either seeking to plunder more freely, or obeying orders.

Nero at this time was at Antium, and did not return to Rome until the fire approached his house, which he had built to connect the palace with the gardens of Mæcenas. It could not, however, be stopped from devouring the palace, the house, and everything around it. However, to relieve the people, driven out homeless as they were, he threw open to them the Campus Martius and the public buildings of Agrippa, and even his own gardens; and raised temporary structures to receive the destitute multitude. Supplies of food were brought up from Ostia and the neighboring towns, and the price of corn was reduced to three sesterces a peck. These acts, though popular, produced no effect; since a rumor had gone forth everywhere that, at the very time when the city was in flames, the emperor appeared on a private stage and sang of the destruction of Troy, comparing present misfortunes with the calamities of antiquity.

Such indeed were the precautions of human wisdom. The next thing was to seek a means of propitiating the gods; and recourse was had to the Sibylline Books, by the direction of which prayers were offered to Vulcanus, Ceres, and Proserpina. Juno too was entreated by the matrons; first in the Capitol, then on the nearest part of the coast, whence water was procured to sprinkle the fane and image of the goddess. And there were sacred banquets and nightly vigils celebrated by married women. But all human efforts, all the lavish gifts of the emperor, and the propitiations of the gods, did not banish the sinister belief that the conflagration was the result of an order. Consequently, to get

rid of the report, Nero fastened the guilt and inflicted the most exquisite tortures on a class hated for their abominations, called Christians by the populace. Christus, from whom the name had its origin, suffered the extreme penalty during the reign of Tiberius at the hands of one of our procurators, Pontius Pilatus; and a most mischievous superstition, thus checked for the moment, again broke out not only in Judæa, the first source of the evil, but even in Rome, where all things hideous and shameful from every part of the world find their center and become popular. Accordingly an arrest was first made of all who pleaded guilty; then upon their information, an immense multitude was convicted, not so much of the crime of firing the city as of hatred against mankind. Mockery of every sort was added to their deaths. Covered with the skins of beasts, they were torn by dogs and perished; or were nailed to crosses, or were doomed to the flames and burnt, to serve as a nightly illumination when daylight had expired.

Nero offered his gardens for the spectacle, and was exhibiting a show in the Circus, while he mingled with the people in the dress of a charioteer, or stood aloft on a car. Hence, even for criminals who deserved extreme and exemplary punishment, there arose a feeling of compassion; for it was not, as it seemed, for the public good, but to glut one man's cruelty, that they were being destroyed.

Translated by Church and Brodribb

JUVENAL

THE permanent value of any literary work may be due to the fact that it appeals to those common emotions which vary neither with time nor with nationality. Love, hatred, envy, and ambition differ in the objects towards which they are directed, and in the methods of their manifestation; but as primary emotions they exist unchanged in the modern as in the ancient world. The writer who knows how to depict them directly, with little or no reference to the changing conditions under which they appear, is sure of an audience for all time. The rhythmic heart-beats of Catullus find their echoes everywhere. On the other hand, there are writers whose abiding interest springs from a different source. In them there is less emphasis on the emotion, more on the object upon which the emotion is exercised — on the complex and constantly shifting circumstances under which it reveals itself. Thus the two factors of history — the individual and the environment — are presented with varying degrees of prominence.

In writers of the former class, we prize chiefly depth of feeling, breadth of sympathy, and that quick responsiveness to indefinable spiritual influences that marks the poet and the genius. In the latter, we look for the more strictly intellectual qualities of keen insight, clear judgment, and power of pictorial representation. It makes very little difference when and where such a poet as Catullus lived. With the writer of the latter class, however, the condition of the society with which he is surrounded is all-important.

It is to this latter class that Juvenal belongs. As a great poet he is undoubtedly inferior to Catullus or Lucretius. As a depicter of morals and manners he is far beyond them. They appeal to the student of poetry; Juvenal appeals to the student of history. Nowhere, not even in the histories (satires themselves) of Tacitus, can we find so distinct a picture of the seething tumult of that complex Roman civilization which was rapidly moving on to destruction. To the modern reader the value of this picture is enhanced by the fact that it represents a state of society which in many respects closely resembles that of our own time.

At the period which Juvenal describes, Rome was full of unearned wealth; wealth that had come not as the result of honest effort in agriculture or commerce, but from the plunder of the East, from bribery and corruption in public life, from usury and blackmail, from the prostitution of power to the ends of selfish ambition. At this time, too, Rome was flooded with a foreign population: all the refuse of the earlier civilizations of Persia, of Carthage, and of Greece, had been poured into that powerful stream which seemed

destined to engulf the world; the stream was clogged and spread out into a pool of corruption. The old Roman spirit was gone: the simplicity and directness of purpose, the force of will, the devotion of the individual to the state, the dignity that marked Rome's earliest struggle to embody her ideals of law and of order in a great political commonwealth — had given place to the complexity of a luxurious society, to a selfish pursuit of private interest, to that dangerous relaxation which almost inevitably attends the attainment of an eagerly sought purpose. Rome had become the undisputed mistress of the world, and resting on her laurels, she grew inert and powerless. The force that shaped her course was no longer in the hands of the old patricians — men who, whatever their faults, loved Rome and the Roman ideal state; it had passed to those whose only claim to precedence was their ability to pay for it — and that too, oftentimes, with money gained by the kindred professions of informer and legacy-hunter. The severity of the old Roman morality of Cato's time had given place to a system — or lack of system — in which duty, self-denial, honesty, and uprightness, had little place.

While it may not be claimed that this dark picture has its exact reflection in our own time, and while the forces which work for social regeneration are now undoubtedly far more active and far better organized than in that day, yet the student of social and economic history cannot fail to be struck by certain marked similarities in the progress of tendencies in Rome and in our own republic. The rapid and vast increase of wealth and its accompanying luxury; the changes in political methods and in the use made of political power; the displacement of the old Puritan ideals of duty by a morality much less severe in its type — all these seem to be among the repetitions of history. Nor is the parallel confined to such general outlines. Juvenal describes the mania for building great palaces, the degradation of the stage, the influence exerted by the worst element of a contemporary foreign people, the increasing frequency of divorce — and even the advent of the new woman!

Juvenal appeals to the modern spirit also by his power of clear presentation. He has none of that vague denunciation of vice which is like an arrow shot harmlessly into the air, leaving the actual sinner untouched, and ready to follow its flight with sympathetic admiration. His descriptions of the cringing parasite, the cowardly bully, the flattering courtier, the rich upstart, the degenerate patrician, the conceited patron of literature, all bear the marks of reality. The same is true where he puts before us a scene rather than a character. The departure of Umbricius from Rome, the quarrel in the street, the jostling crowd that pushes to the rich man's door for its daily dole, the fortune-hunter hurrying off, dressing as he runs, to present himself at the rich widow's morning reception, the obsequious senators gathered at the emperor's villa — they all stand out with the same pictorial vividness that marks the more delicate word-painting of Vergil, but with an even greater clearness of outline and strength of color.

Although Juvenal may not share with the lyric poets that universality of interest which has its explanation in the permanent character of the emotions, yet the circumstance that he deals with the facts of conduct which are common to all humanity makes it impossible for readers in any age to be indifferent to his work. Again, his method is the method of modern satire: in its impersonality, in its sustained force, in its systematic arrangement, in its concise adaptation of telling phrases, in its effective use of illustration, and more than all in its indignant bitterness.

Of the outer life of Juvenal, we know literally almost nothing. That his name was *Decimus Iunius Iuvenalis*; that he lived in the latter part of the first and the early part of the second century after the birth of Christ—these two facts comprise all of which we can claim certain knowledge. We have indeed material for conjectures, in a life of the poet by an unknown author prefixed to his works, an inscription supposed to refer to him, two or three epigrams of Martial, and an occasional hint in his own works. Accepting the more probable of these statements, we may assume that Juvenal was the son of a freedman, born at Aquinum about 60 A.D.; that he spent most of his life at Rome, where he was especially interested in the study of rhetoric; and that his satires were written after he reached middle age, between 96 and 120 A.D. It is probable that he served in the army, that he was at one time banished to Egypt, and that he was about eighty years old when he died. The two most striking things about this dearth of information are—first, that Martial, the only classical writer who mentions Juvenal, speaks of him simply as a friend, with no reference to his literary achievements; and second, that the poet is so singularly chary of information about his own life.

Many poets write autobiographies in spite of themselves; from simplicity rather than egoism they lay before their readers records of their lives—as Burns and Horace, for instance, have done. All that we need to know of the birth of Horace, his education, his friends, his pleasures, his taste, and his philosophy, we may find written down by his own hand, either in intentional description or in unintentional reference. Juvenal's reticence is in the more striking contrast to this self-revelation, since they both deal with the same general subject—the follies and vices of their own contemporaries. It is characteristic of the two points of view. Horace is not only in the world of which he writes, but of it. We may fancy him resting at ease in a circle of his friends, reading aloud to them, while a quiet smile plays about his lips, the carefully prepared, well-polished, often persuasive, but rarely convincing arguments in favor—of what? Not of righteousness, not even of good morals—but of moderation, content, and good taste. Honesty is the best policy; discontent is very disquieting; violent emotion is conducive to dyspepsia: even his friends would hardly resent these pleasant discussions of everyday topics, this mingling of wit and wisdom, these little thrusts at their follies and affectations.

"We all have our faults: let us deal gently with each other; and when we laugh at our friends, let us laugh with them too. The really foolish man is the one that gives up the calm joy of living, in the pursuit of some vulgar extreme of wealth or power of philosophic asceticism." Such a man, with such a disposition, and in such an environment as that of the early Empire, was naturally communicative.

If we can imagine Juvenal reading his satires to an audience, it must be to one that stood with him aloof from the world that he describes. The man who recognised his own portrait in any one of these figures, standing out with such startling distinctness from the background of infamy and degradation furnished by the later Empire, would be in no mood to take the reader by the hand and thank him for a very pleasant evening. Juvenal is not resting on a couch talking things over with his friends philosophically: he is standing in the full strength of an indignant manhood, denouncing with the voice of one of the old Hebrew prophets the debauchery and the crime which are the death of all that is great and good. He does not play about his subject, but attacks it directly and vigorously; and we follow him with sympathetic attention, confident that he means what he says, and that he will not turn around upon us at the end of the journey and laugh at us because we are out of breath. Sometimes indeed we may feel that the pace is rather hot, and we may think with a touch of envy of our round-bodied good-natured little friend Horace ambling along in the rear; but on the whole we enjoy the rush and the whirl of Juvenal's gallop. After all, it is hard to make a hero of a philosopher, but the man of few ideas, of single purpose and indomitable will, rouses our enthusiasm, however much in our moments of calm reflection we may deprecate his violence.

The main source of Juvenal's power is this directness — this honest recognition of the brute in man: he is like a preacher that believes in original sin and total depravity. We may gloss it over, and talk about the educative value of evil, and the refining influences of art and wealth; we may laugh with Horace, and say "What fools these mortals be!" — but when Juvenal sweeps away these philosophic compromises, we instinctively put out our hands as if to ward off a blow.

The works of Juvenal as they have come down to us consist of sixteen satires, containing about four thousand lines. The genuineness of several satires, and of passages in others, has been disputed; but while the two sections into which such critics divide the works attributed to Juvenal differ decidedly in subject and in style, these differences are not of such a sort as to lead the best editors to reject the disputed portions.

Juvenal announces his subject as "The doings of men, their hopes, their fears, their runnings to and fro." It was a topic that found little or no place in the great body of Greek literature. Quintilian claimed this field for the Romans when he said, "Satire is wholly our own"; and Horace speaks of it

as a form of verse untouched by the Greeks. Among the Romans themselves Juvenal's most important predecessors were Ennius, Lucilius, Horace, and Persius. The fragments of Ennius are so few that the character of his satires is doubtful. We know little more of them than that they were medleys, sometimes in dialogue form. True satire began with Lucilius. Like Juvenal he was essentially Roman in spirit, and stood for the old Roman virtues; but, also like Juvenal, he sometimes rose to a broader conception, as in his famous definition of virtue: his style was careless, but full of force, and sharp with real satiric power. Horace differs from Juvenal in his whole spirit and tone. He is cosmopolitan rather than national, his weapon is ridicule rather than invective. His style is easy and conversational, free from rhetorical exaggeration and systematic elaboration. Persius, a student of books rather than of men, is didactic and pseudo-philosophical, full of affectation and self-consciousness; occasionally, however, he forgets himself and writes an effective passage, as in his description of the prayers offered in the temples. Juvenal is more polished and rhetorical than Lucilius, more vigorous than Horace, more real than Persius.

In the first satire, which is in a way introductory to the whole series, Juvenal gives his reasons for writing. He is tired of the fashionable poetry of the day, made up of mythology and commonplace, and proposes to follow in the footsteps of Lucilius. The state of the times certainly justifies satire. The social order is upside down; Rome is full of masculine women and effeminate men, rascally lawyers and malicious informers, rich upstarts and dishonest politicians, gamblers, forgers, poisoners. Here is a field indeed where "if nature fail, just wrath may fill the line."

The third satire shares with the tenth the claim to greatest general interest. It was imitated by Johnson in his 'London'; but the imitation is not close enough to be a good translation, and is too close to be a good paraphrase. Here Juvenal's power of vivid word-painting is at its best. His friend Umbrius feels forced to leave Rome and go to live in a quiet little country town; and to justify this resolution he describes the state of the city. There is no room for honest men, since all success is the reward of wrong-doing. Rome has become the paradise of the versatile time-serving Greeks, who are ready to assume any part and do any work, and are equally unscrupulous in all. Nor is there room in Rome for a poor man: he is ill treated and despised, and driven to dishonesty by the ostentation that society forces upon him. Even in the streets deep with mud, brawny porters, with casks or beams on their shoulders, and sturdy soldiers with hob-nailed shoes, crowd and jostle him, while he makes way for the rich man's litter or for the contractor's wagon. The night is worse than the day; for then the streets are full of boisterous revelers, who delight to pick a quarrel, and after insults and blows, finish their frolic by summoning their victim for assault and battery! His head is not safe from falling tiles and objects of various sorts thrown from

the windows of the tall buildings — whose ill-built walls are a danger in themselves — nor his neck from the footpads and garroters that infest the town.

The tenth satire, which English readers know through Dr. Johnson's imitation, entitled 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' is perhaps the least technical, the least Roman, and the least savage of all Juvenal's works. It is marked by great breadth of view, and rests more firmly on ground common to humanity. Its instances of "the better that is ever the enemy of the good" teach the wisdom of content quite as clearly as the more direct maxims of the apostle of moderation, Horace himself. Sejanus, who sought the imperial crown and found a felon's death; Hannibal, who fretted within the narrow limits of a single empire and became an exile and a suicide; Cicero, anxious to pose a second time as the saviour of his country; Priam, whose length of days brought heaped-up woes: all these and other examples show — not, as some have thought, the futility of human effort, but as Juvenal himself says, the blindness of the human heart, and its inability to distinguish between the good and its opposite. What wonder that Heraclitus wept, and Democritus laughed, at the folly of man? Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Man is dearer to the gods than to himself. Let him pray for a sane mind in a sound body; for the strength of soul that death cannot affright; for a heart that bears its burdens patiently, that knows not anger nor admits inordinate desire. Dr. Johnson's imitation suffers by comparison with the original. It lacks force and fervor; its pictures are dull beside the brilliant coloring of Juvenal; while Wolsey is but a poor substitute for Sejanus, and Charles of Sweden a dim reflection of the man who bade his soldiers scale the Alps, "the walls of Rome." Chaucer refers to this satire in 'Troilus and Cressida': —

O Juvenall, lord, true is thy sentence,
That little wenen folke what is to yerne,
That they ne finden in hir desire offense,
For cloud of errour ne lette hem discerne
What best is.

Another satire which appeals rather to humanity than to anything distinctly Roman is the fourteenth, on the influence of parental example. The young man learns of his father as the young bird learns of the old. Men complain of the faults and vices of their sons, and say, "I never taught him that." No; but your example was stronger than your precepts, and he is only treading your own footsteps deeper. In the case of avarice indeed you add precept to example; and teach your boy meanness, injustice, and crime, only that he may be tormented by anxiety to retain what he has been tormented by anxiety to acquire.

The contrast between the early Roman Senate and the collection of

sycophants that bore the name in Juvenal's day is brought out in the fourth satire. The emperor summons his advisers to his Alban villa to decide on the disposition of a great fish which the poor fisherman, making a virtue of necessity, has presented to his imperial master. The various senators are described, each in a few lines, but in phrases so carefully chosen that the individuals stand out like pictures on a canvas, from "kindly old Crispus" to "Pompeius," who was "good at slitting throats with a whisper."

The degenerate form of the old Roman relation of patron and client is depicted in the fifth satire. The mean servility that will submit to all sorts of indignities for the sake of a place at a rich man's table, where the obsequious guest receives an occasional word, like a bone thrown to a dog, calls for little pity. The man that will practise it deserves all the contempt that is his inevitable reward.

The famous chapter in Punch, 'Advice to Those about to Marry,' is a condensation into one word of Juvenal's six hundred lines of warning on the same subject to his friend Postumus, in the sixth satire. There is probably no chapter in the whole range of literature that deals so unsparingly with the faults and vices of women as this. The writer does not confine himself to sex relations, but dilates with vigor upon their extravagant love of display, silly devotion to actors and musicians, delight in gossip, cruelty to those weaker than themselves, childish literary aspirations, foolish superstitions, imitation of men's dress, manners, and pursuits. If a woman be free from these vices of her sex, her self-complacency makes her very virtue distasteful. The chief value of the satire lies in its picture of the times, set forth with all the unrivaled vigor of Juvenal's denunciation. An interesting parallel may be found in the third chapter of Isaiah.

The thirteenth satire contains several famous passages. In one of them Juvenal describes the different mental attitudes of different men in the face of wrong-doing, in another the pains of remorse, and in a third the pettiness of revenge. In breadth of view, strength of grasp, psychological insight, and evidence of reserve power, this satire ranks with the masterpieces of literature; and it furnishes the chief arguments to those critics who have thought that its author was well acquainted with the ethics of the Christian system.

Juvenal's whole work takes its dominant note from his standard of morality, which is drawn not from any system of philosophic ethics, but from a simple recognition of the eternal conflict between right and wrong. In many passages indeed he applies this standard in a conventional Roman way, as when he flings his scorn upon the Roman noble who drives his own chariot past the very tombs of his ancestors. In general, however, he is human rather than merely Roman. It is the standard that the old Roman character evolved without the help of Greek philosophy; the same crude but definite standard that Cato feared to see obscured by the complication and compromises of Greek culture. It results in that direct appeal to the individual

conscience which marks all earnest reformers, all great religious movements. This gives to the satires their immediate personal interest.

Juvenal's style is the natural expression of strong feeling tinged with bitterness. His sentences come out with a rush and a swing that force the attention. They have the "drum and trumpet's din," rather than "the continuity, the long slow slope and vast curves of the gradual violin." Artistic in the Horatian sense he is not. The tension is rarely relaxed. There are few lights and shades. His very strength becomes his weakness. We seem to feel, not the calm consciousness of power in which the word inevitably follows the thought, but the tumult of feeling that seizes upon the words and forces them into the verse: such a style is effective, but by its very stress and strain it is wearisome. Many critics have accused him of being a mere rhetorician; failing to see that while his strong phrases may sometimes cloud his thought, they never take its place.

Besides its pictorial quality, instances of which have already been given, his style is marked by an epigrammatic terseness which puts an essay into a single line, and has made him one of the most quoted of Roman writers. "A sane mind in a sound body"; "But who shall watch the watchers?" "All men praise honesty — and let her freeze"; "The traveler with empty purse will whistle in the footpad's face"; "To save his life, he gives up all that makes life dear"; "Prayers which the unkindly gods have granted"; "It is the innocence of youth that most deserves our reverence." His works abound in such summaries of thought, which place a whole situation at the command of a reader who possesses an imagination, though they may leave the mere grammarian cold.

A satirist without humor is a scold; and while Juvenal's humor has none of the lightness and delicacy which we usually associate with the word, it is present in full measure. Remorseless as that of Swift, bitter as that of Thackeray, it does not stir to laughter, but raises at best a grim smile. Scornful rather than contemptuous, it is the humor of indignation rather than of ridicule. Juvenal can knock his victim down with the bludgeon of Cato, run him through with Swift's rapier, and then draw his picture with Hogarth's pencil.

For us, then, Juvenal means a strong, earnest spirit with great breadth of view and distinctness of vision, depicting with marvelous power of expression that state of society during one of the most important periods of human history. He is not only a poet — he is preacher and prophet as well.

The earliest English versions of Juvenal are those by Holyday and Stapylton in the middle of the seventeenth century. Gifford, Hodgson, and Badham have made translations in English verse. There are literal prose translations by Madan, Evans, and Lewis. Five of the satires were translated by Dryden; and two, the third and the tenth, were imitated by Dr. Johnson.

THOMAS BOND LINDSAY

UMBRICIUS' FAREWELL TO ROME

From the Third Satire

SINCE of honest gains —
 By honest arts — no hope at Rome remains;
 Since from the remnant of my scanty store
 Each morrow still wears off some fragment more:
 Thither I go where Dædalus, distressed,
 Took his tired wings off, and was glad to rest —
 In the first freshness of an old man's prime.

What should I do at Rome, untaught to lie,
 Who neither praise the stupid book, nor buy?
 Who cannot, will not, bid the stars declare
 His father's funeral to the greedy heir?
 The bowels of the toad I ne'er inspect,
 To bear th' adulterer's gifts none me select;
 No public robbers through my aid shall thrive:
 Then wherefore with the current longer strive?
 No man's confederate, here alone I stand,
 Like the maimed owner of a palsied hand. . . .

From that vile race at length behold me free;
 Dear to the great, detestable to me!
 Scruples, away! What! is it come to this?
 Is Rome at last a Greek metropolis?
 Yet of the filth derived from foreign mart,
 The feculence of Greece but forms a part:
 Full into Tiber's stream 'tis many a day
 Since foul Orontes forced its fatal way;
 Hence Syrian speech and Syrian manners come,
 And Syrian music, and the barbarous drum:
 Hie to the circus, ye that set a price
 On foreign lures, and exoteric vice!

Into each house the wily strangers crawl —
 Obsequious now, soon to be lords of all.
 Prompt to discern, and swift to seize his time,
 Your Greek stands forth in impudence sublime.
 Torrents of words that might Isæus drown
 Rush forth at once, and bear you helpless down.
 Hope not to scan that prodigy of parts,
 The deep in science, the adept in arts:
 Geometer, logician, man of taste,

Versed in all lore, with all acquirements graced,
 Medicine and magic swell the ample list,
 From augur grave to light funambulist:
 Bid an esurient Greek do what you choose —
 The absurd, the impossible — he'll not refuse!

Was it for nothing, that of Aventine
 The freshening gales in infancy were mine?
 For nothing that on Roman soil I grew,
 And my first strength from Sabine olives drew?
 Go, persevere; and in most prudent strain,
 Praise wit in fools and features in the plain;
 On lanky, long-necked feebleness confer
 The grasp of Hercules — ye cannot err!
 Go, praise a voice as mellow as the note
 Which the shrill cock pours from exulting throat.
 Thus too might we — but who would be deceived?
 The Greek alone may lie and be believed.

Who at Præneste ever lived in dread
 Lest the frail roof should crumble o'er his head?
 At Gabii who? Volsinium's woodland height,
 Or Tibur throned upon its mountain site?
 Here props and buttresses the crash suspend,
 And loaded with incumbent ruin, bend:
 For thus the thrifty steward would conceal
 The perils which old flaws anon reveal;
 And while the loosened pile yet nods on high,
 Bids us sleep on, nor fear the danger nigh.
 Oh! let me dwell where no nocturnal screams
 Shall break the golden links of blissful dreams!
 Hark! where Ucalegon for water cries,
 Casts out his chattels, from the peril flies;
 Dense smoke is bursting from the floor below —
 Ho! wake thee, man! thy instant perils know.
 The basement totters, and thou snor'st the while!
 Last to be burnt, all snug beneath the tile
 That gives thee shelter from the vernal rain,
 Where the fond dove hath pledged her eggs in vain.

Such are our days; let a new theme invite,
 And hear the greater perils of the night.
 Behold those lofty roofs from which, on high,
 The loosened tile oft wounds the passer-by;
 Nor seldom, from some lofty casement thrown,
 The cracked and broken vase comes thundering down;

See with what force it strikes the flint below,
 Where the flawed pavement tells the frequent blow!
 Oh! thoughtless, careless, indolent, or blind,
 Sup not abroad before thy will be signed;
 Assured, as many dangers thou shalt meet
 As there be open windows in the street.

To these, my friend, more reasons yet remain:
 Enough! the sun's already on the wane;
 The cattle wait — th' impatient driver, see,
 Points to the road, and only stays for me.
 Farewell! forget me not, and when, oppressed
 With cares at Rome, thou seek'st Aquinum's rest,
 The much-loved shores of Cuma I'll resign,
 At his own Ceres' and Diana's shrine,
 To greet my friend; and in his satires there
 (If they disdain not) I will gladly bear
 What part I may: in country shoes I'll come,
 Tread your bleak lands, and share your friendly home.

TERRORS OF CONSCIENCE

From the Thirteenth Satire

THE Spartan rogue who, boldly bent on fraud,
 Dared ask the god to sanction and applaud,
 And sought for counsel at the Pythian shrine,
 Received for answer from the lips divine —
 "That he who doubted to restore his trust,
 And reasoned much, reluctant to be just,
 Should for those doubts and that reluctance prove
 The deepest vengeance of the powers above."
 The tale declares that not pronounced in vain
 Came forth the warning from the sacred fane:
 Ere long no branch of that devoted race
 Could mortal man on soil of Sparta trace!
 Thus but intended mischief, stayed in time,
 Had all the mortal guilt of finished crime.

If such his fate who yet but darkly dares,
 Whose guilty purpose yet no act declares,
 What were it, done! Ah! now farewell to peace!
 Ne'er on this earth his soul's alarms shall cease!
 Held in the mouth that languid fever burns,

His tasteless food he indolently turns;
 On Alba's oldest stock his soul shall pine!
 Forth from his lips he spits the joyless wine!
 Nor all the nectar of the hills shall now
 Or glad the heart, or smooth the wrinkled brow!
 While o'er the couch his aching limbs are cast,
 If care permit the brief repose at last,
 Lo! there the altar and the fane abused!
 Or darkly shadowed forth in dream confused,
 While the damp brow betrays the inward storm,
 Before him flits thy aggravated form!
 Then as new fears o'er all his senses press,
 Unwilling words the guilty truth confess!
 These, these be they whom secret terrors try,
 When muttered thunders shake the lurid sky;
 Whose deadly paleness now the gloom conceals
 And now the vivid flash anew reveals.
 No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,
 They deem without an aim no thunders rolled;
 Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought
 Judicial fire, with Heaven's high vengeance fraught.
 Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear
 And greater dread, each future storm they fear;
 In burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,
 In their distempered frame if fever keep,
 Or pained side their wonted rest prevent,
 Behold some incensed god his bow has bent!
 All pains, all aches, are stones and arrows hurled
 At bold offenders in this nether world!
 From them no crested cock acceptance meets!
 Their lamb before the altar vainly bleats!
 Can pardoning Heaven on guilty sickness smile?
 Or is there victim than itself more vile?
 Where steadfast virtue dwells not in the breast,
 Man is a wavering creature at the best!

PARENTAL INFLUENCE

From the Fourteenth Satire

LET naught which modest eyes or ears would shun
 Approach the precincts that protect thy son!
 Far be the revel from thy halls away,
 And of carousing guests the wanton lay:
 His child's unsullied purity demands
 The deepest reverence at a parent's hands!
 Quit for his sake thy pleasant vice in time,
 Nor plunge thy offspring in the lore of crime;
 For if the laws defied at length requite
 His guilty course, and angry censors smite,
 Thy moral likeness if the world shall see,
 And sins made worse by practice, taught by thee —
 Then shalt thou sharply, in thy wrath, declare
 Thy canceled will, and him no longer heir!
 What! dost assume the grave parental face,
 Thou, whom persistive vices still disgrace?
 Thou, from whose head, where endless follies reign,
 The void cucurbit were a needful drain?

Expects thy dwelling soon a stranger guest?
 Behold! not one of all thy menials rest;
 Down comes the spider, struggling in his loom,
 O'er walls and pavements moves the active broom;
 This brings the pail, to that the brush assigned,
 While storms the master with his whip behind!
 Wretch! art thou troubled lest thy friend descry
 Some unswept corner with too curious eye?
 Lest marks unseemly at thy porch be seen,
 Which sawdust and a slave may quickly clean? —
 And is it nothing, nothing, that thy child
 Should see thy house with vices undefiled,
 From moral stains immaculate and free,
 The home of righteousness and sanctity?
 Yes! if thou rear'st thy son to till the soil,
 To bear the patriot's or the statesman's toil,
 Then from thy grateful country claim thy meed,
 A good and useful citizen indeed!
 But ere she thank thee, let that country know
 From early care of thine what virtues flow!

PLINY THE YOUNGER

(CAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS)

PUBLIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS, as he was first named, was in his eighteenth year when his uncle and guardian, the elder Pliny, perished in the eruption of Vesuvius, 79 A.D., leaving his fortune and his name to his ward. The boy had been carefully educated by his mother, and his other guardian, the noble Virginius Rufus, whose virtues he afterwards commemorated in one of his epistles. Rich, well born, well educated, Pliny rapidly rose to eminence in his profession as advocate, pleading not only in the courts, but also having a part in important cases before the Senate. Not content with professional success, however, he revised and published his speeches, and aspired to be equally eminent as a man of letters; in this and other matters (as he was not ashamed to admit) following the example of Cicero. More than once his letters record the anxious care which he and his friends bestowed upon the elaboration of his orations; but nothing of them has survived save one show-piece, the so-called 'Panegyricus,' in praise of his friend and patron the Emperor Trajan. This is an ornate and labored production, which scarcely excites regret that the rest have perished. There were not wanting friends to tell him that his style was too daring, and Macrobius is probably correct in assigning him to the luxuriant and florid type of oratory.

Pliny's advancement in office was equally rapid — too rapid, perhaps, since he owed much of his early success to the hated Domitian. He was quæstor in 89, tribune 91, prætor 93, and subsequently filled important posts connected with the Treasury. It seems, indeed, to have been his unusual ability as a financier which commended him; but he is careful to inform us that after Domitian's death, papers were discovered showing how narrowly he had escaped the fate that overtook all virtue under that odious tyranny. In the year 100 his official career was crowned by an appointment as *consul suffectus* for the months of September and October; a consulship which he can hardly have enjoyed comparing with Cicero's. Some eleven years later he was sent as proconsul to the province of Pontus and Bithynia; and there, or shortly after his return to Rome, he seems to have died.

The nine books of 'Letters' on which his fame now rests were composed after the death of Domitian, and published at intervals from 97 to 109. A tenth book was subsequently added, containing his correspondence with Trajan while in his province, together with the Emperor's very business-like

answers. In this last book occurs the famous letter concerning the Christians, probably the best-known passage in the entire collection. There can be little doubt that Pliny composed the vast majority of his epistles expressly for publication. It has been pointed out, for example, that only twice is anyone of whom an unfavorable opinion is expressed, mentioned by name. Pliny, according to his own account, is the most gallant of husbands, the most amiable of friends; affectionate to all his relatives, generous to all his dependents, on the best of terms with all the world save Regulus — and Regulus dies betimes. It is not hard for some readers of Pliny to vote him a prig, and to believe that his likeness to Cicero resides chiefly in his vanity and his weakness. And it is not easy for anyone familiar with that period as depicted in the pages of Tacitus, Juvenal, and Suetonius, to recognize it when viewed from Pliny's standpoint. So much amiability in the writer, so much virtue in his friends, seem a trifle suspicious. But it would be unjust to consider Pliny a mere *poseur* — a deliberate flatterer of himself or of his age. Amiable, clever, cultured, successful, he was disposed to look upon the bright side of men and things. He too has lived through the Reign of Terror, and can tell gloomy tales of men's baseness. But it is much to his credit that he prefers to record the good that survived to a happier epoch. Virtuous men and women, loyal friends, domestic happiness, were still to be found in Rome; and the many charming pictures drawn by Pliny are doubtless as free from exaggeration as the gloomy scenes painted by the more skilful brushes of his greater contemporaries.

While there is some attempt to observe chronological order in the arrangement of the letters, it is evident that the author has tried to heighten their attractiveness by varying his topics. With few exceptions each letter discusses but one subject, and the diction bears every mark of labored simplicity. The correspondence thus lacks that spontaneity and unconscious ease which are universally felt to be the highest charm of letter-writing — those qualities which make so much of Cicero's correspondence a delight, and the lack of which makes Pope's letters a perpetual challenge to the reader's criticism. But though Pliny has not "snatched a grace beyond the reach of art," he is nevertheless very good reading. The style may smack of artifice; but with the utmost good taste, good sense, and good humor, he tells us all, apparently, about himself, and very much about the age in which he lived. Literary gossip, anecdotes of famous or infamous characters, ghost stories; descriptions of his villas, his poems, his suppers, his uncle's library; the death of Martial, the eruption of Vesuvius, an invitation to dinner; the deterioration of the law courts, and the abuse of the ballot in the Senate; a plan to purchase an estate, to write an epic, to build a temple — on these and a hundred other topics he affords us invaluable glimpses into the life of his day. He is sufficiently piquant, without being spiteful; sympathetic, without being sentimental; and while he can no longer be esteemed a genius, he is better loved

and more widely known as a singularly pure man and a most entertaining companion.

It was as a genius, however, that he had hoped to live in the memory of posterity. The world of literature filled a large part of his thoughts; and there is no reason to suppose him insincere when he laments that his engagements, social and professional, prevent him from devoting all his strength to the "pursuit of immortality." His uncle had been an indefatigable reader, writer, and collector of books. Among Pliny's teachers was Quintilian, the great rhetorician of the age. Tacitus was his intimate friend. He patronized Martial, and knew well Suetonius, Silius Italicus, and many other writers less important in our eyes, because their works have perished. We may agree with Juvenal that authors' readings must have been a deadly bore, but we need not conclude that Pliny was a hypocrite because he was untiring in his attendance upon them. His poems (as good, no doubt, as his model Cicero's), his orations, his narrative pieces, are repeatedly mentioned, and were the subject of his most anxious thought. So generous a patron, so appreciative a friend, could hardly have lacked favorable critics: and he very cordially welcomes from his contemporaries any forestallment of the verdict which he hoped from posterity. Yet it must be admitted that his critical insight was quite good enough to rate his friends much as later ages have ranked them. The vast merits of Tacitus he fully recognized, and was unfeignedly glad to have his name coupled with the great historian's as an eminent literary character. Of Silius Italicus, on the other hand, he remarks that "he used to write verses with more diligence than force" — a criticism which very few have been found to dispute. On other topics than literature, moreover, Pliny was often in striking agreement with modern sentiment. His humanity, even affection, for his slaves, his politeness to his dependents, his appreciation of the beauties of nature, his generous promotion of public education — in these and other matters he is surprisingly unlike the average of his countrymen. No doubt he has idealized his own portrait, but we may well be grateful to the artist for such an ideal.

PORTRAIT OF A RIVAL

From the 'Letters'

I OFTEN tell you that there is a certain force of character about Regulus: it is wonderful how he carries through what he has set his mind to. He chose lately to be extremely concerned for the loss of his son; accordingly he mourned for him as never man mourned before. He took it into his head to have an immense number of statues and pictures of him; immediately all the artisans in Rome are set to work. Canvas, wax, brass, silver, gold, ivory,

marble, all exhibit the figure of the young Regulus. Not long ago he read before a numerous audience a memoir of his son — a memoir of a mere boy! However, he read it. He wrote likewise a sort of circular letter to the several decurii, desiring them to choose out one of their order who had a strong clear voice, to read this eulogy to the people; it has been actually done. Now had this force of character, or whatever else you may call a fixed determination in obtaining whatever one has a mind for, been rightly applied, what infinite good it might have effected! The misfortune is, there is less of this quality about good people than about bad people; and as ignorance begets rashness, and thoughtfulness produces deliberation, so modesty is apt to cripple the action of virtue, whilst confidence strengthens vice. Regulus is a case in point: he has a weak voice, an awkward delivery, an indistinct utterance, a slow imagination, and no memory; in a word, he possesses nothing but a sort of frantic energy; and yet, by the assistance of a flighty turn and much impudence, he passes as an orator. Herennius Senecio admirably reversed Cato's definition of an orator, and applied it to Regulus: "An orator," he said, "is a bad man, unskilled in the art of speaking." And really Cato's definition is not a more exact description of a true orator than Senecio's is of the character of this man. Would you make me a suitable return for this letter? Let me know if you, or any of my friends in your town, have, like a stroller in the market-place, read this doleful production of Regulus', "raising," as Demosthenes says, "your voice most merrily, and straining every muscle in your throat." For so absurd a performance must excite laughter rather than compassion; and indeed the composition is as puerile as the subject. Farewell.

TO MINUTIUS FUNDANUS: HOW TIME PASSES AT ROME

From the 'Letters'

WHEN one considers how the time passes at Rome, one cannot be surprised that, take any single day, and it either is, or at least seems to be, spent reasonably enough; and yet, upon casting up the whole sum, the amount will appear quite otherwise. Ask anyone, "What have you been doing today?" He will tell you perhaps, "I have been at the ceremony of putting on the *toga virilis*; I attended a wedding; one man begged me to be witness to his will; another to attend the hearing of his case; a third called me into a consultation." These things seem important enough whilst one is about them; yet, when you reflect at your leisure that every day has been thus employed, they seem mere trifles. At such a time one is apt to think to oneself, "How much of my life I have frittered away in dull, useless, routine sort of work." At least it is a reflection which

frequently comes across me at Laurentum, after I have been doing a little reading and writing, and taking care of the animal machine (for the body must be supported if we would keep the mind alert and vigorous). There I neither hear nor speak anything I have occasion to be sorry for. No one talks scandal to me, and I find fault with nobody — unless myself, when I am dissatisfied with my compositions. There I live undisturbed by rumor, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope and fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! Sweet and honorable repose! More, perhaps, to be desired than employments of any kind! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, true and most retired school of art and poetry, with how many noble thoughts do you inspire me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first opportunity of leaving the town with its din, its empty bustle and laborious trifles, and devote your days to study or to repose; for as Attilius happily observed, "It is better to have nothing to do than to be doing nothing." Farewell.

TO SOCIUS SENEIO: THE LAST CROP OF POETS

From the 'Letters'

THIS year has produced a plentiful crop of poets: during the whole month of April scarcely a day has passed on which we have not been entertained with the recital of some poem. It is a pleasure to me to find that a taste for polite literature still exists, and that men of genius *do* come forward and make themselves known, notwithstanding the lazy attendance they get for their pains. The greater part of the audience sit in the lounging-places, gossip away their time there, and are perpetually sending to inquire whether the author has made his entrance yet, whether he has got through the preface, or whether he has almost finished the piece. Then at length they saunter in with an air of the greatest indifference; nor do they condescend to stay through the recital, but go out before it is over, some slyly and stealthily, others again with perfect freedom and unconcern. And yet our fathers can remember how Claudius Cæsar walking one day in the palace, and hearing a great shouting, inquired the cause; and being informed that Nonianus was reciting a composition of his, went immediately to the place, and agreeably surprised the author with his presence. But now, were one to bespeak the attendance of the idlest man living, and remind him of the appointment ever so often, or ever so long beforehand, either he would not come at all, or if he did, would grumble about having "lost a day!" for no other reason but because he had *not* lost it. So much the more do *those* authors deserve our encouragement and applause who have resolution to

persevere in their studies, and to read out their compositions in spite of this apathy or arrogance on the part of their audience. Myself indeed, I scarcely ever miss being present upon any occasion; though, to tell the truth, the authors have generally been friends of mine, as indeed there are few men of literary tastes who are not. It is this which has kept me in town longer than I had intended. I am now, however, at liberty to go back into the country and write something myself: which I do not intend reciting, lest I should seem rather to have *lent* than given my attendance to these recitations of my friends; for in these, as in all other good offices, the obligation ceases the moment you seem to expect a return. Farewell.

TO NEPOS: CONCERNING ARRIA

From the 'Letters'

I HAVE constantly observed that amongst the deeds and sayings of illustrious persons of either sex, some have made more noise in the world, whilst others have been really greater, although less talked about; and I am confirmed in this opinion by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is granddaughter to that celebrated Arria, who animated her husband to meet death by her own glorious example. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, no less heroic than this applauded action of hers, though taken less notice of; and I think you will be as surprised to read the account of them as I was to hear it. Her husband Cæcinna Pætus, and her son, were both attacked at the same time with a fatal illness, as was supposed; of which the son died—a youth of remarkable beauty, and as modest as he was comely, endeared indeed to his parents no less by his many graces than from the fact of his being their son. His mother prepared his funeral and conducted the usual ceremonies so privately that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into his room, she pretended her son was alive and actually better; and as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, "He has had a good rest, and eaten his food with quite an appetite." Then when she found the tears she had so long kept back gushing forth in spite of herself, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her grief, return with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as though she had dismissed every feeling of bereavement at the door of her husband's chamber. I must confess it was a brave action in her to draw the steel, plunge it into her breast, pluck out the dagger and present it to her husband with that ever memorable, I had almost said that divine, expression, "Pætus, it is not painful." But when she spoke and acted thus, she had the prospect of glory and immortality before her; how far greater, without the support of any

such animating motives, to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully to act the mother when a mother no more!

Scribonianus had taken up arms against Claudius in Illyria, where he lost his life; and Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were going to put him on board ship, Arria besought the soldiers that she might be permitted to attend him: "For surely," she urged, "you will allow a man of consular rank some servants to dress him, attend on him at meals, and put his shoes on for him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform all these offices." Her request was refused; upon which she hired a fishing-boat, and in that small vessel followed the ship. On her return to Rome, meeting the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, at the time when this woman voluntarily gave evidence against the conspirators — "What," she exclaimed, "shall I hear you even speak to me? you, on whose bosom your husband Scribonianus was murdered, and yet you survive him!" — an expression which plainly shows that the noble manner in which she put an end to her life was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion. Moreover, when Thræsea, her son-in-law, was endeavoring to dissuade her from her purpose of destroying herself, and amongst other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then advise your daughter to die with me if my life were to be taken from me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long and in as much harmony with you, as I have with my Pætus." This answer greatly increased the alarm of her family, and made them watch her for the future more narrowly; which when she perceived, "It is of no use," she said: "you may oblige me to effect my death in a more painful way, but it is impossible you should prevent it." Saying this, she sprang from her chair, and running her head with the utmost violence against the wall, fell down, to all appearance dead; but being brought to herself again, "I told you," she said, "if you would not suffer me to take an easy path to death, I should find a way to it, however hard." Now, is there not, my friend, something much greater in all this than in the so-much-talked-of "Pætus, it is not painful," to which these led the way? And yet this last is the favorite topic of fame, while all the former are passed over in silence. Whence I cannot but infer, what I observed at the beginning of my letter, that some actions are more celebrated, whilst others are really greater.

TO MARCELLINUS: DEATH OF FUNDANUS' DAUGHTER

From the 'Letters'

I WRITE this to you in the deepest sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! I have never seen a more cheerful and more lovable girl, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long — I had almost said an immortal — life! She was scarcely fourteen, and yet there was in her a wisdom far beyond her years, a matronly gravity united with girlish sweetness and virgin bashfulness. With what an endearing fondness did she hang on her father's neck! How affectionately and modestly she used to greet us his friends! With what a tender and deferential regard she used to treat her nurses, tutors, teachers, each in their respective offices! What an eager, industrious, intelligent reader she was! She took few amusements, and those with caution. How self-controlled, how patient, how brave she was, under her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physicians; she spoke cheerful, comforting words to her sister and her father; and when all her bodily strength was exhausted, the vigor of her mind sustained her. That indeed continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes us miss her, and grieve that she has gone from us, the more. Oh, melancholy, untimely loss, too truly! She was engaged to an excellent young man; the wedding-day was fixed, and we were all invited. How our joy has been turned into sorrow! I cannot express in words the inward pain I felt when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out fresh circumstances to aggravate its affliction) ordering the money he had intended laying out upon clothes, pearls, and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in frankincense, ointments, and perfumes for her funeral. He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from his earliest youth to the deeper studies and the fine arts; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. You will excuse, you will even approve, his grief, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as his person, and exactly copied out all her father. So, if you should think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason; for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even seeks, of its own accord, the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impression of a misfortune shuns and rejects all consolations, but at length desires and is lulled by their gentle application. Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA

From the 'Letters'

NEVER was business more disagreeable to me than when it prevented me not only from accompanying you when you went into Campania for your health, but from following you there soon after; for I want particularly to be with you now, that I may learn from my own eyes whether you are growing stronger and stouter, and whether the tranquillity, the amusements, and the plenty of that charming country really agree with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love causes a feeling of suspense and anxiety: but now your sickness conspires with your absence to trouble me grievously with vague and various anxieties. I dread everything, fancy everything, and as is natural to those who fear, conjure up the very things that I most dread. Let me the more earnestly entreat you then to think of my anxiety, and write to me every day, and even twice a day: I shall be more easy, at least while I am reading your letters, though when I have read them, I shall immediately feel my fears again. Farewell.

TO TACITUS: THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

From the 'Letters'

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works: yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to render his name immortal. Happy I esteem those to be to whom by provision of the gods has been granted the ability either to do such actions as are worthy of being related or to relate them in a manner worthy of being read: but peculiarly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willing-

ness, therefore, that I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books: he immediately arose and went out upon a rising ground, from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance. A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain at this distance (but it was found afterwards to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine-tree; for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches — occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This phenomenon seemed, to a man of such learning and research as my uncle, extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work; and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first intention, and what he had begun from a philosophical, he now carried out in a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were in danger too not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favors the brave: steer to where Pomponianus is." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a bay which the sea, after

several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead in-shore, should go down. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits; and the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it. Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep; for his breathing, which on account of his corpulence was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to make his way out. So he was awoke and got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses—which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, as though shaken from their very foundations—or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day everywhere else, but *there* a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night; which, however, was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go farther down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail-cloth, which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank; when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor; having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the

third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. . . . Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA

From the 'Letters'

YOU will not believe what a longing for you possesses me. The chief cause of this is my love; and then we have not grown used to be apart. So it comes to pass that I lie awake a great part of the night, thinking of you; and that by day, when the hours return at which I was wont to visit you, my feet take me, as it is so truly said, to your chamber; but not finding you there, I return, sick and sad at heart, like an excluded lover. The only time that is free from these torments is when I am being worn out at the bar, and in the suits of my friends. Judge you what must be my life when I find my repose in toil, my solace in wretchedness and anxiety. Farewell.

TO MAXIMUS: PLINY'S SUCCESS AS AN AUTHOR

From the 'Letters'

IT has frequently happened, as I have been pleading before the Court of the Hundred, that those venerable judges, after having preserved for a long period the gravity and solemnity suitable to their character, have suddenly, as though urged by irresistible impulse, risen up to a man and applauded me. I have often likewise gained as much glory in the Senate as my utmost wishes could desire; but I never felt a more sensible pleasure than by an account which I lately received from Cornelius Tacitus. He informed me that at the last Circensian games he sat next to a Roman knight, who, after conversation had passed between them upon various points of learning, asked him, "Are you an Italian or a provincial?" Tacitus replied, "Your acquaintance with literature must surely have informed you who I am." "Pray, then, is it Tacitus or Pliny I am talking with?" I cannot express how highly I am pleased to find that our names are not so much the proper appellatives of men as a kind of distinction for learning herself; and that eloquence renders us known to those who would otherwise be ignorant of us. An accident of the same kind happened to me a few days ago. Fabius Rufinus, a person of distinguished merit, was placed next to me at table; and below

him a countryman of his, who had just then come to Rome for the first time. Rufinus, calling his friend's attention to me, said to him, "You see this man?" and entered into a conversation upon the subject of my pursuits; to whom the other immediately replied, "This must undoubtedly be Pliny." To confess the truth, I look upon these instances as a very considerable recompense of my labors. If Demosthenes had reason to be pleased with the old woman of Athens crying out, "This is Demosthenes!" may not I, then, be allowed to congratulate myself upon the celebrity my name has acquired? Yes, my friend, I will rejoice in it, and without scruple admit that I do. As I only mention the judgment of others, not my own, I am not afraid of incurring the censure of vanity; especially from you, who, whilst envying no man's reputation, are particularly zealous for mine. Farewell.

TO FUSCUS: A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

From the 'Letters'

YOU want to know how I portion out my day in my summer villa at Tuscum? I get up just when I please; generally about sunrise, often earlier, but seldom later than this. I keep the shutters closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any work in hand, this is the time I choose for thinking it out, word for word, even to the minutest accuracy of expression. In this way I compose more or less, according as the subject is more or less difficult and I find myself able to retain it. I then call my secretary, and opening the shutters, dictate to him what I have put into shape; after which I dismiss him, then call him in again and again dismiss him. About ten or eleven o'clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according to the weather, I either walk upon my terrace or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. This completed, I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this change of scene refreshes and keeps up my attention. On my return home I take a little nap, then a walk, and after that repeat out loud and distinctly some Greek or Latin speech, not so much for the sake of strengthening my voice as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time is strengthened by this practice. I then take another walk, am anointed, do my exercises, and go into

the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished I take my walk with my family, among whom I am not without some scholars. Thus we pass our evenings in varied conversation; and the day, even when at the longest, steals imperceptibly away. Upon some occasions I change the order in certain of the articles mentioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading a speech or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I insure as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighboring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am feeling tired. I now and then amuse myself with hunting; but always take my tablets into the field, that if I should meet with no game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time, too (though not so much as they desire), is allotted to my tenants; whose rustic complaints, along with these city occupations, make my literary studies still more delightful to me. Farewell.

TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN: ON THE CHRISTIANS

From the 'Letters'

IT is my invariable rule, sir, to refer to you in all matters where I feel doubtful; for who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials concerning those who profess Christianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their crimes, or the measure of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them. Whether, therefore, any difference is usually made with respect to ages, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon, or if a man has been once a Christian it avails nothing to desist from his error; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession, are punishable — on all these points I am in great doubt. In the meanwhile, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians is this: I asked them whether they were Christians: if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them to be at once punished — for I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserved correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation; but being Roman

citizens, I directed them to be sent to Rome. But this crime spreading (as is usually the case), while it was actually under prosecution several instances of the same nature occurred. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a charge against several persons, who upon examination denied they were Christians, or had ever been so. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and incense before your statue (which for that purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians into any of these compliances: I thought it proper, therefore, to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned indeed that they had been of that number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced that error. They all worshiped your statue and the images of the gods, uttering imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they met on a stated day before it was light, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purpose of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called on to deliver it up; after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, to eat in common a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. After receiving this account I judged it so much the more necessary to endeavor to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to officiate in their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. I deemed it expedient therefore to adjourn all further proceedings, in order to consult you. For it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes. In fact, this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the neighboring villages and country. Nevertheless, it still seems possible to restrain its progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred rites, after a long intermission, are again revived; while there is a general demand for the victims, which till lately found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed if a general pardon were granted to those who shall repent of their error.

[The answer of the emperor to Pliny was as follows:]

You have adopted the right course, my dearest Secundus, in investigating

the charges against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime is proved, they must be punished; with the restriction, however, that where the party denies he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.

SUETONIUS

CAIUS SUETONIUS TRANQUILLUS passed his manhood under Trajan and Hadrian, and so was contemporary with the younger Pliny and with Tacitus. As private secretary to the Emperor Hadrian, he probably had access to state archives if he chose to consult them; and heard the traditional stories of court life, which, though mostly inaccurate, indicated vividly the character and life of the early Cæsars. Where Tacitus is lost, Suetonius becomes our chief authority for the 'Lives of the Cæsars,' from Julius to Domitian. The first six are much the more fully treated; whether because as he approached his own time he wearied of his task, found less alien material ready to be appropriated, or felt the ground less secure beneath him.

Suetonius is a writer quite devoid of earnest purpose, dignity, or literary charm. He is usually clear and straightforward enough in style. His warmest interest is excited by a scandalous bit of gossip. He makes little effort at chronological treatment of public events. Altogether, he is an author whom historians must know and use, and whom even the general reader will find sufficiently interesting; but we can take no pride in our enjoyment of his ignoble recitals, and must hope that the rather vivid general picture he draws is essentially untrue. Modern recorders of life in royal palaces would at least feel impelled to use the darker tints less constantly.

In meager and fragmentary form we have also from Suetonius several lives of literary men, notably those of Horace and Terence. The biography of Pliny the Younger is pronounced spurious: a pity, because our pleasantest glimpses of the man Suetonius are obtained from the courtly letter-writer. In particular, Pliny writes Trajan that his friend is "an upright and learned gentleman, whom folk often desire to remember in their wills." As a childless married man, Suetonius cannot legally receive such legacies, unless a special dispensation shall accord him the rights properly reserved for the fathers of three children. This favor the emperor, it appears, readily granted.

CALIGULA'S MADNESS

HE used also to complain aloud of the state of the times, because it was not rendered remarkable by any public calamities; for while the reign of Augustus had been made memorable to posterity by the disaster of Varus, and that of Tiberius by the fall of the theater at

Fidenæ, his was likely to pass into oblivion, from an uninterrupted period of prosperity. And at times he wished for some terrible slaughter of his troops, a famine, a pestilence, conflagration, or an earthquake.

Even in the midst of his diversions, while gaming or feasting, this savage ferocity, both in his language and actions, never forsook him. Persons were often put to the torture in his presence, whilst he was dining or carousing. A soldier who was an adept in the art of beheading used at such times to take off the heads of prisoners, who were brought in for that purpose. At Puteoli, at the dedication of the bridge which he planned, as already mentioned, he invited a number of people to come to him from the shore, and then suddenly threw them headlong into the sea; thrusting down with poles and oars those who, to save themselves, had got hold of the rudders of the ships. At Rome, in a public feast, a slave having stolen some thin plates of silver with which the couches were inlaid, he delivered him immediately to an executioner, with orders to cut off his hands, and lead him round the guests with them hanging from his neck before his breast, and a label, signifying the cause of his punishment. A gladiator who was practising with him, and voluntarily threw himself at his feet, he stabbed with a poniard, and then ran about with a palm branch in his hand, after the manner of those who are victorious in the games. When a victim was to be offered upon an altar, he, clad in the habit of the Popæ, and holding the axe aloft for a while, at last slaughtered, instead of the animal, an officer who attended to cut up the sacrifice. And at a sumptuous entertainment he fell suddenly into a violent fit of laughter; and upon the consuls who reclined next to him respectfully asking him the occasion — "Nothing," replied he, "but that upon a single nod of mine you might both have your throats cut."

Among many other jests, this was one: As he stood by the statue of Jupiter, he asked Apelles the tragedian which of them he thought was biggest? Upon his demurring about it, he lashed him most severely; now and then commending his voice, whilst he entreated for mercy, as being well modulated even when he was venting his grief. As often as he kissed the neck of his wife or mistress, he would say, "So beautiful a throat must be cut whenever I please"; and now and then he would threaten to put his dear Cæsonia to the torture, that he might discover why he loved her so passionately.

In his behavior towards men of almost all ages, he discovered a degree of jealousy and malignity equal to that of his cruelty and pride. He so demolished and dispersed the statues of several illustrious persons — which had been removed by Augustus, for want of room, from the court of the Capitol into the Campus Martius — that it was impossible to set them up again with their inscriptions entire. And for the future, he forbade any statue whatever to be erected without his knowledge and leave. He had thoughts too of suppressing Homer's poems; for "Why," said he, "may not I do what Plato has done before me, who excluded him from his commonwealth?" He was

likewise very near banishing the writings and the busts of Vergil and Livy from all libraries: censuring one of them as "a man of no genius and very little learning," and the other as "a verbose and careless historian." He often talked of the lawyers as if he intended to abolish their profession. "By Hercules!" he would say, "I shall put it out of their power to answer any legal questions otherwise than by referring to me!"

He took from the noblest persons in the city the ancient marks of distinction used by their families: as the collar from Torquatus; from Cincinnatus the curl of hair; and from Cneius Pompey the surname of *Great*, belonging to that ancient family. Ptolemy, mentioned before, whom he invited from his kingdom, and received with great honors, he suddenly put to death; for no other reason but because he observed that upon entering the theater, at a public exhibition, he attracted the eyes of all the spectators by the splendor of his purple robe. As often as he met with handsome men who had fine heads of hair, he would order the back of their heads to be shaved, to make them appear ridiculous. There was one Esius Proculus, the son of a centurion of the first rank, who, for his great stature and fine proportions, was called the Colossal. Him he ordered to be dragged from his seat in the arena, and matched with a gladiator in light armor, and afterwards with another completely armed; and upon his worsting them both, commanded him forthwith to be bound, to be led clothed in rags up and down the streets of the city, and after being exhibited in that plight to the women, to be then butchered. There was no man of so abject or mean condition, whose excellency in any kind he did not envy.

COWARDICE AND DEATH OF NERO

ON the arrival of the news that the rest of the armies had declared against him, he tore to pieces the letters which were delivered to him at dinner, overthrew the table, and dashed with violence against the ground two favorite cups, which he called Homer's because some of that poet's verses were cut upon them. Then taking from Locusta a dose of poison, which he put up in a golden box, he went into the Servilian gardens; and thence despatching a trusty freedman to Ostia, with orders to make ready a fleet, he endeavored to prevail with some tribunes and centurions of the pretorian guards to attend him in his flight; but part of them showing no great inclination to comply, others absolutely refusing, and one of them crying out aloud —

Say, is it then so sad a thing to die?

he was in great perplexity whether he should submit himself to Galba, or apply to the Parthians for protection, or else appear before the people

dressed in mourning, and upon the rostra, in the most piteous manner, beg pardon for his past misdemeanors, and if he could not prevail, request of them to grant him at least the government of Egypt. A speech to this purpose was afterwards found in his writing-case. But it is conjectured that he durst not venture upon this project, for fear of being torn to pieces before he could get to the forum. Deferring therefore his resolution until the next day, he awoke about midnight, and finding the guards withdrawn, he leaped out of bed, and sent round for his friends. But none of them vouchsafing any message in reply, he went with a few attendants to their houses. The doors being everywhere shut, and no one giving him any answer, he returned to his bed-chamber, whence those who had the charge of it had all now eloped; some having gone one way and some another, carrying off with them his bedding and box of poison. He then endeavored to find Spicillus the gladiator, or some one, to kill him; but not being able to procure anyone, "What!" said he, "have I then neither friend nor foe?" and immediately ran out, as if he would throw himself into the Tiber.

But this furious impulse subsiding, he wished for some place of privacy, where he might collect his thoughts; and his freedman Phaon offering him his country-house, between the Salarian and Nomentan roads, about four miles from the city, he mounted a horse, barefoot as he was and in his tunic, only slipping over it an old soiled cloak; with his head muffled up, and a handkerchief before his face, and four persons only to attend him, of whom Sporus was one. He was suddenly struck with horror by an earthquake, and by a flash of lightning which darted full in his face; and heard from the neighboring camp the shouts of the soldiers, wishing his destruction, and prosperity to Galba. He also heard a traveler they met on the road say, "They are in pursuit of Nero;" and another ask, "Is there any news in the city about Nero?" Uncovering his face when his horse was started by the scent of a carcass which lay in the road, he was recognized and saluted by an old soldier who had been discharged from the guards. When they came to the lane which turned up to the house, they quitted their horses, and with much difficulty he wound among bushes and briers, and along a track through a bed of rushes, over which they spread their cloaks for him to walk on. Having reached a wall at the back of the villa, Phaon advised him to hide himself awhile in a sand-pit; when he replied, "I will not go underground alive." Staying there some little time, while preparations were made for bringing him privately into the villa, he took up in his hand some water out of a neighboring tank to drink, saying, "This is Nero's distilled water." Then, his cloak having been torn by the brambles, he pulled out the thorns which stuck in it. At last, being admitted, creeping upon his hands and knees through a hole made for him in the wall, he lay down in the first closet he came to, upon a miserable pallet, with an old coverlet thrown over it; and being both hungry and thirsty, though he refused some coarse bread that was brought him, he drank a little warm water.

All who surrounded him now pressing him to save himself from the indignities which were ready to befall him, he ordered a pit to be sunk before his eyes, of the size of his body, and the bottom to be covered with pieces of marble put together, if any could be found about the house; and water and wood to be got ready for immediate use about his corpse: weeping at everything that was done, and frequently saying, "What an artist is now about to perish!" Meanwhile, letters being brought in by a servant belonging to Phaon, he snatched them out of his hand and there read, "That he had been declared an enemy by the Senate; and that search was making for him, that he might be punished according to the ancient custom of the Romans." He then inquired what kind of punishment that was; and being told that the practice was to strip the criminal naked and scourge him to death, while his neck was fastened within a forked stake, he was so terrified that he took up two daggers which he had brought with him, and after feeling the points of both, put them up again, saying, "The fatal hour has not yet come." One while, he begged of Sporus to begin to wail and lament; another while, he entreated that one of them would set him an example by killing himself; and then again, he condemned his own want of resolution in these words: "I yet live, to my shame and disgrace: this is not becoming for Nero; it is not becoming. Thou oughtest in such circumstances to have a good heart. Come then; courage, man!" The horsemen who had received orders to bring him away alive, were now approaching the house. As soon as he heard them coming, he uttered with a trembling voice the following verse —

The noise of swift-heeled steeds assails my ears.

He then drove a dagger into his throat, being assisted in the act by his secretary Epaphroditus. A centurion bursting in just as he was dying, and applying his cloak to the wound, pretending that he was come to his assistance, he made no other reply but this: "'Tis too late," and "Is this your loyalty?" Immediately after pronouncing these words he expired, with his eyes fixed and starting out of his head, to the terror of all who beheld him.

VITELLIUS

HE was chiefly addicted to the vices of luxury and cruelty. He always made three meals a day, sometimes four; breakfast, dinner, and supper, and a drunken revel after all. . . . For these several meals he would make different appointments at the houses of his friends on the same day. None ever entertained him at less expense than 400,000 sesterces [over \$20,000]. The most famous was a set entertainment given him by his brother, at which, it is said, there were served up no less than two thousand choice fishes and seven thousand birds. Yet even this supper he himself

outdid, at a feast he gave on the first use of a dish which had been made for him, and which for its extraordinary size he called "The Shield of Minerva." In this dish were tossed up together the livers of char-fish, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, the tongues of flamingoes, and the entrails of lampreys, which had been brought in ships of war as far as from the Carpathian Sea and the Spanish Straits. He was not only a man of insatiable appetite, but would gratify it at the most unseasonable times, and with any garbage that came in his way. . . .

He delighted in the infliction of punishments, even capital ones, without any distinction of persons or occasions. Several noblemen, his school-fellows and companions, invited by him to court, he treated with such flattering caresses as seemed to indicate an affection short only of admitting them to share the honors of the imperial dignity; yet he put them all to death by some base means or other. To one he gave poison with his own hand, in a cup of cold water which he called for in a fever. He scarcely spared one of all the usurers, notaries, and publicans who had ever demanded a debt of him at Rome, or any toll or custom on the road. One of these, while in the very act of saluting him, he ordered for execution, but immediately sent for him back; upon which all about him applauding his clemency, he commanded him to be slain in his own presence, saying, "I have a mind to feed my eyes." Two sons who interceded for their father, he ordered to be executed with him. A Roman knight, upon his being dragged away for execution, and crying out to him, "You are my heir," he desired to produce his will; and finding that he had made his freedman joint heir with him, he commanded that both he and the freedman should have their throats cut.

LUCIUS APULEIUS

LUCIUS APULEIUS, author of the brilliant Latin novel the 'Metamorphoses,' more generally known under the title the 'Golden Ass,' will be remembered when many greater writers shall have been forgotten. The downfall of Greek political freedom brought a period of literary development fertile in story-telling — short fables and tales, novels philosophic and religious, historical and satiric, novels of love, novels of adventure. Yet, strange to say, while the instinct was prolific in the Hellenic domain of the Roman Empire, it was for the most part sterile in Italy, though Roman life was saturated with the influence of Greek culture. Its only two notable examples are Petronius Arbiter and Apuleius, both of whom belong to the first two centuries of the Christian epoch.

The suggestion of the plan of the novel familiarly known as the 'Golden Ass' was from a Greek source, Lucius of Patrae. The original version was still extant in the days of Photius, Patriarch of the Greek Church in the ninth century. Lucian, the Greek satirist, also utilized the same material in a condensed form in his 'Lucius, or the Ass.' But Apuleius greatly expanded the legend, introduced into it numerous episodes, and made it the background of a vivid picture of the manners and customs of a corrupt age. Yet underneath its lively portraiture there runs a current of mysticism at variance with the naïve rehearsal of the hero's adventures, and this has tempted critics to find a hidden meaning in the story. Bishop Warburton, in his 'Divine Legation of Moses,' professes to see in it a defense of Paganism at the expense of struggling Christianity. While this seems absurd, it is fairly evident that the mind of the author was busied with something more than the mere narration of rollicking adventure, more even than a satire on Roman life. The transformation of the hero into an ass, at the moment when he was plunging headlong into a licentious career, and the recovery of his manhood again through divine intervention, suggest a serious symbolism. The beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche, which would lend salt to a production far more corrupt, is also suggestive. Apuleius perfected this wild flower of ancient folk-lore into a perennial plant that has blossomed ever since along the paths of literature and art. The story has been accepted as a fitting embodiment of the struggle of the soul toward a higher perfection; yet, strange to say, the episode is narrated with as brutal a realism as if it were a satire of Lucian, and its style is belittled with petty affectations of rhetoric. It is the enduring beauty of the conception that has continued to fascinate. Hence we may say of the 'Golden Ass' in its entirety, that

whether readers are interested in esoteric meanings to be divined, or in the author's vivid sketches of his own period, the novel has a charm which long centuries have failed to dim.

Apuleius was of African birth and of good family, his mother having come of Plutarch's blood. The second century of the Roman Empire, when he lived (he was born at Madaura about 139 A.D.), was one of the most brilliant periods in history—brilliant in its social gaiety, in its intellectual activities, and in the splendor of its achievements. The stimulus of the age spurred men far in good and evil. Apuleius studied at Carthage, and afterward at Rome, both philosophy and religion, though this bias seems not to have dulled his taste for worldly pleasure. Poor in purse, he finally enriched himself by marrying a wealthy widow and inheriting her property. Her will was contested on the ground that this handsome and accomplished young literary man had exercised magic in winning his elderly bride! The successful defense of Apuleius before his judges—a most diverting composition, so jaunty and full of witty impertinences that it is evident he knew the hard-headed Roman judges would dismiss the prosecution as a farce—is still extant under the name of 'The Apology; or, Concerning Magic.' This in after days became oddly jumbled with the story of the 'Golden Ass' and its transformations, so that St. Augustine was inclined to believe Apuleius actually a species of professional wizard.

The plot of the 'Golden Ass' is very simple. Lucius of Madaura, a young man of property, sets out on his travels to sow his wild oats. He pursues this pleasant occupation with the greatest zeal according to the prevailing mode: he is no moralist. The partner of his first intrigue is the maid of a woman skilled in witchcraft. The curiosity of Lucius being greatly exercised about the sorceress and her magic, he importunes the girl to procure from her mistress a magic salve which will transform him at will into an owl. By mistake he receives the wrong salve; and instead of the bird metamorphosis which he had looked for, he undergoes an unlooked-for change into an ass. In this guise, and in the service of various masters, he has opportunities of observing the follies of men from a novel standpoint. His adventures are numerous, and he hears many strange stories, the latter being chronicled as episodes in the record of his experiences. At last the goddess Isis appears in a dream, and obligingly shows him the way to effect his second metamorphosis, by aid of the high priest of her temple, where certain mysteries are about to be celebrated. Lucius is freed from his disguise, and is initiated into the holy rites.

The 'Golden Ass' is full of dramatic power and variety. The succession of incident, albeit grossly licentious at times, engages the interest without a moment's dullness. The main narrative, indeed, is no less entertaining than the episodes. The work became a model for story-writers of a much later period, even to the times of Fielding and Smollett. Boccaccio borrowed freely

from it; at least one of the many humorous exploits of Cervantes' 'Don Quixote' can be attributed to an adventure of Lucius; while 'Gil Blas' abounds in reminiscences of the Latin novel. The student of folk-lore will easily detect in the tasks imposed by Venus on her unwelcome daughter-in-law, in the episode of Cupid and Psyche, the possible original from which the like fairy tales of Europe drew many a suggestion. Probably Apuleius himself was indebted to still earlier Greek sources.

Scarcely any Latin production was more widely known and studied from the beginning of the Italian Renaissance to the middle of the seventeenth century. In its style, however, it is far from classic. It is full of archaisms and rhetorical conceits. In striving to say things finely, the author frequently failed to say them well. This fault, however, largely disappears in the translation; and whatever may be the literary defects of the novel, it offers rich compensation in the liveliness, humor, and variety of its substance.

In addition to the 'Golden Ass,' the extant writings of Apuleius include 'Florida' (an anthology from his own works), 'The God of Socrates,' 'The Philosophy of Plato,' and 'Concerning the World,' a treatise once attributed to Aristotle. There have been many translations into the modern languages. The best English versions are those of T. Taylor (London, 1822); of Sir G. Head, somewhat expurgated (London, 1851); of H. E. Butler in the Oxford Library of Translations (1910); and of W. Adlington (1566), revised by S. Gaselee for the Loeb Classical Library. A very pretty edition in French, with many illustrations, is that of Savalète (Paris, 1872).

THE TALE OF ARISTOMENES, THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

From the 'Metamorphoses'

I AM a native of Ægina, and I travel in Thessaly, Ætolia, and Bœotia to purchase honey of Hypata, cheese, and other articles used in cookery. Having heard that at Hypata, the principal city of Thessaly, fine-flavored new cheese was for sale cheap, I made the best of my way there to buy it all up. But as usual, happening to start left foot foremost, which is unlucky, all my hopes of profit came to nothing; for a fellow named Lupus, a merchant who does things on a big scale, had bought the whole of it the day before.

Weary with my hurried journey to no purpose, I was going early in the evening to the public baths, when to my surprise I espied an old companion of mine named Socrates. He was sitting on the ground, half covered with a rag-tag cloak, and looking like somebody else, he was so miserably wan and thin — in fact, just like a street beggar; so that though he used to be my friend and close acquaintance, I had two minds about speaking to him.

"How now, friend Socrates!" said I: "what does this mean? Why are you tricked out like this? What crime have you been guilty of? Why, you look as though your family had given you up for dead and held your funeral long ago, the probate judge had appointed guardians for your children, and your wife, disfigured by her long mourning, having cried herself almost blind, was being worried by her parents to sit up and take notice of things, and look for a new marriage. Yet now, all of a sudden, here you come before us like a wretched ghost from the dead, to turn everything upside down!"

"O Aristomenes!" said he, "it's clear that you don't know the slippery turns, the freaks, and the never-ending tricks of fortune."

As he said this, he hid his face, crimson with shame, in his one garment of patches and tatters. I could not bear such a miserable sight, and tried to raise him from the ground. But he kept saying with his head all covered up, "Let me alone! let me alone! let Fortune have her way with me!"

However, I finally persuaded him to go with me; and at the same time pulling off one of my own garments, I speedily clothed him, or at any rate covered him. I next took him to a bath, scrubbed and oiled him myself, and laboriously rubbed the matted dirt off him. Having done all I could, though tired out myself, I supported his feeble steps, and with great difficulty brought him to my inn. There I made him lie down on a bed, gave him plenty of food, braced him up with wine, and entertained him with the news of the day. Pretty soon our conversation took a merry turn; we cracked jokes, and grew noisy as we chattered. All of a sudden, heaving a bitter sigh from the bottom of his chest, and striking his forehead violently with his right hand, he said:

"Miserable wretch that I am, to have got into such a predicament while having a good time at a gladiatorial show! As you know, I went to Macèdonia on business; it took me ten months; I was on my way home with a very neat sum of money, and had nearly reached Larissa, which I included in my route in order to see the show I mentioned, when I was attacked by robbers in a lonely valley, and only escaped after losing everything I had. In my distress I betook myself to a certain woman named Meroë, who kept a tavern (and who, though rather old, was very good-looking), and told her about my long absence, my earnest desire to reach home, and my being robbed that very day. She treated me with the greatest kindness, gave me a good supper for nothing, and then let me make love to her. But from the very moment that I was such a fool as to dally with her, my mind seemed to desert me. I even gave her the clothes which the robbers in common decency had left me, and the little earning I made there by working as cloakmaker so long as I was in good physical condition; until at length this kind friend, and bad luck together, reduced me to the state you just now found me in."

"By Pollux, then," said I, "you deserve to suffer the very worst mis-

fortunes (if there be anything worse than the worst), for having preferred a wrinkled old reprobate to your home and children."

"Hush! hush!" said he, putting his forefinger on his lips, and looking round with a terror-stricken face to see if we were alone. "Beware of reviling a woman skilled in the black art, for fear of doing yourself a mischief."

"Say you so?" said I. "What kind of a woman is this innkeeper, so powerful and dreadful?"

"She is a sorceress," he replied, "and possessed of magic powers; she can draw down the heavens, make the earth heave, harden the running water, dissolve mountains, raise the shades of the dead, dethrone the gods, extinguish the stars, and set the very depths of Tartarus ablaze!"

"Come, come!" said I: "end this tragic talk, fold up your theatrical drop-scenes, and let us hear your story in everyday language."

"Should you like," said he, "to hear of one or two, yes, or a great many of her performances? Why, to make not only her fellow-countrymen, but the Indians, the Ethiopians, or even the Antipodeans, love her to distraction, are only the easy lessons of her art, as it were, and mere trifles. Listen to what she has done before many witnesses. By a single word she changed a lover into a beaver, because he had gone to another flame. She changed an innkeeper, a neighbor of hers she was envious of, into a frog; and now the old fellow, swimming about in a cask of his own wine, or buried in the dregs, croaks hoarsely to his old customers — quite in the way of business. She changed another person, a lawyer from the forum, into a ram, because he had conducted a suit against her; to this very day that ram is always butting about. Finally, however, public indignation was aroused by so many people coming to harm through her arts; and the very next day had been fixed upon to wreak a fearful vengeance on her, by stoning her to death. She frustrated the design by her enchantments. You remember how Medea, having got Creon to allow her just one day before her departure, burned his whole palace, with himself and his daughter in it, by means of flames issuing from a garland? Well, this sorceress, having performed certain deadly incantations in a ditch (she told me so herself in a drunken fit), confined everybody in the town each in his own house for two whole days, by a secret spell of the demons. The bars could not be wrenched off, nor the doors taken off the hinges, nor even a breach made in the walls. At last, by common consent, the people all swore they would not lift a hand against her, and would come to her defense if any one else did. She then liberated the whole city. But in the middle of the night she conveyed the author of the conspiracy, with all his house, close barred as it was — the walls, the very ground, and even the foundations — to another city a hundred miles off, on the top of a craggy mountain, and so without water. And as the houses of the inhabitants were built so close together that there was not room for the new-

comer, she threw down the house before the gate of the city and took her departure."

"You narrate marvelous things," said I, "my good Socrates; and no less terrible than marvelous. In fact, you have excited no small anxiety (indeed I may say fear) in me too; not a mere grain of apprehension, but a piercing dread for fear this old hag should come to know our conversation in the same way, by the help of some demon. Let us get to bed without delay; and when we have rested ourselves by a little sleep, let us fly as far as we possibly can before daylight."

While I was still advising him thus, the worthy Socrates, overcome by more wine than he was used to and by his fatigue, had fallen asleep and was snoring loudly. I shut the door, drew the bolts, and placing my bed close against the hinges, tossed it up well and lay down on it. I lay awake some time through fear, but closed my eyes at last a little before midnight.

I had just fallen asleep, when suddenly the door was burst open with such violence that it was evidently not done by robbers; the hinges were absolutely broken and wrenched off, and it was thrown to the ground. The small bedstead, minus one foot and rotten, was also upset by the shock; and falling upon me, who had been rolled out on the floor, it completely covered and hid me. Then I perceived that certain emotions can be excited by exactly opposite causes; for as tears often come from joy, so, in spite of my terror, I could not help laughing to see myself turned from Aristomenes into a tortoise. As I lay on the floor, completely covered by the bed, and peeping out to see what was the matter, I saw two old women, one carrying a lighted lamp and the other a sponge and a drawn sword, plant themselves on either side of Socrates, who was fast asleep.

The one with the sword said to the other: "This, sister Panthea, is my dear Endymion, my Ganymede, who by day and by night has laughed my youth to scorn. This is he who, despising my passion, not only defames me with abusive language, but is preparing also for flight; and I forsooth, deserted through the craft of this Ulysses, like another Calypso, am to be left to lament in eternal loneliness!"

Then extending her right hand, and pointing me out to her friend Panthea:

"And there," said she, "is his worthy counselor, Aristomenes, who was the planner of this flight, and who now, half dead, is lying flat on the ground under the bedstead and looking at all that is going on, while he fancies that he is to tell scandalous stories of me with impunity. I'll take care, however, that some day, ay, and before long, too — this very instant, in fact — he shall repent of his recent chatter and his present curiosity."

On hearing this I felt myself streaming with cold perspiration, and my heart began to throb so violently that even the bedstead danced on my back.

"Well, sister," said the worthy Panthea, "shall we hack him to pieces at once, like the Bacchanals, or tie his limbs and mutilate him?"

To this Meroë replied — and I saw from what was happening, as well as from what Socrates had told, how well the name fitted her — "Rather let him live, if only to cover the body of this wretched creature with a little earth."

Then, moving Socrates' head to one side, she plunged the sword into his throat up to the hilt, catching the blood in a small leathern bottle so carefully that not a drop of it was to be seen. All this I saw with my own eyes. The worthy Meroë — in order, I suppose, not to omit any due observance in the sacrifice of the victim — then thrust her right hand through the wound, and drew forth the heart of my unhappy companion. His windpipe being severed, he emitted a sort of indistinct gurgling noise, and poured forth his breath with his bubbling blood. Panthea then stopped the gaping wound with a sponge, exclaiming, "Beware, O sea-born sponge, how thou dost pass through a river!"

When she had said this, they lifted my bed from the ground, and dashed over me a mass of filth.

Hardly had they passed over the threshold when the door resumed its former state. The hinges settled back on the panels, the posts returned to the bars, and the bolts flew back to their sockets again. I lay prostrate on the ground in a squalid plight, terrified, naked, cold, and drenched. Indeed, I was half dead, though still alive; and pursued a train of reflections like one already in the grave, or to say the least on the way to the cross, to which I was surely destined. "What," said I, "will become of me, when this man is found in the morning with his throat cut? If I tell the truth, who will believe a word of the story? 'You ought at least,' they will say, 'to have called for help, if as strong a man as you are could not withstand a woman! Is a man's throat to be cut before your eyes, and you keep silence? Why was it that you were not assassinated too? How did the villains come to spare you, a witness of the murder? They would naturally kill you, if only to put an end to all evidence of the crime. Since your escape from death was against reason, return to it.'"

I said these things to myself over and over again, while the night was fast verging toward day. It seemed best to me, therefore, to escape on the sly before daylight and pursue my journey, though I was all in a tremble. I took up my bundle, put the key in the door, and drew back the bolts. But this good and faithful door, which had opened of its own accord in the night, would not open now till I had tried the key again and again.

"Hallo, porter!" said I, "where are you? Open the gate, I want to be off before daybreak."

The porter, who was lying on the ground behind the door, only grunted, "Why do you want to begin a journey at this time of night? Don't you

know the roads are infested by robbers? You may have a mind to meet your death — perhaps your conscience stings you for some crime you have committed; but I haven't a head like a pumpkin, that I should die for your sake!"

"It isn't very far from daybreak," said I; "and besides, what can robbers take from a traveler in utter poverty? Don't *you* know, you fool, that a naked man can't be stripped by ten athletes?"

The drowsy porter turned over and answered: "And how am I to know but what you have murdered that fellow-traveler of yours that you came here with last night, and are running away to save yourself? And now I remember that I saw Tartarus through a hole in the earth just at that hour, and Cerberus looking ready to eat me up."

Then I came to the conclusion that the worthy Meroë had not spared my throat out of pity, but to reserve me for the cross. So, on returning to my chamber, I thought over some speedy method of putting an end to myself; but fortune had provided me with no weapon for self-destruction, except the bedstead. "Now, bedstead," said I, "most dear to my soul, partner with me in so many sorrows, fully conscious and a spectator of this night's events, and whom alone when accused I can adduce as a witness of my innocence — do thou supply me (who would fain hasten to the shades below) a welcome instrument of death."

Thus saying, I began to undo the bed-cord. I threw one end of it over a small beam projecting above the window, fastened it there, and made a slip-knot at the other end. Then I mounted on the bed, and thus elevated for my own destruction, put my head into the noose and kicked away my support with one foot; so that the noose, tightened about my throat by the strain of my weight, might stop my breath. But the rope, which was old and rotten, broke in two; and falling from aloft, I tumbled heavily upon Socrates, who was lying close by, and rolled with him on the floor.

Lo and behold! at that very instant the porter burst into the room, bawling out, "Where are you, you who were in such monstrous haste to be off at midnight, and now lie snoring, rolled up in the bedclothes?"

At these words — whether awakened by my fall or by the rasping voice of the porter, I know not — Socrates was the first to start up; and he exclaimed, "Evidently travelers have good reason for detesting these hostlers. This nuisance here, breaking in without being asked — most likely to steal something — has waked me out of a sound sleep by his outrageous bellowing."

On hearing him speak I jumped up briskly, in an ecstasy of unhopèd-for joy: "Faithfulest of porters," I exclaimed, "my friend, my own father, and my brother — behold him whom you, in your drunken fit, falsely accuse me of having murdered."

So saying, I embraced Socrates, and was for loading him with kisses; but he repulsed me with considerable violence. "Get out with you!" he cried. Sorely confused, I trumped up some absurd story on the spur of the moment,

to give another turn to the conversation, and taking him by the right hand—

"Why not be off," said I, "and enjoy the freshness of the morning on our journey?"

So I took my bundle, and having paid the innkeeper for our night's lodging, we started on our road.

We had gone some little distance, and now, everything being illumined by the beams of the rising sun, I keenly and attentively examined that part of my companion's neck into which I had seen the sword plunged.

"Foolish man," said I to myself, "buried in your cups, you certainly have had a most absurd dream. Why, look: here's Socrates, safe, sound, and hearty. Where is the wound? Where is the sponge? Where is the scar of a gash so deep and so recent?"

Addressing myself to him, I remarked, "No wonder the doctors say that hideous and ominous dreams come only to people stuffed with food and liquor. My own case is a good instance. I went beyond moderation in my drinking last evening, and have passed a wretched night full of shocking and dreadful visions, so that I still fancy myself splattered and defiled with human gore."

"It is not gore," he replied with a smile, "that you are sprinkled with. And yet in my sleep I thought my own throat was being cut, and felt some pain in my neck, and fancied that my very heart was being plucked out. Even now I am quite faint; my knees tremble; I stagger as I go, and feel in want of some food to hearten me up."

"Look," cried I, "here is breakfast all ready for you." So saying, I lifted my wallet from my shoulders, handed him some bread and cheese, and said, "Let us sit down near that plane-tree." We did so, and I helped myself to some refreshment. While looking at him more closely, as he was eating with a voracious appetite, I saw that he was faint, and of a hue like boxwood. His natural color, in fact, had so forsaken him, that as I recalled those nocturnal furies to my frightened imagination, the very first piece of bread I put in my mouth, though exceedingly small, stuck in the middle of my throat and would pass neither downward nor upward. Besides, the number of people passing along increased my fears; for who would believe that one of two companions could meet his death except at the hands of the other?

Presently, after having gorged himself with food, he began to be impatient for some drink, for he had bolted the larger part of an excellent cheese. Not far from the roots of the plane-tree a gentle stream flowed slowly along, like a placid lake, rivaling silver or crystal.

"Look," said I: "drink your fill of the water of this stream, bright as the Milky Way."

He arose, and, wrapping himself in his cloak, with his knees doubled under him, knelt down upon the shelving bank and bent greedily toward the

water. Scarcely had he touched its surface with his lips, when the wound in his throat burst open and the sponge rolled out, a few drops of blood with it; and his lifeless body would have fallen into the river had I not laid hold of one of his feet, and dragged him with great difficulty and labor to the top of the bank. There, having mourned my hapless comrade as much as there was time, I buried him in the sandy soil that bordered the stream. Then, trembling and terror-stricken, I fled through various unfrequented places; and as though guilty of homicide, abandoned my country and my home, embraced a voluntary exile, and now dwell in Ætolia, where I have married another wife.

THE AWAKENING OF CUPID

[The radical difference in the constituent parts of the 'Golden Ass' is startling, and is well illustrated by the selection given previously and that which follows. The story of the "drummer" comports exactly with the modern idea of realism in fiction: a vivid and unflinching picture of manners and morals, full of broad coarse humor and worldly wit. The story of Cupid and Psyche is the purest, daintiest, most poetic of fancies; in essence a fairy tale that might be told of an evening by the firelight in the second century or the twentieth, but embodying also a high and beautiful allegory, and treated with a delicate art which is in extreme contrast with the body of the 'Golden Ass.' The difference is almost as striking as between Gray's lampoon on "Jemmy Twitcher" and his 'Bard' or 'Elegy'; or between Aristophanes' revels in filth and his ecstatic soarings into the heavenliest regions of poetry.

The contrast is even more rasping when we remember that the tale is not put into the mouth of a girl gazing dreamily into the glowing coals on the hearth, or of some elegant reciter amusing a social group in a Roman drawing-room or garden, but of a grizzled hag who is maid of all work in a robbers' cave. She tells it to divert the mind of a lovely young bride held for ransom. It begins like a modern fairy tale, with a great king and queen who had "three daughters of remarkable beauty," the loveliest being the peerless Psyche. Even Venus becomes envious of the honors paid to Psyche's charms, and summons Cupid to wing one of his shafts which shall cause her "to be seized with the most burning love for the lowest of mankind," so as to disgrace and ruin her. Cupid undertakes the task, but instead falls in love with her himself. Meanwhile an oracle from Apollo, instigated by Venus, dooms her to be sacrificed in marriage to some unknown ærial monster, who must find her alone on a naked rock. She is so placed, awaiting her doom in terror; but the zephyrs bear her away to the palace of Love. Cupid hides her there, lest Venus wreak vengeance on them both; and there, half terrified but soon soothed, in the darkness of night she hears from Cupid that he, her

husband, is no monster, but the fairest of immortals. He will not disclose his identity, however; not only so, but tenderly warns her that she must not seek to discover it, or even to behold him, till he give permission, unless she would bring hopeless disaster on both. Nor must she confide in her two sisters, lest their unwisdom or sudden envy cause harm.

The simple-hearted and affectionate girl, however, in her craving for sympathy, cannot resist the temptation to boast of her happiness to her sisters. She invites them to pass a day in her magnificent new home, and tells contradictory stories about her husband. Alas! they depart bitterly envious, and plotting to make her ruin her own joy out of fear and curiosity.]

“**W**HAT are we to say, sister [said one to the other], of the monstrous lies of that silly creature? At one time her husband is a young man, with the down just showing itself on his chin; at another he is of middle age, and his hair begins to be silvered with gray. . . You may depend upon it, sister, either the wretch has invented these lies to deceive us, or else she does not know herself how her husband looks. Whichever is the case, she must be deprived of these riches as soon as possible. And yet, if she is really ignorant of her husband's appearance, she must no doubt have married a god, and who knows what will happen? At all events, if — which heaven forbid — she does become the mother of a divine infant, I shall instantly hang myself. Meanwhile let us return to our parents, and devise some scheme based on what we have just been saying.”

The sisters, thus inflamed with jealousy, called on their parents in a careless and disdainful manner; and after being kept awake all night by the turbulence of their spirits, made all haste at morning to the rock, whence, by the wonted assistance of the breeze, they descended swiftly to Psyche, and with tears squeezed out by rubbing their eyelids, thus craftily addressed her:

“Happy indeed are you, and fortunate in your very ignorance of so heavy a misfortune. There you sit, without a thought of danger; while we, your sisters, who watch over your interests with the most vigilant care, are in anguish at your lost condition. For we have learned as truth, and as sharers in your sorrows and misfortunes cannot conceal it from you, that it is an enormous serpent, gliding along in many folds and coils, with a neck swollen with deadly venom, and prodigious gaping jaws, that secretly sleeps with you by night. Remember the Pythian Oracle. Besides, a great many of the husbandmen, who hunt all round the country, and ever so many of the neighbors, have observed him returning home from his feeding-place in the evening. All declare, too, that he will not long continue to pamper you with delicacies, but will presently devour you. Will you listen to us, who are so anxious for your precious safety, and avoiding death, live with us

secure from danger, or die horribly? But if you are fascinated by your country home, or by the endearments of a serpent, we have at all events done our duty toward you, like affectionate sisters."

Poor, simple, tender-hearted Psyche was aghast with horror at this dreadful story; and quite bereft of her senses, lost all remembrance of her husband's admonitions and of her own promises, and hurled herself headlong into the very abyss of calamity. Trembling, therefore, with pale and livid cheeks and an almost lifeless voice, she faltered out these broken words.

"Dearest sisters, you have acted towards me as you ought and with your usual affectionate care; and indeed, it appears to me that those who gave you this information have not invented a falsehood. For, in fact, I have never yet beheld my husband's face, nor do I know at all whence he comes. I only hear him speak in an undertone by night, and have to bear with a husband of an unknown appearance, and one that has an utter aversion to the light of day. He may well, therefore, be some monster or other. Besides, he threatens some shocking misfortune as the consequence of indulging any curiosity to view his features. So, then, if you are able to give any aid to your sister in this perilous emergency, don't delay a moment."

[One of them replies:]

"Since the ties of blood oblige us to disregard peril when your safety is to be insured, we will tell you the only means of safety. We have considered it over and over again. On that side of the bed where you are used to lie, conceal a very sharp razor; and also hide under the tapestry a lighted lamp, well trimmed and full of oil. Make these preparations with the utmost secrecy. After the monster has glided into bed as usual when he is stretched out at length, fast asleep and breathing heavily, as you slide out of bed, go softly along with bare feet and on tiptoe, and bring out the lamp from its hiding-place; then having the aid of its light, raise your right hand, bring down the weapon with all your might, and cut off the head of the creature at the neck. Then we will bring you away with all these things, and if you wish, will wed you to a human creature like yourself."

[They then depart, fearing for themselves if they are near when the catastrophe happens.]

But Psyche, now left alone, except so far as a person who is agitated by maddening Furies is not alone, fluctuated in sorrow like a stormy sea; and though her purpose was fixed and her heart was resolute when she first began to make preparations for the impious work, her mind now wavered, and feared. She hurried, she procrastinated; now she was bold, now tremulous; now dubious, now agitated by rage; and what was the most singular thing of all, in the same being she hated the beast and loved the husband. Nevertheless, as the evening drew to a close, she hurriedly prepared the instruments of her enterprise.

The night came, and with it her husband. After he fell asleep, Psyche, to

whose weak body and spirit the cruel influence of fate imparted unusual strength, uncovered the lamp, and seized the knife with the courage of a man. But the instant she advanced, she beheld the very gentlest and sweetest of all creatures, even Cupid himself, the beautiful God of Love, there fast asleep; at sight of whom, the joyous flame of the lamp shone with redoubled vigor, and the sacrilegious dagger repented the keenness of its edge.

But Psyche, losing the control of her senses, faint, deadly pale, and trembling all over, fell on her knees, and made an attempt to hide the blade in her own bosom; and this no doubt she would have done had not the blade, dreading the commission of such a crime, glided out of her rash hand. And now, faint and unnerved as she was, she felt herself refreshed at heart by gazing upon the beauty of those divine features. She looked upon the genial locks of his golden head, teeming with ambrosial perfume, the circling curls that strayed over his milk-white neck and roseate cheeks, and fell gracefully entangled, some before and some behind, causing the very light of the lamp itself to flicker by their radiant splendor. On the shoulders of the god were dewy wings of brilliant whiteness; and though the pinions were at rest, yet the tender down that fringed the feathers wanted to and fro in tremulous, unceasing play. The rest of his body was smooth and beautiful, and such as Venus could not have repented of giving birth to. At the foot of his bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows, the auspicious weapons of the mighty god.

While with insatiable wonder and curiosity Psyche is examining and admiring her husband's weapons, she draws one of the arrows out of the quiver, and touches the point with the tip of her thumb to try its sharpness; but happening to press too hard, for her hand still trembled, she punctured the skin, so that some tiny drops of rosy blood oozed forth. And thus did Psyche, without knowing it, fall in love with Love. Then, burning more and more with desire for Cupid, gazing passionately on his face, and fondly kissing him again and again, her only fear was lest he should wake too soon.

But while she hung over him, bewildered with delight so overpowering, the lamp, whether from treachery or baneful envy, or because it longed to touch, and to kiss as it were, so beautiful an object, spirted a drop of scalding oil from the summit of its flame upon the right shoulder of the god. . . . The god, thus scorched, sprang from the bed, and seeing the disgraceful tokens of forfeited fidelity, started to fly away, without a word, from the eyes and arms of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche, the instant he arose, seized hold of his right leg with both hands, and hung on to him, a wretched appendage to his flight through the regions of the air, till at last her strength failed her, and she fell to the earth.

Translation of Bohn Library, revised

AULUS GELLIUS

GELLIUS' 'Attic Nights' may claim mention here, as one of the earliest forerunners of modern literary anthologies. In the preface (given first among the citations), Gellius explains clearly the origin and scope of his work. It is not, however, a mere scrap-book. There is original matter in many chapters. In particular, an ethical or philosophical excerpt has often been framed in a little scene, and cast in the form of a dialogue. We even get pleasant glimpses of autobiography from time to time. The author is not, however, a deep or forceful character, on the whole. His heart is mostly set on trifles.

Yet Gellius had been an assiduous student, both in Greece and Italy; and his book gives us an agreeable and adequate view of the fields which are included in the culture of his time. Despite its title, the work is chiefly Roman. In history, biography, antiquities, grammar, literary criticism, his materials and authors are prevailingly Latin. He is widely known and quoted on early Roman life and usages. Thus, one chapter gives a mass of curious information as to the choice of the Vestal Virgins. We are also indebted to him for very numerous citations from lost authors. We have already quoted in speaking of Ennius the sketch, in eighteen hexameters, of a scholar-soldier, believed to be a genial self-portraiture. These lines are the finest specimen we have of the 'Annales.' Similarly, in the article on Cato, we have quoted the chief fragment of the great Censor's Roman history. For both these treasures we must thank Gellius. Indeed, throughout the wide fields of Roman antiquities, history of literature, grammar, etc., we have to depend chiefly upon various late scrap-books and compilations, most of which are not even made up at first hand from classical authors. To Gellius, also, the imposing array of writers so constantly named by him was evidently known chiefly through compendiums and handbooks. It is suspicious, for instance, that he hardly quotes a poet within a century of his own time. Repetitions, contradictions, etc., are numerous.

Despite its twenty "books" and nearly four hundred (short) chapters, the work is not only light and readable for the most part, but quite modest in total bulk: five hundred and fifty pages in the small page and generous type of Hertz's Teubner text. There is an English translation by Rev. W. Beloe, first printed in 1795, from which we quote below. Professor Nettleship's treatment of Gellius (in his 'Essays in Latin Literature') has no literary quality, but gives a careful analysis of Gellius' subjects and probable

sources. There is a revival of interest in this author in recent years. We decidedly recommend Hertz's attractive volume to any Latin student who wishes to browse beyond the narrow classical limits.

FROM THE 'ATTIC NIGHTS'

ORIGIN AND PLAN OF THE BOOK

MORE pleasing works than the present may certainly be found: my object in writing this was to provide my children, as well as myself, with that kind of amusement in which they might properly relax and indulge themselves at the intervals from more important business. I have preserved the same accidental arrangement which I had before used in making the collection. Whatever book came into my hand, whether it was Greek or Latin, or whatever I heard that was either worthy of being recorded or agreeable to my fancy, I wrote down without distinction and without order. These things I treasured up to aid my memory, as it were, by a store-house of learning; so that when I wanted to refer to any particular circumstances or word which I had at the moment forgotten, and the books from which they were taken happened not to be at hand, I could easily find and apply it. Thus the same irregularity will appear in these commentaries as existed in the original annotations, which were concisely written down without any method or arrangement in the course of what I at different times had heard or read. As these observations at first constituted my business and my amusements through many long winter nights which I spent in Attica, I have given them the name of 'Attic Nights.' . . . It is an old proverb, "A jay has no concern with music, nor a hog with perfumes": but that the ill-humor and invidiousness of certain ill-taught people may be still more exasperated, I shall borrow a few verses from a chorus of Aristophanes; and what he, a man of most exquisite humor, proposed as a law to the spectators of his play, I also recommend to the readers of this volume, that the vulgar and unhallowed herd, who are averse to the sports of the Muses, may not touch nor even approach it. The verses are these: —

Silent be they, and far from hence remove,
By scenes like ours not likely to improve,
Who never paid the honored Muse her rights,
Who senseless live in wild, impure delights;
I bid them once, I bid them twice begone,
I bid them thrice, in still a louder tone:
Far hence depart, whilst ye with dance and song
Our solemn feast, our tuneful nights prolong.

THE VESTAL VIRGINS

The writers on the subject of taking a Vestal Virgin, of whom Labeo Antistius is the most elaborate, have asserted that no one could be taken who was less than six or more than ten years old. Neither could she be taken unless both her father and mother were alive, if she had any defect of voice or hearing, or indeed any personal blemish, or if she herself or father had been made free; or if under the protection of her grandfather, her father being alive; if one or both of her parents were in actual servitude, or employed in mean occupations. She whose sister was in this character might plead exemption, as might she whose father was flamen, augur, one of the fifteen who had care of the sacred books, or one of the seventeen who regulated the sacred feasts, or a priest of Mars. Exemption was also granted to her who was betrothed to a pontiff, and to the daughter of the sacred trumpeter. Capito Ateius has also observed that the daughter of a man was ineligible who had no establishment in Italy, and that his daughter might be excused who had three children. But as soon as a Vestal Virgin is taken, conducted to the vestibule of Vesta, and delivered to the pontiffs, she is from that moment removed from her father's authority, without any form of emancipation or loss of rank, and has also the right of making her will. No more ancient records remain concerning the form and ceremony of taking a virgin, except that the first virgin was taken by King Numa. But we find a Papian law which provides that at the will of the supreme pontiff twenty virgins should be chosen from the people; that these should draw lots in the public assembly; and that the supreme pontiff might take her whose lot it was, to become the servant of Vesta. But this drawing of lots by the Papian law does not now seem necessary; for if any person of ingenuous birth goes to the pontiff and offers his daughter for this ministry, if she may be accepted without any violation of what the ceremonies of religion enjoin, the Senate dispenses with the Papian law. Moreover, a virgin is said to be taken, because she is taken by the hand of the high priest from that parent under whose authority she is, and led away as a captive in war. In the first book of Fabius Pictor, we have the form of words which the supreme pontiff is to repeat when he takes a virgin. It is this:

"I take thee, beloved, as a priestess of Vesta, to perform religious service, to discharge those duties with respect to the whole body of the Roman people which the law most wisely requires of a priestess of Vesta."

It is also said in those commentaries of Labeo which he wrote on the Twelve Tables:

"No Vestal Virgin can be heiress to any intestate person of either sex. Such effects are said to belong to the public. It is inquired by what right this is done?" When taken she is called *amata*, or beloved, by the high priest; because *Amata* is said to have been the name of her who was first taken.

THE SECRETS OF THE SENATE

It was formerly usual for the senators of Rome to enter the Senate-house accompanied by their sons who had taken the *prætexta*. When something of superior importance was discussed in the Senate, and the further consideration adjourned to the day following, it was resolved that no one should divulge the subject of their debates till it should be formally decreed. The mother of the young Papirius, who had accompanied his father to the Senate-house, inquired of her son what the senators had been doing. The youth replied that he had been enjoined silence, and was not at liberty to say. The woman became more anxious to know; the secretness of the thing, and the silence of the youth, did but inflame her curiosity. She therefore urged him with more vehement earnestness. The young man, on the importunity of his mother, determined on a humorous and pleasant fallacy: he said it was discussed in the Senate, which would be most beneficial to the State — for one man to have two wives, or for one woman to have two husbands. As soon as she heard this she was much agitated, and leaving her house in great trepidation, went to tell the other matrons what she had learned. The next day a troop of matrons went to the Senate-house, and with tears and entreaties implored that one woman might be suffered to have two husbands, rather than one man to have two wives. The senators on entering the house were astonished, and wondered what this intemperate proceeding of the women, and their petition, could mean. The young Papirius, advancing to the midst of the Senate, explained the pressing importunity of his mother, his answer, and the matter as it was. The Senate, delighted with the honor and ingenuity of the youth, made a decree that from that time no youth should be suffered to enter the Senate with his father, this Papirius alone excepted.

PLUTARCH AND HIS SLAVE

Plutarch once ordered a slave, who was an impudent and worthless fellow, but who had paid some attention to books and philosophical disputations, to be stripped (I know not for what fault) and whipped. As soon as his punishment began, he averred that he did not deserve to be beaten; that he had been guilty of no offense or crime. As they went on whipping him, he called out louder, not with any cry of suffering or complaint, but gravely reproaching his master. Such behavior, he said, was unworthy of Plutarch; that anger disgraced a philosopher; that he had often disputed on the mischiefs of anger; that he had written a very excellent book about not giving place to anger; but that whatever he had said in that book was now contradicted by the furious and ungovernable anger with which he had now ordered him to be severely beaten. Plutarch then replied with deliberate calmness: "But why, rascal, do I now seem to you to be in anger? Is it from my countenance, my voice,

my color, or my words, that you conceive me to be angry? I cannot think that my eyes betray any ferocity, nor is my countenance disturbed or my voice boisterous; neither do I foam at the mouth, nor are my cheeks red; nor do I say anything indecent or to be repented of; nor do I tremble or seem greatly agitated. These, though you may not know it, are the usual signs of anger." Then, turning to the person who was whipping him: "Whilst this man and I," said he, "are disputing, do you go on with your employment."

DISCUSSION ON ONE OF SOLON'S LAWS

In those very ancient laws of Solon which were inscribed at Athens on wooden tables, and which, from veneration to him, the Athenians, to render eternal, had sanctioned with punishments and religious oaths, Aristotle relates there was one to this effect: If in any tumultuous dissension a sedition should ensue, and the people divide themselves into two parties, and from this irritation of their minds both sides should take arms and fight; then he who in this unfortunate period of civil discord should join himself to neither party, but should individually withdraw himself from the common calamity of the city, should be deprived of his house, his family and fortunes, and be driven into exile from his country. When I had read this law of Solon, who was eminent for his wisdom, I was at first impressed with great astonishment, wondering for what reason he should think those men deserving of punishment who withdrew themselves from sedition and a civil war. Then a person who had profoundly and carefully examined the use and purport of this law, affirmed that it was calculated not to increase but terminate sedition; and indeed it really is so, for if all the more respectable, who were at first unable to check sedition, and could not overawe the divided and infatuated people, join themselves to one part or other, it will happen that when they are divided on both sides, and each party begins to be ruled and moderated by them, as men of superior influence, harmony will by their means be sooner restored and confirmed; for whilst they regulate and temper their own parties respectively, they would rather see their opponents conciliated than destroyed. Favorinus the philosopher was of opinion that the same thing ought to be done in the disputes of brothers and of friends: that they who are benevolently inclined to both sides, but have little influence in restoring harmony, from being considered as doubtful friends, should decidedly take one part or other; by which act they will obtain more effectual power in restoring harmony to both. At present, says he, the friends of both think they do well by leaving and deserting both, thus giving them up to malignant or sordid lawyers, who inflame their resentments and disputes from animosity or from avarice.

ÆLIANUS CLAUDIUS

ACCORDING to his 'Varia Historia,' Ælianus Claudius was a native of Præneste and a citizen of Rome, at the time of the Emperor Hadrian. He taught Greek rhetoric at Rome, and hence was known as "the Sophist." He spoke and wrote Greek with the fluency of a native Athenian, and gained thereby the epithet of "the honey-tongued." He lived to be sixty years of age, and never married because he would not incur the responsibility of children.

The 'Varia Historia' is the most noteworthy of his works. It is a curious collection of short narratives, anecdotes, and other historical, biographical, and antiquarian matter, selected from the Greek authors whom he loved to study. And it is valuable because it preserves scraps of works now lost. The extracts are either in the words of the original, or give the compiler's version; for, as he says, he liked to have his own way and to follow his own taste. They are grouped without method; but in this very lack of order — which shows that "browsing" instinct which Charles Lamb declared to be essential to a right feeling for literature — the charm of the book lies. This habit of straying, and his lack of style, prove Ælianus more of a vagabond in the domain of letters than a rhetorician.

His other important book, 'De Animalium Natura' [On the Nature of Animals], is a medley of his own observations, both in Italy and during his travels as far as Egypt. For several hundred years it was a popular book on zoölogy; and even as late as the fourteenth century, Manuel Philes, a Byzantine poet, founded upon it a poem on animals. Like the 'Varia Historia,' it is scrappy and gossiping. He leaps from subject to subject: from elephants to dragons, from the liver of mice to the uses of oxen. There was, however, method in this disorder; for as he says, he sought thereby to give variety and hold his reader's attention. The book is interesting, moreover, as giving us a personal glimpse of the man and of his methods of work; for in a concluding chapter he states the general principles on which he composed: that he has spent great labor, thought, and care in writing it; that he has preferred the pursuit of knowledge to the pursuit of wealth; that, for his part, he found more pleasure in observing the habits of the lion, the panther, and the fox, in listening to the song of the nightingale, and in studying the migrations of cranes, than in heaping up riches and finding himself numbered among the great; and that throughout his work he has sought to adhere to the truth.

Ælianus was more of a moralizer than an artist in words; his style has

no distinctive literary qualities, and in both of his chief works is the evident intention to set forth religious and moral principles. He wrote, moreover, some treatises expressly on religious and philosophic subjects, and some letters on husbandry.

The 'Varia Historia' has been twice translated into English: by Abraham Fleming in 1576, and by Thomas Stanley, son of the poet and philosopher Stanley, in 1665. Fleming was a poet and scholar of the English Renaissance, who translated from the ancients and made a digest of Holinshed's 'Historie of England.' His version of Ælianus loses nothing by its quaint wording, as will be seen from the subjoined stories. The full title of the book is 'A Registre of Hystories containing martiall Exploits of worthy Warriours, politique Practices and civil Magistrates, wise Sentences of famous Philosophers, and other Matters manifelde and memorable written in Greek by Ælianus Claudius and delivered in English by Abraham Fleming' (1576).

[All the selections following are from 'A Registre of Hystories']

OF CERTAIN NOTABLE MEN THAT MADE THEMSELVES PLAY-FELLOWES WITH CHILDREN

HERCULES (as some say) assuaged the tediousness of his labors, which he sustayned in open and common games, with playing. This Hercules, I say, being an incomparable warrior, and the sonne of Jupiter and Latona, made himselfe a playfellowe with boys. Euripides the poet introduceth, and bringeth in, the selfe same god speaking in his owne person, and saying, "I play because choyce and chaunge of labors is delectable and sweete unto me," whiche wordes he uttered holdinge a boy by the hande. Socrates also was espied of Alcibiades upon a time, playing with Lamprocles, who was in manner but a childe. Agesilaus riding upon a rude, or cock-horse as they terme it, played with his sonne beeing but a boy: and when a certayn man passing by sawe him so doe and laughed there withall, Agesilaus sayde thus, Now hold thy peace and say nothing; but when thou art a father I doubt not thou wilt doe as fathers should doe with their children. Architas Tarentinus being both in authoritie in the comonwealth, that is to say a magistrat, and also a philosopher, not of the obscurest sorte, but a precise lover of wisdom, at that time he was a housband, a housekeeper, and maintained many servauntes, he was greatly delighted with their younglinges, used to play oftentimes with his servauntes' children, and was wonte, when he was at dinner and supper, to rejoyce in the sight and presence of them: yet was Tarentinus (as all men knowe) a man of famous memorie and noble name.

OF A CERTAINE SICILIAN WHOSE EYSIGHT WAS WONDER- FULL SHARPE AND QUICK

THERE was in Sicilia a certaine man indued with such sharpnesse, quicknesse, and clearnesse of sight (if report may challenge credite) that hee coulde see from Lilybæus to Carthage with such perfection and constancy that his eyes coulde not be deceived: and that he tooke true and just account of all ships and vessels which went under sayle from Carthage, over-skipping not so much as one in the universall number.

Something straunge it is that is recorded of Argus, a man that had no lesse than an hundred eyes, unto whose custody Juno committed Io, the daughter of Inachus, being transformed into a young heifer: while Argus (his luck being such) was slaine sleeping, but the Goddess Juno so provided that all his eyes (whatsoever became of his carkasse) should be placed on the peacock's taile; wherupon (sithence it came to passe) the peacock is called Avis Junonia, or Lady Juno Birde. This historie is notable, but yet the former (in mine opinion) is more memorable.

THE LAWE OF THE LACEDÆMONIANS AGAINST COVETOUSNESS

ACERTAIN young man of Lacedæmonia having bought a plot of land for a small and easy price (and, as they say, dogge cheape) was arrested to appear before the magistrates, and after the trial of his matter he was charged with a penalty. The reason why he was judged worthy this punishment was because he being but a young man gaped so gredely after gain and yawned after filthy covetousness. For yt was a most commendable thing among the Lacedæmonians not only to fighte against the enemie in battell manfully; but also to wrestle and struggle with covetousness (that misschievous monster) valliantly.

THAT SLEEP IS THE BROTHER OF DEATH, AND OF GORGIAS
DRAWING TO HIS END

GORGIAS LEONTINUS looking towards the end of his life and being wasted with the weaknes and wearysomenesse of drooping olde age, falling into sharp and sore sicknesse upon a time slumbered and slept upon his soft pillowe a little season. Unto whose chamber a familiar freend of his resorting to visit him in his sicknes demaunded how he felt himself affected in body. To whom Gorgias Leontinus made this pithy and plausible answer, "Now Sleep beginneth to deliver me up into the jurisdiction of his brother-germane, Death."

OF THE VOLUNTARY AND WILLING DEATH OF CALANUS

THE ende of Calanus deserveth no lesse commendation than it procureth admiration; it is no less praiseworthy than it was worthy wonder. The manner, therefore, was thus. The within-named Calanus, being a sophister of India, when he had taken his long leave and last farewell of Alexander, King of Macedonia, and of his life in lyke manner, being willing, desirous, and earnest to set himselfe at lybertie from the cloggs, chaines, barres, boults, and fetters of the prison of the body, pyled up a bonnfire in the suburbs of Babylon of dry woode and chosen sticks provided of purpose to give a sweete savour and an odoriferous smell in burning. The kindes of woodde which hee used to serve his turne in this case were these: Cedre, Rosemary, Cipres, Mirtle, and Laurell. These things duely ordered, he buckled himselfe to his accustomed exercise, namely, running and leaping into the middest of the wodstack he stooode bolte upright, having about his head a garlande made of the greene leaves of reedes, the sunne shining full in his face, as he stooode in the pile of stycks, whose glorious majesty, glittering with bright beams of amiable beuty, he adored and worshipped. Furthermore he gave a token and signe to the Macedonians to kindle the fire, which, when they had done accordingly, hee beeing compassed round about with flickering flames, stooode stoutly and valiauntly in one and the selfe same place, and dyd not shrincke one foote, until hee gave up the ghost, whereat Alexander unvailying, as at a rare strange sight and worldes wonder, saide (as the voice goes) these words: "Calanus hath subdued, over come, and vanquished stronger enemies than I. For Alexander made warre against Porus, Taxiles, and Darius. But Calanus did denounce and did battell to labor and fought fearcely and manfully with death."

OF DELICATE DINNERS, SUMPTUOUS SUPPERS, AND PRODIGAL BANQUETING

TIMOTHY, the son of Conon, captain of the Athenians, leaving his sumptuous fare and royall banqueting, beeing desired and intertained of Plato to a feast philosophicall, seasoned with contentation and musick, at his returning home from that supper of Plato, he said unto his familiar freends: "They wiche suppe with Plato, this night, are not sick or out of temper the next day following"; and presently upon the enunciation of that speech, Timothy took occasion to finde fault with great dinners, suppers, feasts, and banquets, furnished with excessive fare, immoderate consuming of meats, delicates, dainties, toothsome junkets, and such like, which abridge the next dayes joy, gladnes, delight, mirth, and pleasantnes.

OF BESTOWING TIME, AND HOW WALKING UP AND DOWNE WAS NOT ALLOWABLE AMONG THE LACEDÆMONIANS

THE Lacedæmonians were of this judgment, that measurable spending of time was greatly to be esteemed, and therefore did they conforme and apply themselves to any kinde of laboure moste earnestly and painfully, not withdrawing their hands from works of much bodily mooving, not permitting any particular person, being a citizen, to spend the time in idlenes, to waste it in unthrifty gaming, to consume it in trifling, in vain toyes and lewd loytering, all whiche are at variance and enmity with vertue. Of this latter among many testimonyes, take this for one.

When it was reported to the magistrates of the Lacedæmonians called Ephori, in manner of complaint, that the inhabitants of Deceleia used afternoone walkings, they sent unto them messengers with their commandmente, saying: "Go not up and doune like loyterers, nor walke not abrode at your pleasure, pampering the wantonnes of your natures rather than accustoming yourself to exercises of activity. For it becometh the Lacedæmonians to regarde their health and to maintaine their safety not with walking to and fro, but with bodily labours."

HOW SOCRATES SUPPRESSED THE PRYDE AND HAUTIN- NESSE OF ALCIBIADES

SOCRATES, seeing Alcibiades puffed up with pryde and broyling in ambitious behavioure (because possessor of such great wealth and lorde of so large lands) brought him to a place where a table did hang containing a discription of the worlde universall. Then did Socrates will Alcibiades to seeke out the situation of Athens, which when he found Socrates proceeded further and willed him to point out that plot of ground where his lands and lordships lay. Alcibiades, having sought a long time and yet never the nearer, sayde to Socrates that his livings were not set forth in that table, nor any discription of his possession therein made evident. When Socrates, rebuked with this secret quip: "And art thou so arrogant (sayeth he) and so hautie in heart for that which is no parcell of the world?"

OF CERTAIN WASTGOODES AND SPENDTHRIFTS

PRODIGALL lavishing of substance, unthrifty and wastifull spending, voluptuousness of life and palpable sensuality brought Pericles, Callias, the sonne of Hipponicus, and Nicias not only to necessitie, but to povertie and beggerie. Who, after their money waxed scant, and turned to a very lowe ebbe, they three drinking a poysoned potion one to another (which was the last cuppe that they kissed with their lippes) passed out of this life (as it were from a banquet) to the powers infernall.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

MARCUS AURELIUS, one of the most illustrious emperors of Rome, and, according to Canon Farrar, "the noblest of pagan emperors," was born at Rome, April 20, 121 A.D., and died at Vindobona — the modern Vienna — March 17, 180 A.D., in the twentieth year of his reign and the fifty-ninth year of his age.

His right to an honored place in literature depends upon a small volume written in Greek, and usually called the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.' The work consists of mere memoranda, notes, disconnected reflections and confessions, and also of excerpts from the Emperor's favorite authors. It was evidently a mere private diary or note-book written in great haste, which readily accounts for its repetitions, its occasional obscurity, and its frequently elliptical style of expression. In its pages the Emperor gives his aspirations, and his sorrow for his inability to realize them in his daily life; he expresses his tentative opinions concerning the problems of creation, life, and death; his reflections upon the deceitfulness of riches, pomp, and power, and his conviction of the vanity of all things except the performance of duty. The work contains what has been called by a distinguished scholar "the common creed of wise men, from which all other views may well seem mere deflections on the side of an unwarranted credulity or of an exaggerated despair." From the pomp and circumstance of state surrounding him, from the manifold cares of his exalted rank, from the tumult of protracted wars, the Emperor retired into the pages of this book as into the sanctuary of his soul, and there found in sane and rational reflection the peace that the world could not give and could never take away. The tone and temper of the work is unique among books of its class. It is sweet yet dignified, courageous yet resigned, philosophical and speculative, yet above all, intensely practical.

Through all the ages from the time when the Emperor Diocletian prescribed a distinct ritual for Aurelius as one of the gods; from the time when the monks of the Middle Ages treasured the 'Meditations' as carefully as they kept their manuscripts of the Gospels, the work has been recognized as the precious life-blood of a master spirit. An adequate English translation would constitute today a most valuable vade-mecum of devotional feeling and of religious inspiration. It would prove a strong moral tonic to hundreds of minds now sinking into agnosticism or materialism.

The distinguished French writer M. Martha observes that in the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius' "we find a pure serenity, sweetness, and docility to the commands of God, which before him were unknown, and which

Christian grace has alone surpassed. One cannot read the book without thinking of the sadness of Pascal and the gentleness of Fénelon. We must pause before this soul, so lofty and so pure, to contemplate ancient virtue in its softest brilliancy, to see the moral delicacy to which profane doctrines have attained."

Those in the past who have found solace in its pages have not been limited to any one country, creed, or condition in life. The distinguished Cardinal Francis Barberini the elder occupied his last years in translating the 'Meditations' into Italian; so that, as he said, "the thoughts of the pious pagan might quicken the faith of the faithful." He dedicated the work to his own soul, so that it "might blush deeper than the scarlet of the cardinal robe as it looked upon the nobility of the pagan." The venerable and learned English scholar Thomas Gataker, of the religious faith of Cromwell and Milton, spent the last years of his life in translating the work into Latin as the noblest preparation for death. The book was the constant companion of Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, who found in it "sweet refreshment in his seasons of despondency." Jean Paul Richter speaks of it as a vital help in "the deepest floods of adversity." The French translator Pierron says that it exalted his soul into a serene region, above all petty cares and rivalries. Montesquieu declares, in speaking of Marcus Aurelius, "He produces such an effect upon our minds that we think better of ourselves, because he inspires us with a better opinion of mankind." The great German historian Niebuhr says of the Emperor, as revealed in this work, "I know of no other man who combined such unaffected kindness, mildness, and humility with such conscientiousness and severity toward himself." Renan declares the book to be "a veritable gospel. It will never grow old, for it asserts no dogma. Though science were to destroy God and the soul, the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius' would remain forever young and immortally true." The eminent English critic Matthew Arnold was found on the morning after the death of his eldest son engaged in the perusal of his favorite Marcus Aurelius, wherein alone he found comfort and consolation.

The 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius' embrace not only moral reflections; they include, as before remarked, speculations upon the origin and evolution of the universe and of man. They rest upon a philosophy. This philosophy is that of the Stoic school as broadly distinguished from the Epicurean. Stoicism, at all times, inculcated the supreme virtues of moderation and resignation; the subjugation of corporeal desires; the faithful performance of duty; indifference to one's own pain and suffering, and the disregard of material luxuries. With these principles there was, originally, in the Stoic philosophy conjoined a considerable body of logic, cosmogony, and paradox. But in Marcus Aurelius these doctrines no longer stain the pure current of eternal truth which ever flowed through the history of Stoicism. It still speculated about the immortality of the soul and the government of the uni-

verse by a supernatural intelligence, but on these subjects proposed no dogma and offered no final authoritative solution. It did not forbid man to hope for a future life, but it emphasized the duties of the present life. On purely rational grounds it sought to show men that they should always live nobly and heroically, and how best to do so. It recognized the significance of death, and attempted to teach how men could meet it under any and all circumstances with perfect equanimity.

Marcus Aurelius was descended from an illustrious line which tradition declared extended to the good Numa, the second king of Rome. In the descendant Marcus were certainly to be found, with a great increment of many centuries of noble life, all the virtues of his illustrious ancestor. Doubtless the cruel persecutions of the infamous emperors who preceded Hadrian account for the fact that the ancestors of Aurelius left the imperial city and found safety in Hispania Bætica, where in a town called Succubo — not far from the present city of Cordova — the Emperor's great-grandfather, Annius Verus, was born. From Spain also came the family of the Emperor Hadrian, who was an intimate friend of Annius Verus. The death of the father of Marcus Aurelius when the lad was of tender years led to his adoption by his grandfather and subsequently by Antoninus Pius. By Antoninus he was subsequently named as joint heir to the Imperial Dignity with Commodus, the son of Ælius Cæsar, who had previously been adopted by Hadrian.

From his earliest youth Marcus was distinguished for his sincerity and truthfulness. His was a docile and a serious nature. "Hadrian's bad and sinful habits left him," says Niebuhr, "when he gazed on the sweetness of that innocent child. Punning on the boy's paternal name of *Verus*, he called him *Verissimus*, 'the most true.'" Among the many statues of Marcus extant is one representing him at the tender age of eight years offering sacrifice. He was even then a priest of Mars. It was the hand of Marcus alone that threw the crown so carefully and skilfully that it invariably alighted upon the head of the statue of the god. The entire ritual he knew by heart. The great Emperor Antoninus Pius lived in the most simple and unostentatious manner; yet even this did not satisfy the exacting, lofty spirit of Marcus. At twelve years of age he began to practise all the austerities of Stoicism. He became a veritable ascetic. He ate most sparingly; slept little, and when he did so it was upon a bed of boards. Only the repeated entreaties of his mother induced him to spread a few skins upon his couch. His health was seriously affected for a time; and it was, perhaps, to this extreme privation that his subsequent feebleness was largely due. His education was of the highest order of excellence. His tutors, like Nero's were the most distinguished teachers of the age; but unlike Nero, the lad was in every way worthy of his instructors. His letters to his dearly beloved teacher Fronto are still extant, and in a very striking and charming way they illustrate the extreme simplicity of life in the imperial household in the villa of Antoninus Pius at Lorium by the sea. They also

indicate the lad's deep devotion to his studies and the sincerity of his love for his relatives and friends.

When his predecessor and adopted father Antoninus felt the approach of death, he gave to the tribune who asked him for the watchword for the night the reply "Equanimity," directed that the golden statue of Fortune that always stood in the Emperor's chamber be transferred to that of Marcus Aurelius, and then turned his face and passed away as peacefully as if he had fallen asleep. The watchword of the father became the life-word of the son, who pronounced upon that father in the 'Meditations' one of the noblest eulogies ever written. "We should," says Renan, "have known nothing of Antoninus if Marcus Aurelius had not handed down to us that exquisite portrait of his adopted father, in which he seems, by reason of humility, to have applied himself to paint an image superior to what he himself was. Antoninus resembled a Christ who would not have had an evangel; Marcus Aurelius a Christ who would have written his own."

It would be impossible here to detail even briefly all the manifold public services rendered by Marcus Aurelius to the Empire during his reign of twenty years. Among his good works were these: the establishment, upon eternal foundation, of the noble fabric of the Civil Law — the prototype and basis of Justinian's task; the founding of schools for the education of poor children; the endowment of hospitals and homes for orphans of both sexes; the creation of trust companies to receive and distribute legacies and endowments; the just government of the provinces, the complete reform of the system of collecting taxes; the abolition of the cruelty of the criminal laws and the mitigation of sentences unnecessarily severe; the regulation of gladiatorial exhibitions; the diminution of the absolute power possessed by fathers over their children and of masters over their slaves; the admission of women to equal rights to succession to property from their children; the rigid suppression of spies and informers; and the adoption of the principle that merit, as distinguished from rank or political friendship, alone justified promotion in the public service.

But the greatest reform was the reform in the Imperial Dignity itself, as exemplified in the life and character of the Emperor. It is this fact which gives to the 'Meditations' their distinctive value. The infinite charm, the tenderness and sweetness of their moral teachings, and their broad humanity, are chiefly noteworthy because the Emperor himself practised in his daily life the principles of which he speaks, and because tenderness and sweetness, patience and pity, suffused his daily conduct and permeated his actions. The horrible cruelties of the reigns of Nero and Domitian seemed only awful dreams under the benignant rule of Marcus Aurelius.

It is not surprising that the deification of a deceased emperor, usually regarded by Senate and people as a hollow mockery, became a veritable fact upon the death of Marcus Aurelius. He was not regarded in any sense as

mortal. All men said he had but returned to his heavenly place among the immortal gods. As his body passed, in the pomp of an imperial funeral, to its last resting-place, the tomb of Hadrian — the modern Castle of St. Angelo at Rome — thousands invoked the divine blessings of Antoninus. His memory was sacredly cherished. His portrait was preserved as an inspiration in innumerable homes. His statue was almost universally given an honored place among the household gods. And all this continued during successive generations of men.

Marcus Aurelius has been censured for two acts: the first, the massacre of the Christians which took place during his reign: the second, the selection of his son Commodus as his successor. Of the massacre of the Christians it may be said, that when the conditions surrounding the Emperor are once properly understood, no just cause for condemnation of his course remains. A prejudice against the sect was doubtless acquired by him through the teachings of his dearly beloved instructor and friend Fronto. In the writings of the revered Epictetus he found severe condemnation of the Christians as fanatics. Stoicism enjoined upon men obedience to the law, endurance of evil conditions, and patience under misfortunes. The Christians openly defied the laws; they struck the images of the gods, they scoffed at the established religion and its ministers. They welcomed death; they invited it. To Marcus Aurelius, as he says in his 'Meditations,' death had no terrors. The wise man stood, like the trained soldier, ready to be called into action, ready to depart from life when the Supreme Ruler called him; but it was also, according to the Stoic, no less the duty of a man to remain until he was called, and it certainly was not his duty to invite destruction by abuse of all other religions and by contempt for the distinctive deities of the Roman faith. The Roman State was tolerant of all religions so long as they were tolerant of others. Christianity was intolerant of all other religions; it condemned them all. In persecuting what he regarded as a "pernicious sect" the Emperor regarded himself only as the conservator of the peace and the welfare of the realm. The truth is, that Marcus Aurelius enacted no new laws on the subject of the Christians. He even lessened the dangers to which they were exposed. On this subject one of the Fathers of the Church, Tertullian, bears witness. He says in his address to the Roman officials: "Consult your annals, and you will find that the princes who have been cruel to us are those whom it was held an honor to have as persecutors. On the contrary, of all princes who have known human and Divine law, name one of them who has persecuted the Christians. We might even cite one of them who declared himself their protector — the wise Marcus Aurelius. If he did not openly revoke the edicts against our brethren, he destroyed the effect of them by the severe penalties he instituted against their accusers." This statement would seem to dispose effectually of the charge of cruel persecution brought so often against the kindly and tender-hearted Emperor.

Of the appointment of Commodus as his successor, it may be said that the paternal heart hoped against hope for filial excellence. Marcus Aurelius believed, as clearly appears from many passages in the 'Meditations,' that men did not do evil willingly but through ignorance; and that when the exceeding beauty of goodness had been fully disclosed to them, the depravity of evil conduct would appear no less clearly. The Emperor who, when the head of his rebellious general was brought to him, grieved because that general had not lived to be forgiven; the ruler who burned unread all treasonable correspondence, would not, nay, could not believe in the existence of such an inhuman monster as Commodus proved himself to be. The appointment of Commodus was a calamity of the most terrific character; but it testifies in trumpet tones to the nobility of the Emperor's heart, the sincerity of his own belief in the triumph of right and justice.

The volume of the 'Meditations' is the best mirror of the Emperor's soul. Therein will be found expressed delicately but unmistakably much of the sorrow that darkened his life. As the book proceeds the shadows deepen, and in the latter portion his loneliness is painfully apparent. Yet he never lost hope or faith, or failed for one moment in his duty as a man, a philosopher, and an emperor. In the deadly marshes and in the great forests which stretched beside the Danube, in his mortal sickness, in the long nights when weakness and pain rendered sleep impossible, it is not difficult to imagine him in his tent, writing, by the light of his solitary lamp, the immortal thoughts which alone soothed his soul; thoughts which have outlived the centuries — not perhaps wholly by chance — to reveal to men in nations then unborn, on continents whose very existence was then unknown, the Godlike qualities of one of the noblest of the sons of men.

The best translations of the work into English are those of George Long (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), of G. H. Rendall (London, 1897), and of C. R. Haines (Loeb Classical Library). 'The Life of Marcus Aurelius' by Paul Barron Watson (Harper & Brothers, New York) will repay careful reading. Further information may also be had in Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Dill's 'Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius' (1904), and E. Vernon Arnold's 'Roman Stoicism.'

JAMES FRASER GLUCK

EXCERPTS FROM THE 'MEDITATIONS'

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

BEGIN thy morning with these thoughts: I shall meet the meddler, the ingrate, the scorner, the hypocrite, the envious man, the cynic. These men are such because they know not to discern the difference between good and evil. But I know that Goodness is Beauty and that Evil is Loathsomeness: I know that the real nature of the evil-doer is akin to mine, not only physically but in a unity of intelligence and in participation in the Divine Nature. Therefore I know that I cannot be harmed by such persons, nor can they thrust upon me what is base. I know, too, that I should not be angry with my kinsmen nor hate them, because we are all made to work together fitly like the feet, the hands, the eyelids, the rows of the upper and the lower teeth. To be at strife one with another is therefore contrary to our real nature; and to be angry with one another, to despise one another, *is* to be at strife one with another. (Book ii, § 1.)

Fashion thyself to the circumstances of thy lot. The men whom Fate hath made thy comrades here, love; and love them in sincerity and in truth. (Book vi, § 39.)

This is distinctive of men — to love those who do wrong. And this thou shalt do if thou forget not that they are thy kinsmen, and that they do wrong through ignorance and not through design; that ere long thou and they will be dead; and more than all, that the evil-doer hath really done thee no evil, since he hath left thy conscience unharmed. (Book viii, § 22.)

THE SUPREME NOBILITY OF DUTY

AS a Roman and as a man, strive steadfastly every moment to do thy duty, with dignity, sincerity, and loving-kindness, freely and justly, and freed from all disquieting thought concerning any other thing. And from such thought thou wilt be free if every act be done as though it were thy last, putting away from thee slothfulness, all loathing to do what Reason bids thee, all dissimulation, selfishness, and discontent with thine appointed lot. Behold, then, how few are the things needful for a life which will flow onward like a quiet stream, blessed even as the life of the gods. For he who so lives, fulfils their will. (Book ii, § 5.)

So long as thou art doing thy duty, heed not warmth nor cold, drowsiness nor wakefulness, life, nor impending death; nay, even in the very act of death,

which is indeed only one of the acts of life, it suffices to do well what then remains to be done. (Book vi, § 2.)

I strive to do my duty; to all other considerations I am indifferent, whether they be material things or unreasoning and ignorant people. (Book vi, § 22.)

THE FUTURE LIFE — IMMORTALITY

THIS very moment thou mayest die. Think, act, as if this were now to befall thee. Yet fear not death. If there are gods they will do thee no evil. If there are not gods, or if they care not for the welfare of men, why should I care to live in a Universe that is devoid of Divine beings or of any providential care? But, verily, there are Divine beings, and they do concern themselves with the welfare of men; and they have given unto him all power not to fall into any real evil. If, indeed, what men call misfortunes were really evils, then from these things also, man would have been given the power to free himself. But — thou sayest — are not death, dishonor, pain, really evils? Reflect that if they were, it is incredible that the Ruler of the Universe has, through ignorance, overlooked these things, or has not had the power or the skill to prevent them; and that thereby what is real evil befalls good and bad alike. For true it is that life and death, honor and dishonor, pain and pleasure, come impartially to the good and to the bad. But none of these things can affect our lives if they do not affect our true selves. Now our real selves they do not affect either for better or for worse; and therefore such things are not really good or evil. (Book ii, § 11.)

If our spirits live, how does Space suffice for all during all the ages? Well, how does the earth contain the bodies of those who have been buried therein during all the ages? In the latter case, the decomposition and — after a certain period — the dispersion of the bodies already buried, affords room for other bodies; so, in the former case, the souls which pass into Space, after a certain period are purged of their grosser elements and become ethereal, and glow with the glory of flame as they meet and mingle with the Creative Energy of the world. And thereby there is room for other souls which in their turn pass into Space. This, then, is the explanation that may be given if souls continue to exist at all.

Moreover, in thinking of all the bodies which the earth contains, we must have in mind not only the bodies which are buried therein, but also the vast number of animals which are the daily food of ourselves and also of the entire animal creation itself. Yet these, too, Space contains; for on the one hand they are changed into blood which becomes part of the bodies that are buried in the earth, and on the other hand these are changed into the ultimate elements of fire or air. (Book iv, § 21.)

I am spirit and body: neither will pass into nothingness, since neither came therefrom; and therefore every part of me, though changed in form, will continue to be a part of the Universe, and that part will change into another part, and so on through all the ages. And therefore, through such changes I myself exist; and, in like manner, those who preceded me and those who will follow me will exist forever — a conclusion equally true though the Universe itself be dissipated at prescribed cycles of time. (Book v, § 13.)

How can it be that the gods, who have clothed the Universe with such beauty and ordered all things with such loving-kindness for the welfare of man, have neglected this alone, that the best men — the men who walked as it were with the Divine Being, and who, by their acts of righteousness and by their reverent service, dwelt ever in his presence — should never live again when once they have died? If this be really true, then be satisfied that it is best that it should be so, else it would have been otherwise ordained. For whatever is right and just is possible; and therefore, if it were in accord with the will of the Divine Being that we should live after death — so it would have been. But because it is otherwise — if indeed it be otherwise — rest thou satisfied that this also is just and right.

Moreover, is it not manifest to thee that in inquiring so curiously concerning these things, thou art questioning God himself as to what is right, and that this thou wouldst not do didst thou not believe in his supreme goodness and wisdom? Therefore, since in these we believe, we may also believe that in the government of the Universe nothing that is right and just has been overlooked or forgotten. (Book xii, § 5.)

THE UNIVERSAL BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

TO him who hath a true insight into the real nature of the Universe, every change in everything therein that is a part thereof seems appropriate and delightful. The bread that is overbaked so that it cracks and bursts asunder hath not the form desired by the baker; yet none the less it hath a beauty of its own, and is most tempting to the palate. Figs bursting in their ripeness, olives near even unto decay, have yet in their broken ripeness a distinctive beauty. Shocks of corn bending down in their fullness, the lion's mane, the wild boar's mouth all flecked with foam, and many other things of the same kind, though perhaps not pleasing in and of themselves, yet as necessary parts of the Universe created by the Divine Being they add to the beauty of the Universe, and inspire a feeling of pleasure. So that if a man hath appreciation of and an insight into the purpose of the Universe, there is scarcely a portion thereof that will not to him in a sense seem adapted to give delight. In this sense the open jaws of wild beasts will appear no less

pleasing than their prototypes in the realm of art. Even in old men and women he will be able to perceive a distinctive maturity and seemliness, while the winsome bloom of youth he can contemplate with eyes free from lascivious desire. And in like manner it will be with very many things which to every one may not seem pleasing, but which will certainly rejoice the man who is a true student of Nature and her works. (Book iii, § 2.)

THE GOOD MAN

IN the mind of him who is pure and good will be found neither corruption nor defilement nor any malignant taint. Unlike the actor who leaves the stage before his part is played, the life of such a man is complete whenever death may come. He is neither cowardly nor presuming; not enslaved to life nor indifferent to its duties; and in him is found nothing worthy of condemnation nor that which putteth to shame. (Book iii, § 8.)

Test by a trial how excellent is the life of the good man — the man who rejoices at the portion given him in the universal lot and abides therein, content; just in all his ways and kindly minded toward all men. (Book iv, § 25.)

This is moral perfection: to live each day as though it were the last; to be tranquil, sincere, yet not indifferent to one's fate. (Book vii, § 69.)

THE BREVITY OF LIFE

CAST from thee all other things and hold fast to a few precepts such as these: forget not that every man's real life is but the present moment — an indivisible point of time — and that all the rest of his life hath either passed away or is uncertain. Short, then, the time that any man may live; and small the earthly niche wherein he hath his home; and short is longest fame — a whisper passed from race to race of dying men, ignorant concerning themselves, and much less really knowing thee, who died so long ago. (Book iii, § 10.)

VANITY OF LIFE

MANY are the doctors who have knit their brows over their patients and now are dead themselves; many are the astrologers who in their day esteemed themselves renowned in foretelling the death of others, yet now they too are dead. Many are the philosophers who have held countless discussions upon death and immortality, and yet themselves have shared the common lot; many the valiant warriors who have slain their

thousands and yet themselves been slain by Death; many are the rulers and the kings of the earth, who, in their arrogance, have exercised over others the power of life or death as though they were themselves beyond the hazard of Fate, and yet themselves have, in their turn, felt Death's remorseless power. Nay, even great cities — Helice, Pompeii, Herculaneum — have, so to speak, died utterly. Recall, one by one, the names of thy friends who have died; how many of these, having closed the eyes of their kinsmen, have in a brief time been buried also. To conclude: keep ever before thee the brevity and vanity of human life and all that is therein; for man is conceived today, and tomorrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass, therefore, this moment of life in accord with the will of Nature, and depart in peace: even as does the olive, which in its season, fully ripe, drops to the ground, blessing its mother, the earth, which bore it, and giving thanks to the tree which put it forth. (Book iv, § 48.)

A simple yet potent help to enable one to despise Death is to recall those who, in their greed for life, tarried the longest here. Wherein had they really more than those who were cut off untimely in their bloom? Together, at last, somewhere, they all repose in death. Cadicianus, Fabius, Julianus, Lepidus, or any like them, who bore forth so many to the tomb, were, in their turn, borne thither also. Their longer span was but trivial! Think too, of the cares thereof, of the people with whom it was passed, of the infirmities of the flesh! All vanity! Think of the infinite deeps of Time in the past, of the infinite depths to be! And in that vast profound of Time, what difference is there between a life of three centuries and the three days' life of a little child! (Book iv, § 50.)

Think of the Universe of Matter! — an atom thou! Think of the Eternity of Time — thy predestined time but a moment! Reflect upon the great plan of Fate — how trivial this destiny of thine! (Book v, § 24.)

All things are enveloped in such darkness that they have seemed utterly incomprehensible to those who have led the philosophic life — and those, too, not a few in number, nor of ill-repute. Nay, even to the Stoics the course of affairs seems an enigma. Indeed, every conclusion reached seems tentative; for where is the man to be found who does not change his conclusions? Think, too, of the things men most desire — riches, reputation, and the like — and consider how ephemeral they are, how vain! A vile wretch, a common strumpet, or a thief may possess them. Then think of the habits and manners of those about thee — how difficult it is to endure the least offensive of such people — nay, how difficult, most of all, it is to endure one's self!

Amidst such darkness, then, and such unworthiness, amidst this eternal change, with all temporal things and even Time itself passing away, with all

things moving in eternal motion, I cannot imagine what, in all this, is worthy of a man's esteem or serious effort. (Book v, § 10.)

DEATH

TO cease from bodily activity, to end all efforts of will and of thought, to stop all these forever, is no evil. For do but contemplate thine own life as a child, a growing lad, a youth, an old man: the change to each of these periods was the death of the period which preceded it. Why then fear the death of all these — the death of thyself? Think, too, of thy life under the care of thy grandfather, then of thy life under the care of thy mother, then under the care of thy father, and so on with every change that hath occurred in thy life, and then ask thyself concerning any change that hath yet to be, Is there anything to fear? And then shall all fear, even of the great change — the change of death itself — vanish and flee away. (Book ix, § 21.)

FAME

CONTEMPLATE men as from some lofty height. How innumerable seem the swarms of men! How infinite their pomps and ceremonies! How they wander to and fro upon the deep in fair weather and in storm! How varied their fate in their births, in their lives, in their deaths! Think of the lives of those who lived long ago, of those who shall follow thee, of those who now live in uncivilized lands who have not even heard of thy name, and, of those who have heard it, how many will soon forget it; of how many there are who now praise thee who will soon malign thee — and thence conclude the vanity of fame, glory, reputation. (Book ix, § 30.)

PRAYER

THE gods are all-powerful or they are not. If they are not, why pray to them at all? If they are, why dost thou not pray to them to remove from thee all desire and all fear, rather than to ask from them the things thou longest for, or the removal of those things of which thou art in fear? For if the gods can aid men at all, surely they will grant this request. Wilt thou say that the removal of all fear and of all desire is within thine own power? If so, is it not better, then, to use the strength the gods have given, rather than in a servile and fawning way to long for those things which our will cannot obtain? And who hath said to thee that the gods will not *strengthen* thy will? I say unto thee, begin to pray that this may come to pass, and thou shalt see what shall befall thee. One man prays that he may

enjoy a certain woman: let thy prayer be to not have even the desire so to do. Another man prays that he may not be forced to do his duty: let thy prayer be that thou mayest not even desire to be relieved of its performance. Another man prays that he may not lose his beloved son: let thy prayer be that even the fear of losing him may be taken away. Let these be thy prayers, and thou shalt see what good will befall thee. (Book ix, § 41.)

FAITH

THE Universe is either a chaos, or a fortuitous aggregation and dispersion of atoms; or else it is builded in order and harmony and ruled by Wisdom. If then it is the former, why should one wish to tarry in a haphazard disordered mass? Why should I be concerned except to know how soon I may cease to be? Why should I be disquieted concerning what I do, since whatever I may do, the elements of which I am composed will at last be scattered? But if the latter thought be true, then I reverence the Divine One; I trust; I possess my soul in peace. (Book vi, § 10.)

PAIN

IF pain cannot be borne, we die. If it continue a long time it becomes endurable; and the mind, retiring into itself, can keep its own tranquillity and the true self be still unharmed. If the body feel the pain, let the body make its moan. (Book vii, § 30.)

LOVE AND FORGIVENESS FOR THE EVIL-DOER

IF it be in thy power, teach men to do better. If not, remember it is always in thy power to forgive. The gods are so merciful to those who err, that for some purposes they grant their aid to such men by conferring upon them health, riches, and honor. What prevents thee from doing likewise? (Book ix, § 11.)

ETERNAL CHANGE THE LAW OF THE UNIVERSE

THINK, often, of how swiftly all things pass away and are no more — the works of Nature and the works of man. The substance of the Universe — matter — is like unto a river that flows on forever. All things are not only in a constant state of change, but they are the cause of constant and infinite change in other things. Upon a narrow ledge thou standest! Behind thee, the bottomless abyss of the Past! In front of thee, the

Future that will swallow up all things that now are! Over what things, then, in this present life, wilt thou, O foolish man, be disquieted or exalted — making thyself wretched; seeing that they can vex thee only for a time — a brief, brief time! (Book v, § 23.)

THE PERFECT LIBERTY OF THE GOOD MAN

PERADVENTURE men may curse thee, torture thee, kill thee; yet can all these things not prevent thee from keeping at all times thy thoughts pure, considerate, sober, and just. If one should stand beside a limpid stream and cease not to revile it, would the spring stop pouring forth its refreshing waters? Nay, if such an one should even cast into the stream mud and mire, would not the stream quickly scatter it, and so bear it away that not even a trace would remain? How then wilt thou be able to have within thee not a mere well that may fail thee, but a fountain that shall never cease to flow? By wonting thyself every moment to independence in judgment, joined together with serenity of thought and simplicity in act and bearing. (Book viii, § 51.)

THE HARMONY AND UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE

O DIVINE Spirit of the Universe, Thy will, Thy wish is mine! Calmly I wait Thy appointed times, which cannot come too early or too late! Thy providences are all fruitful to me! Thou art the source, Thou art the stay, Thou art the end of all things. The poet says of his native city, "Dear city of Cecrops"; and shall I not say of the Universe, "Beloved City of God"? (Book iv, § 23.)

Either there is a predestined order in the Universe, or else it is mere aggregation, fortuitous yet not without a certain kind of order. For how within thyself can a certain system exist and yet the entire Universe be chaos? And especially when in the Universe all things, though separate and divided, yet work together in unity? (Book iv, § 27.)

Think always of the Universe as one living organism, composed of one material substance and one soul. Observe how all things are the product of a single conception — the conception of a living organism. Observe how one force is the cause of the motion of all things: that all existing things are the concurrent causes of all that is to be — the eternal warp and woof of the ever-weaving web of existence. (Book iv, § 40.)

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE

COUNTRY houses, retreats in the mountains or by the sea — these things men seek out for themselves; and often thou, too, dost most eagerly desire such things. But this does but betoken the greatest ignorance; for thou art able, when thou desirest, to retreat into thyself. No otherwhere can a man find a retreat more quiet and free from care than in his own soul; and most of all, when he hath such rules of conduct that if faithfully remembered, they will give to him perfect equanimity — for equanimity is naught else than a mind harmoniously disciplined. Cease not then to betake thyself to this retreat, there to refresh thyself. Let thy rules of conduct be few and well settled; so that when thou hast thought thereon, straightway they will suffice to thoroughly purify the soul that possesses them, and to send thee back, restless no more, to the things to the which thou must return. With what indeed art thou disquieted? With the wickedness of men? Meditate on the thought that men do not do evil of set purpose. Remember also how many in the past, who, after living in enmity, suspicion, hatred, and strife one with another, now lie prone in death and are but ashes. Fret then no more. But perhaps thou art troubled concerning the portion decreed to thee in the Universe? Remember this alternative: either there is a Providence or simply matter! Recall all the proofs that the world is, as it were, a city or a commonwealth! But perhaps the desires of the body still torment thee? Forget not, then, that the mind, when conscious of its real self, when self-reliant, shares not the agitations of the body, be they great or small. Recall, too, all thou hast learned (and now holdest as true) concerning pleasure and pain. But perhaps what men call Fame allures thee? Behold how quickly all things are forgotten! Before us, after us, the formless Void of endless ages! How vain is human praise! How fickle and indiscriminating those who seem to praise! How limited the sphere of the greatest fame! For the whole earth is but a point in space, thy dwelling-place a tiny nook therein. How few are those who dwell therein, and what manner of men are those who will praise thee!

Therefore, forget not to retire into thine own little country place — thyself. Above all, be not diverted from thy course. Be serene, be free, contemplate all things as a man, as a lover of his kind, and of his country — yet withal as a being born to die. Have readiest to thy hand, above all others, these two thoughts: one, that *things* cannot touch the soul; the other, that things are perpetually changing and ceasing to be. Remember how many of these changes thou thyself hast seen! The Universe is change. But as thy thoughts are, so thy life shall be. (Book iv, § 3.)

All things that befall thee should seem to thee as natural as roses in spring or fruits in autumn: such things, I mean, as disease, death, slander, dissimu-

lation, and all other things which give pleasure or pain to foolish men. (Book iv, § 44.)

Be thou like a lofty headland. Endlessly against it dash the waves; yet it stands unshaken, and lulls to rest the fury of the sea. (Book iv, § 49.)

"Unhappy me upon whom this misfortune hath fallen!" — nay, rather thou shouldst say, "Fortunate I, that having met with such a misfortune, I am able to endure it without complaining; in the present not dismayed, in the future dreading no evil. Such a misadventure might have befallen a man who could not, perchance, have endured it without grievous suffering." Why then shouldst thou call *anything* that befalls thee a misfortune, and not the rather a blessing? Is that a "misfortune," in all cases, which does not defeat the purpose of man's nature? and does that defeat man's nature which his *Will* can accept? And what that *Will* can accept, thou knowest. Can this misadventure, then, prevent thy Will from being just, magnanimous, temperate, circumspect, free from rashness or error, considerate, independent? Can it prevent thy Will from being, in short, all that becomes a man? Remember, then, should anything befall thee which might cause thee to complain, to fortify thyself with this truth: this is not a misfortune, while to endure it nobly is a blessing. (Book iv, § 49.)

Be not annoyed or dismayed or despondent if thou art not able to do all things in accord with the rules of right conduct. When thou hast not succeeded, renew thy efforts, and be serene if, in most things, thy conduct is such as becomes a man. Love and pursue the philosophic life. Seek Philosophy, not as thy taskmaster but to find a medicine for all thy ills, as thou wouldst seek balm for thine eyes, a bandage for a sprain, a lotion for a fever. So it shall come to pass that the voice of Reason shall guide thee and bring to thee rest and peace. Remember, too, that Philosophy enjoins only such things as are in accord with thy better nature. The trouble is, that in thy heart thou preferrest those things which are not in accord with thy better nature. For thou sayest, "What can be more delightful than these things?" But is not the word "delightful" in this sense misleading? Are not magnanimity, broad-mindedness, sincerity, equanimity, and a reverent spirit more "delightful"? Indeed, what is more "delightful" than Wisdom, if so be thou wilt but reflect upon the strength and contentment of mind and the happiness of life that spring from the exercise of the powers of thy reason and thine intelligence? (Book v, § 9.)

As are thy wonted thoughts, so is thy mind; and the soul is tinged by the coloring of the mind. Let then thy mind be constantly suffused with such thoughts as these: Where it is possible for a man to live, there he can live

nobly. But suppose he must live in a palace? Be it so; even there he can live nobly. (Book v, § 16.)

Live with the gods! And he so lives who at all times makes it manifest that he is content with his predestined lot, fulfilling the entire will of the indwelling spirit given to man by the Divine Ruler, and which is in truth nothing else than the Understanding — the Reason of man. (Book v, § 27)

Seek the solitude of thy spirit. This is the law of the indwelling Reason — to be self-content and to abide in peace when what is right and just hath been done. (Book vii, § 28.)

Let thine eyes follow the stars in their courses as though their movements were thine own. Meditate on the eternal transformation of Matter. Such thoughts purge the mind of earthly passion and desire. (Book vii, § 45.)

Search thou thy heart! Therein is the fountain of good! Do thou but dig, and abundantly the stream shall gush forth. (Book vii, § 59.)

Be not unmindful of the graces of life. Let thy body be stalwart, yet not ungainly either in motion or in repose. Let not thy face alone, but thy whole body, make manifest the alertness of thy mind. Yet let all this be without affectation. (Book vii, § 60.)

Thy breath is part of the all-encircling air, and is one with it. Let thy mind be part, no less, of that Supreme Mind comprehending all things. For verily, to him who is willing to be inspired thereby, the Supreme Mind flows through all things and permeates all things as truly as the air exists for him who will but breathe. (Book viii, § 54.)

Men are created that they may live for each other. Teach them to be better or bear with them as they are. (Book viii, § 59.)

Write no more, Antoninus, about what a good man is or what he ought to do. *Be* a good man. (Book x, § 16.)

Look steadfastly at any created thing. See! it is changing, melting into corruption, and ready to be dissolved. In its essential nature, it was born but to die. (Book x, § 18.)

Unconstrained and in supreme joyousness of soul thou mayest live though all men revile thee as they list, and though wild beasts rend in pieces the unworthy garment — thy body. For what prevents thee, in the midst of all this,

from keeping thyself in profound calm, with a true judgment of thy surroundings and a helpful knowledge of the things that are seen? So that the Judgment may say to whatever presents itself, "In truth this is what thou really art, howsoever thou appearest to men"; and thy Knowledge may say to whatsoever may come beneath its vision, "Thee I sought; for whatever presents itself to me is fit material for nobility in personal thought and public conduct; in short, for skill in work for man or for God." For all things which befall us are related to God or to man, and are not new to us or hard to work upon, but familiar and serviceable. (Book vii, § 68.)

When thou art annoyed at some one's impudence, straightway ask thyself, "Is it possible that there should be no impudent men in the world?" It is impossible. Ask not then the impossible. For such an one is but one of these impudent persons who needs must be in the world. Keep before thee like conclusions also concerning the rascal, the untrustworthy one, and all evil-doers. Then, when it is quite clear to thy mind that such men must needs exist, thou shalt be the more forgiving toward each one of their number. This also will aid thee to observe, whensoever occasion comes, what power for good Nature hath given to man to frustrate such viciousness. She hath bestowed upon man Patience as an antidote to the stupid man, and against another man some other power for good. Besides, it is wholly in thine own power to teach new things to the one who hath erred, for everyone who errs hath but missed the appointed path and wandered away. Reflect, and thou wilt discover that no one of these with whom thou art annoyed hath done aught to debase thy *mind*, and that is the only real evil that can befall thee.

Moreover, wherein is it wicked or surprising that the ignorant man should act ignorantly? Is not the error really thine own in not foreseeing that such an one would do as he did? If thou hadst but taken thought thou wouldst have known he would be prone to err, and it is only because thou hast forgotten to use thy Reason that thou art surprised at his deed. Above all, when thou condemnest another as untruthful, examine thyself closely; for upon thee rests the blame, in that thou dost trust to such an one to keep his promise. If thou didst bestow upon him thy bounty, thine is the blame not to have given it freely, and without expectation of good to thee, save the doing of the act itself. What more dost thou wish than to do good to man? Doth not this suffice — that thou hast done what conforms to thy true nature? Must thou then have a reward, as though the eyes demanded pay for seeing or the feet for walking? For even as these are formed for such work, and by co-operating in their distinctive duty come into their own, even so man (by his real nature disposed to do good), when he hath done some good deed, or in any other way furthered the Commonweal, acts according to his own nature, and in so doing hath all that is truly his own. (Book ix, § 42.)

O Man, thou hast been a citizen of this great State, the Universe! What matters what thy prescribed time hath been, five years or three? What the law prescribes is just to every one.

Why complain, then, if thou art sent away from the State, not by a tyrant or an unjust judge, but by Nature who led thee thither—even as the manager excuses from the stage an actor whom he hath employed?

“But I have played three acts only!”

True. But in the drama of thy life three acts conclude the play. For what its conclusion shall be, He determines who created it and now ends it; and with either of these thou hast naught to do. Depart thou, then, well pleased; for He who dismisses thee is well pleased also. (Book xii, § 36.)

Be not disquieted lest, in the days to come, some misadventure befall thee. The Reason which now sufficeth thee will then be with thee, should there be the need. (Book vii, § 8.)

To the wise man the dictates of Reason seem the instincts of Nature. (Book vii, § 11.)

My true self—the philosophic mind—hath but one dread: the dread lest I do something unworthy of a man, or that I may act in an unseemly way or at an improper time. (Book vii, § 20.)

Accept with joy the Fate that befalls thee. Thine it is and not another's. What then could be better for thee? (Book vii, § 57.)

See to it that thou art humane to those who are not humane. (Book vii, § 65.)

He who does *not* act, often commits as great a wrong as he who acts. (Book ix, § 5.)

The wrong that another has done—let alone! Add not to it thine own. (Book ix, § 20.)

How powerful is man! He is able to do all that God wishes him to do. He is able to accept all that God sends upon him. (Book xii, § 11.)

A lamp sends forth its light until it is completely extinguished. Shall Truth and Justice and Equanimity suffer abatement in thee until all are extinguished in death? (Book xii, § 15.)

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

ST. AUGUSTINE of Hippo (Aurelius Augustinus) was born at Tagaste in Numidia, November 13, 354. The story of his life has been told by himself in that wonderful book addressed to God which he called the 'Confessions.' He gained but little from his father Patricius; he owed almost everything to his loving and saintly mother Monica. Though she was a Christian, she did not venture to bring her son to baptism; and he went away from home with only the echo of the name of Jesus Christ in his soul, as it had been spoken by his mother's lips. He fell deeply into the sins of youth, but found no satisfaction in them, nor was he satisfied by the studies of literature to which for a while he devoted himself. The reading of Cicero's 'Hortensius' partly called him back to himself; but before he was twenty years old he was carried away into Manichæism, a strange system of belief which united traces of Christian teaching with Persian doctrines of two antagonistic principles, practically two gods, a good god of the spiritual world and an evil god of the material world. From this he passed after a while into less gross forms of philosophical speculation, and presently began to lecture on rhetoric at Tagaste and at Carthage. When nearly thirty years of age he went to Rome, only to be disappointed in his hopes for glory as a rhetorician; and after two years his mother joined him at Milan.

The great Ambrose had been called from the magistrate's chair to be bishop of this important city; and his character and ability made a great impression on Augustine. But Augustine was kept from acknowledging and submitting to the truth, not by the intellectual difficulties which he propounded as an excuse, but by his unwillingness to submit to the moral demands which Christianity made upon him. At last there came one great struggle, described in a passage from the 'Confessions' which is given below; and Monica's hopes and prayers were answered in the conversion of her son to the faith of Jesus Christ. On Easter Day, 387, in the thirty-third year of his life, he was baptized, an unsubstantiated tradition assigning to this occasion the composition and first use of the *Te Deum*. His mother died at Ostia as they were setting out for Africa; and he returned to his native land, with the hope that he might there live a life of retirement and of simple Christian obedience. But this might not be: on the occasion of Augustine's visit to Hippo in 391, the bishop of that city persuaded him to receive ordination to the priesthood and to remain with him as an adviser; and four years later he was consecrated as colleague or coadjutor in the episcopate. Thus he entered

on a busy public life of thirty-five years, which called for the exercise of all his powers as a Christian, a metaphysician, a man of letters, a theologian, an ecclesiastic, and an administrator.

Into the details of that life it is impossible to enter here; it must suffice to indicate some of the ways in which as a writer he gained and still holds a high place in Western Christendom, having had an influence which can be paralleled, from among uninspired men, only by that of Aristotle. He maintained the unity of the Church, and its true breadth, against the Donatists; he argued, as he so well could argue, against the irreligion of the Manichæans; when the great Pelagian heresy arose, he defended the truth of the doctrine of divine grace as no one could have done who had not learned by experience its power in the regeneration and conversion of his own soul; he brought out from the treasures of Holy Scripture ample lessons of truth and duty, in simple exposition and exhortation; and in full treatises he stated and enforced the great doctrines of Christianity.

Augustine was not alone or chiefly the stern theologian whom men picture to themselves when they are told that he was the Calvin of those early days, or when they read from his voluminous and often illogical writings quotations which have a hard sound. If he taught a stern doctrine of predestinarianism, he taught also the great power of sacramental grace: if he dwelt at times on the awfulness of the divine justice, he spoke also from the depths of his experience of the power of the divine love; and his influence on the ages has been rather that of the 'Confessions'—taking their key-note from the words of the first chapter. "Thou, O Lord, hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is unquiet until it find rest in Thee"—than that of the writings which have earned for their author the foremost place among the Doctors of the Western Church. But his greatest work, without any doubt, is the treatise on 'The City of God.' The Roman empire, as Augustine's life passed on, was hastening to its end. Moral and political decline had doubtless been arrested by the good influences which had been brought to bear upon it; but it was impossible to avert its fall. "Men's hearts," as well among the heathen as among the Christians, were "failing them for fear and for looking after those things that were coming on the earth." And Christianity was called to meet the argument drawn from the fact that the visible decline seemed to date from the time when the new religion was introduced into the Roman world, and that the most rapid decline had been from the time when it had been accepted as the religion of the state. It fell to the Bishop of Hippo to write in reply one of the greatest works ever written by a Christian. Eloquence and learning, argument and irony, appeals to history and earnest entreaties, are united to move enemies to acknowledge the truth and to strengthen the faithful in maintaining it. The writer sets over against each other the city of the world and the city of God, and in varied ways draws the contrast between them; and while mourning over the ruin that is coming

upon the great city that had become a world-empire, he tells of the holy beauty and enduring strength of "the city that hath foundations."

Apart from the interest attaching to the great subjects handled by St. Augustine in his many works, and the literary attraction of writings which unite high moral earnestness and the use of a cultivated rhetorical style, his works formed a model for Latin theologians as long as that language continued to be habitually used by Western scholars; and today both the spirit and the style of the great man have a wide influence on the devotional and the controversial style of writers on sacred subjects.

He died at Hippo, August 28, 430.

SAMUEL HART

THE GODLY SORROW THAT WORKETH REPENTANCE

From the 'Confessions'

SUCH was the story of Pontitianus: but thou, O Lord, while he was speaking, didst turn me round towards myself, taking me from behind my back, when I had placed myself, unwilling to observe myself; and setting me before my face, that I might see how foul I was, how crooked and defiled, bespotted and ulcerous. And I beheld and stood aghast; and whither to flee from myself I found not. And if I sought to turn mine eye from off myself, he went on with his relation, and thou didst again set me over against myself, and thrust me before my eyes, that I might find out mine iniquity and hate it. I had known it, but made as though I saw it not, winked at it, and forgot it.

But now, the more ardently I loved those whose healthful affections I heard of, that they had resigned themselves wholly to thee to be cured, the more did I abhor myself when compared with them. For many of my years (some twelve) had now run out with me since my nineteenth, when, upon the reading of Cicero's 'Hortensius,' I was stirred to an earnest love of wisdom, and still I was deferring to reject mere earthly felicity and to give myself to search out that, whereof not the finding only, but the very search, was to be preferred to the treasures and kingdoms of the world, though already found, and to the pleasures of the body, though spread around me at my will. But I, wretched, most wretched, in the very beginning of my early youth, had begged chastity of thee, and said, "Give me chastity and continency, only not yet." For I feared lest thou shouldest hear me soon, and soon cure me of the disease of concupiscence, which I wished to have satisfied, rather than extinguished. And I had wandered through crooked ways in a sacrilegious superstition, not indeed assured thereof, but as preferring it to the others which I did not seek religiously, but opposed maliciously.

But when a deep consideration had, from the secret bottom of my soul, drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm, bringing a mighty shower of tears. And that I might pour it forth wholly in its natural expressions, I rose from Alypius: solitude was suggested to me as fitter for the business of weeping; and I retired so far that even his presence could not be a burden to me. . . . I cast myself down I know not how, under a fig-tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out, an acceptable sacrifice to thee. And, not indeed in these words, yet to this purpose, spake I much unto thee: "And thou, O Lord, how long? how long, Lord, wilt thou be angry — forever? Remember not our former iniquities," for I felt that I was held by them. I sent up these sorrowful words: "How long? how long? Tomorrow and tomorrow? Why not now? why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?"

CONSOLATION

From the 'Confessions'

SO was I speaking, and weeping, in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when lo! I heard from a neighboring house a voice, as of boy or girl (I could not tell which), chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read; take up and read." Instantly my countenance altered, and I began to think most intently whether any were wont in any kind of play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So checking the torrent of my tears, I arose; interpreting it to be no other than a command from God, to open the book and read the first chapter I should find. Eagerly then I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting; for there had I laid the volume of the Epistles when I arose thence. I seized, opened, and in silence read that section on which my eyes first fell: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." No farther would I read; nor needed I, for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light, as it were, of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

Then putting my finger between (or some other mark), I shut the volume, and with a calmed countenance, made it known to Alypius. And what was wrought in him, which I know not, he thus showed me. He asked to see what I had read; I showed him, and he looked even farther than I had read, and I knew not what followed. This followed: "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye"; which he applied to himself and disclosed to me. And by this admonition was he strengthened; and by a good resolution and purpose, and

most corresponding to his character, wherein he did always far differ from me for the better, without any turbulent delay he joined me. Thence we go to my mother: we tell her; she rejoiceth: we relate in order how it took place; she leapeth for joy, and triumpheth and blesseth thee, "who art able to do above all that we ask or think": for she perceived that thou hadst given her more for me than she was wont to beg by her pitiful and most sorrowful groanings.

THE FOES OF THE CITY

From 'The City of God'

LET these and similar answers (if any fuller and fitter answers can be found) be given to their enemies by the redeemed family of the Lord Christ, and by the pilgrim city of the King Christ. But let this city bear in mind that among her enemies lie hid those who are destined to be fellow-citizens, that she may not think it a fruitless labor to bear what they inflict as enemies, till they become confessors of the faith. So also, as long as she is a stranger in the world, the city of God has in her communion, and bound to her by the sacraments, some who shall not eternally dwell in the lot of the saints. Of these, some are not now recognized; others declare themselves, and do not hesitate to make common cause with our enemies in murmuring against God, whose sacramental badge they wear. These men you may see today thronging the churches with us, tomorrow crowding the theaters with the godless. But we have the less reason to despair of the reclamation of even such persons, if among our most declared enemies there are now some, unknown to themselves, who are destined to become our friends. In truth, these two cities are entangled together in this world, and intermingled until the last judgment shall effect their separation. I now proceed to speak, as God shall help me, of the rise and progress and end of these two cities; and what I write, I write for the glory of the city of God, that being placed in comparison with the other, it may shine with a brighter luster.

THE PRAISE OF GOD


From 'The City of God'

WHEREFORE it may very well be, and it is perfectly credible, that we shall in the future world see the material forms of the new heavens and the new earth, in such a way that we shall most distinctly recognize God everywhere present, and governing all things, material as

well as spiritual; and shall see Him, not as we now understand the invisible things of God, by the things that are made, and see Him darkly as in a mirror and in part, and rather by faith than by bodily vision of material appearances, but by means of the bodies which we shall wear and which we shall see wherever we turn our eyes. As we do not believe, but see, that the living men around us who are exercising the functions of life are alive, although we cannot see their life without their bodies, but see it most distinctly by means of their bodies, so, wherever we shall look with the spiritual eyes of our future bodies, we shall also, by means of bodily substances, behold God, though a spirit, ruling all things. Either, therefore, the eyes shall possess some quality similar to that of the mind, by which they shall be able to discern spiritual things, and among them God—a supposition for which it is difficult or even impossible to find any support in Scripture—or what is more easy to comprehend, God will be so known by us, and so much before us, that we shall see Him by the spirit in ourselves, in one another, in Himself, in the new heavens and the new earth, in every created thing that shall then exist; and that also by the body we shall see Him in every bodily thing which the keen vision of the eye of the spiritual body shall reach. Our thoughts also shall be visible to all, for then shall be fulfilled the words of the Apostle, “Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God.” How great shall be that felicity, which shall be tainted with no evil, which shall lack no good, and which shall afford leisure for the praises of God, who shall be all in all! For I know not what other employment there can be where no weariness shall slacken activity, nor any want stimulate to labor. I am admonished also by the sacred song, in which I read or hear the words, “Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be always praising Thee.”

A PRAYER

From ‘The Trinity’

 Lord our God, directing my purpose by the rule of faith, so far as I have been able, so far as Thou hast made me able, I have sought Thee, and have desired to see with my understanding what I have believed; and I have argued and labored much. O Lord my God, my only hope, hearken to me, lest through weariness I be unwilling to seek Thee, but that I may always ardently seek Thy face. Do Thou give me strength to seek, who hast led me to find Thee, and hast given the hope of finding Thee more and more. My strength and my weakness are in Thy sight; preserve

my strength and heal my weakness. My knowledge and my ignorance are in Thy sight; when Thou hast opened to me, receive me as I enter; when Thou hast closed, open to me as I knock. May I remember Thee, understand Thee, love Thee. Increase these things in me, until Thou renew me wholly. But oh, that I might speak only in preaching Thy word and in praising Thee. But many are my thoughts, such as Thou knowest, "thoughts of man, that are vain." Let them not so prevail in me, that anything in my acts should proceed from them; but at least that my judgment and my conscience be safe from them under Thy protection. When the wise man spake of Thee in his book, which is now called by the special name of Ecclesiasticus, "We speak," he says, "much, and yet come short; and in sum of words, He is all." When therefore we shall have come to Thee, these very many things that we speak, and yet come short, shall cease; and Thou, as One, shalt remain "all in all." And we shall say one thing without end, in praising Thee as One, ourselves also made one in Thee, O Lord, the one God, God the Trinity; whatever I have said in these books that is of Thine, may they acknowledge who are Thine; if I have said anything of my own, may it be pardoned both by Thee and by those who are Thine. Amen.

The three immediately preceding citations, from 'A Select Library of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church, First Series,' are reprinted by permission of the Christian Literature Company, New York.

ROMAN POETS OF THE LATER EMPIRE

EARLY in the second century A.D. the sweet aftermath of Latin pagan poetry began to ripen upon the sunny hillside where it had pleased the Emperor Hadrian to fix his magnificent abode. That many-sided and enigmatical being, whom the ancient writers can only attempt to describe by accumulating pairs of contradictory adjectives — “grave and gay, cordial and reserved, impulsive and cautious, niggardly and lavish, crafty and ingenuous” — had both a refined taste in poetry and a delicate poetical talent of his own. The ghosts of the light and languid men of letters whom he rather disdainfully patronized — “with an air,” goes on Spartianus, the author quoted above, “of knowing much more than they” — seem always to haunt the beautiful oval gymnasium of Hadrian’s villa at Tivoli, upon whose marble seats one may still dream away an idle hour. Here Annius Florus chanted the brief glories of the rose, or engaged in merry metrical duels with his imperial master; and the Etruscan Annianus sang in tripping measure the song of the Falernian vine (“I am the one grape — I am the grape of Falernum”), or sought to bring again into vogue, by adapting to the squeamishness of a sophisticated time, the naïve indecencies of the Fescennine harvest-home and marriage hymns. The taste of the clique, as often happens in a period of decadence, was for the far-sought and archaic, the curious and the daintily sensuous, for tender sentimentalism and aromatic pains. These artificial folk doted upon nature; and the fragments of their verse which we possess reveal an altogether new sensitiveness to her beauties, and sympathy with her moods. Whatever they knew of aspiration or regret seems to have been gathered into one wistful sigh, and to exhale in the inimitable farewell of the Emperor himself to his own departing soul — “Animula, blandula, vagula.”

It is difficult also, upon internal evidence, not to refer to the same period, and to some member or members of the same circle, the one fragment of highly impassioned and melodious Latin verse which has survived the wreckage of these two centuries — the ‘Pervigilium Veneris.’ We know that Hadrian restored with great pomp the worship of Alma Venus; and it seemed as if this dulcet song for the vigil of her festa must have been inspired by that circumstance. The connection of ideas is loose, the imagery as vaporous, fluctuating, and *insaisissable* as in a Troubadour love-song; but here too the atmosphere is voluptuous and the emotion strong. The German critic who “proves all things,” without always holding fast to that which is good, has

shown conclusively that the 'Pervigilium' does belong to the time of Hadrian, and that it does not. The fact that the strongly accented septenarian verse, in which it is written, recalls the long surge of certain Augustinian hymns, may only mean that the tonic accent really went for more in the delivery of native Latin verse than is commonly supposed.

A similar uncertainty with regard to its date involves the work of the best Latin bucolic poet after Vergil; the only one, in fact, whose compositions will stand any comparison with those of the master. Calpurnius Siculus wrote eclogues of indisputable though unequal beauty. He offered the incense of extravagant praise to a youthful emperor who had lately acceded, whose advent had been heralded by the appearance of a wonderful comet; whose personal and mental gifts excited ardent hopes; who built a huge amphitheater of *wood* on or near the Campus Martius, and ransacked the earth for curious beasts to exhibit therein. All these things have commonly been thought to refer to Nero, and to the first five years of his reign (54-59 A.D.), during which he gave no sign of the insane propensities which afterwards made his name a synonym of horror. It appears, however, by the precise testimony of astronomy, that the comet of 54 cannot be identified with the one which is described so vividly by Calpurnius; while a comet meeting the requirements fairly well did appear early in the third century A.D. Of the eleven eclogues long attributed to the Sicilian, four are now almost universally assigned to the African, Olympus Aurelius Nemesianus, who also wrote a poem upon hunting, and who certainly flourished during the brief reign of the Emperor Carus and his sons — 282-284 A.D. On the other hand, the recurring refrain of the last of these Nemesianian eclogues bears a strong resemblance to that of the 'Pervigilium Veneris,' and may perhaps be considered an argument for the advanced date of the latter.

Nearly a century more was to pass before the last ardent revival of Roman patriotism found expression in a poetic revival, during which the venerable forms of classic Latin verse were once again handled for a moment with something like the old mastery and grace. It was the flare of a forlorn hope. The cloud of barbarian invasion already hung low upon the horizon; and the end of the Golden City of the past was as plainly announced as is that of the "golden autumn woodland" on the last still day of October. Meanwhile Roma Aurea had as yet lost but little of her unparalleled magnificence; and it seems to have been more that visionary and bewildering beauty of aspect which fired the imaginations of her latest pagan devotees, than any deep reverence for her hoary traditions, or reasoned attachment to her political code and forms. The three poets of the fourth and early fifth centuries whose names we instinctively associate — Ausonius, Claudian, and Rutilius — were all of them, like nearly every other late writer whose name has survived, of provincial extraction. Two were professed pagan believers, and eager pagan apologists. The third, who as the tutor of a nominally Christian prince was himself of

necessity a nominal Christian, was the most deeply imbued of all with pagan feeling and sensualism.

Decimus Magnus Ausonius — “proud,” as he used to say, “of preserving in his name a reminiscence of Italy” — was born in Burdigala, now Bordeaux, in 309. He saw the conversion of Constantine, the apostasy and death of Julian, the restoration of so-called Christian rule in the person of the blunt soldier Jovian. In 369, being already well advanced in years, he was appointed tutor to Gratian, then a boy of eight, son of the Pannonian general Valentinian I, who had been proclaimed Roman Emperor three years before. Valentinian had divided the empire with his brother Valens; sending the latter to the city of Constantine in the East, while he himself assumed the sovereignty of the West and fixed his court at Augusta Trevirorum (Trier or Trèves). Ausonius was educated at Toulouse, and returned at about the age of twenty-eight to Bordeaux, where he had been known as a teacher of rhetoric and literature for nearly thirty years before he received his court appointment. In 375 Valentinian I went back to his own native province, to subdue a revolt which had broken out among the Quadi, and died there suddenly in the month of November of the same year.

After the accession of his royal pupil at the age of sixteen, Ausonius was made prefect of Italy and Africa. Three years later, in 378, he and his son Hesperius were joint prefects of Gaul; and we find him consul-designate for 379. Four years later Gratian was murdered by the revolting Briton Maximus, but not before he had associated with himself in the empire a Spanish general who was none other than Theodosius the Great. Maximus managed to hold his own for four years; and while he reigned at Trèves, Ausonius was in disgrace. Theodosius restored him to favor; but he was now past seventy, and soon retired to a fine estate near his native town of Bordeaux, where he seems to have lived to extreme old age, corresponding with friends all over the Roman world, and polishing for publication his early poetical writings.

The most noteworthy of these, the ‘*Idyll of the Moselle*,’ is a description of the poet’s journey upon that river from the port of Tabernæ (now Bern-Castel) to the Augustan capital. It is full of keen observation and picturesque description, affording by far the clearest picture we possess of Roman civilization in the north of Europe, and enabling us — along with the highly impressive Roman remains yet existing in and about Trèves — to reconstruct with very tolerable success the outward features of that civilization.

Ausonius also sketched a certain number of human figures typical of his time, in the series of epigrams and epitaphs upon his own kindred which he entitled ‘*Parentalia*’; and in his ‘*Ordo Nobilium Urbium*’ he described, seemingly from personal observation, the sixteen greatest cities of Europe in his day, beginning with Rome and ending with Bordeaux. “Her I love,” he says of his native place; “but Rome I worship.”

Officially — as a laureate produces a birthday ode — Ausonius composed, soon after his arrival at Valentinian's court, an Easter hymn. But in his graceful 'Dream of Cupid Crucified' he travesties, apparently with no thought of blasphemy, and in singularly light and charming verse, the awful central scene of Christian history; and in his 'Griphus,' or riddling disquisition on the properties of the number three, he points out that there are "three Graces, three Harpies, three Furies, three prophesying Sibyls, three drinks to a toast, and three persons in the Trinity." Ausonius also perpetrated many epigrams, most of them insufferably coarse, and a few tame and tasteless eclogues; and he wrote other idyls besides that of the 'Moselle.' In the best of these he essays, as Omar Khayyam and Ronsard, Waller and Herrick, and a hundred more have done since his day, the everlasting theme of the evanescent rose; adorning it lavishly with "pathetic fallacies," and giving it a wealth of sentimental development which contrasts curiously with the perfectly simple transcription of the elementary melody by Florus, two hundred years before.

A far more virile minstrel, many of whose ringing hexameters need have been disdained neither by Lucretius nor Vergil, was Claudius Claudianus. He was born and brought up at Alexandria; and his father, who seems to have lectured on philosophy in the city of Hypatia something like a generation before her day, was a native of Asia Minor. But though born to speak Greek, Claudian wrote, by preference if not always, in Latin. His mature years were passed in Rome, and he was passionately identified with the last struggle of the Roman patriciate against the official establishment of Christianity by Theodosius.

When the great Spaniard died, in 395, each of his two sons, between whom the kingdom of the world was divided, fell under the dominion of a powerful prime minister: Arcadius, in the East, became the tool of the infamous Rufinus; Honorius, in the West, was more happily controlled by his father-in-law, the brilliant Vandal warrior Stilicho, who was able so long as he lived to hold the other barbarians at bay. It was the signal deliverance, under his generalship, of the Golden City from its first threatened sack by Alaric the Visigoth, which rendered Stilicho the hero *par excellence* of the poet Claudian. He wrote among other things an epithalamium and four short Fescennine lays on the marriage of Honorius to Stilicho's daughter Maria; the praises of the great Vandal leader in two books; of his consulate in another; of his wife Serena in a fourth; a brilliant poem on the Getic war and the defeat of Alaric; invectives against Rufinus and Eutropius; and three books of a mythological poem on the rape of Proserpine, parts of which are exceedingly fine. The literary merits of Claudian were acknowledged by those who had least sympathy with him in opinion: by Sidonius Apollinaris in an ode; in 'The City of God' by St. Augustine, who mourns that so noble a writer should have been "hostile to the name of Christ"; and by Orosius, who says that though a superlatively

good poet, he was a most stubborn (*pervicacissimus*) pagan. After the fall of Stilicho in 403, there is no further mention of Claudian in history; and it seems natural to conclude that his fate was involved in that of the man whom he so admired and exalted. The emperors Honorius and Arcadius, on petition of the Roman Senate, erected in the Forum of Trajan a statue, of which the inscription, discovered in the fifteenth century, describes "Claudian the Tribune" as uniting in one person "the mind of Vergil and the muse of Homer."

It is a singular fact that the one other militant pagan of this tragic period whose poetical work has endured should have been as vehemently hostile to Stilicho as Claudian was eloquent in his praise. Rutilius Claudius Numatianus was born in Toulouse, but like Claudian, he lived long in Rome, was at one time prefect of the city, and was undoubtedly residing there at the time of Stilicho's disgrace and Claudian's disappearance. He bitterly charges the great Vandal himself with contempt of the elder gods, in ordering the destruction of the Sibylline Books; and though this particular accusation has never been substantiated, it is apparently true that Stilicho did strip the doors of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus of their golden plating, and steal from the neck of a venerable statue of Cybele — a horrified Vestal protesting the while — a most ancient and precious necklace, which he bestowed upon his wife Serena. When in 410 Rome had finally succumbed to the second assault of Alaric, and the barbarian hordes had overflowed into Gaul, breaking up the Aurelian Way as they went — destroying bridges and plundering and laying waste the country — Rutilius followed them by sea, to save what he might of his patrimony. It was with heartsick reluctance that he forsook the city of his impassioned predilection; endeavoring to silence, by yearning promises of a speedy return, the ominous voice within which told him that his farewell was a final one.

Seven years later, in 417, we find him beguiling his lingering exile in Gaul by the composition in sweetly flowing elegiacs of an 'Itinerarium,' or narrative of his homeward journey. The poem was to have been a long one, to judge by the first, and fragment of a second, book, which are all that we possess; and its easy graphic style enables one to follow the poet, mile by mile and day by day, from the port of Ostia, where he embarked, to a point on the eastern Riviera of the Mediterranean somewhere between Pisa and Genoa. All the incidents of the voyage are recalled and revived. All the objects descried in passing, upon mainland or island — cities, villas, fortifications, fishing and salt-making stations; immemorial ruins, like those of the Etruscan Populonia, whose aspect is almost the same today as when Rutilius beheld it; incipient convents which excite him to explosions of scorn and wrath at the senseless fanaticism of the monks; mines of Elba divined rather than seen — pass before him in review; and when the white city of Luna, on a spur of the Carrara Mountains, fades from view, and this fascinating guide-book of

the fifth century comes to an untimely end, we regret its fragmentary nature, for the moment, almost more than the mutilation of some of the greater works of antiquity.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

ANNIUS FLORUS

ROSES

ONCE more the genius of the laughing spring
 Doth roses bring.
 A spear-like point amid the under green
 Is one day seen,
 The next a swelling bud, the next we greet
 The rose complete;
 Whose race, before another set of sun,
 Will all be run.
 Gather then, quickly, ere this glory's o'er,
 Or nevermore!

Translated by H. W. P.

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN

TO HIS SOUL

LIFELING, changeling, darling,
 My body's comrade and guest —
 To what place now wilt betake thee,
 Weakling, shivering, starveling,
 Nor utter thy wonted jest?

Translated by William Everett

Little soul from far away,
 Sweet and gay,
 While the body's friend and guest —
 Whither now again wilt stray?
 Shivering, paling,
 Rent thy veiling,
 And forgot thy wonted jest?

Translated by L. P. D.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

FROM THE 'PERVIGILIUM VENERIS'

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

SPRING again! The time of singing! All the earth regenerate!
 Everywhere the rapt embrace! Each winged creature seeks his mate.
 From thy leafy locks, O forest, shake the drops of bridal dew,
 For tomorrow shall the Linker pass thy shadowy by-ways through,
 Binding every bower with myrtle. Yea, tomorrow, on her throne,
 Set in queenly state, Dione gives the law to all her own.

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

Hark! the goddess calls her nymphs to enter by the myrtle gate.
 "Come, my maidens, for the day to Love disarmed is consecrate.
 Bidden to fling his burning gear, his quiver bidden to fling away,
 So nor brand nor barbèd shaft may wound upon my holiday:
 Lo, the Boy among the maidens! Foolish maidens, dull to see
 In the helpless, bowless Cupid, still the dread divinity.
 Have a care! his limbs are fair, and nakedness his panoply!"

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

"Be my bar," the queen ordains, "with blushing garlands decorate.
 When I sit for judgment, let the Graces three upon me wait;
 Send me every blossom, Hybla, that thy opulent year doth yield;
 Shed thy painted vesture, fair as that of Enna's holy field.
 Rally, all ye rural creatures! nymphs of grove and fountain bright,
 Dwellers in the darksome woodland, haunters of the lonely height!"

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

This is she, the procreatrix, hers the power, occult, innate,
 Whereby soul and sense of man with breath divine are permeate.
 Sower of the seed, and breather of the brooding warmth of life,
 Hers the universal realm, with universal being rife.
 None in air or hidden ocean, or the utmost parts of earth,
 But have trodden, at her bidding, the mysterious ways of birth.

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

Hark the lowing herd, their joys in leafy shades who celebrate!
 Hark the hoarser calling of the noisy marsh-bird to his mate!
 Aye the goddess will have song of all whom she has dowered with wings;

Wherefore still the soul of Philomela in the poplar sings,
 Till the very pulse of love seems beating in the rapturous strain,
 And the sister soul of Procne hath forgot her wedded pain.
 Who am I, to listen dumbly? Come, my spring, desired so long!
 I have angered great Apollo, I have done the Muses wrong.
 Come and waken on these voiceless lips of mine the swallow-song!
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

Translated by H. W. P.

CALPURNIUS SICULUS

THE RUSTIC IN THE AMPHITHEATER

CORYDON. I saw the heaven: high structure of woven timbers wrought,
 Looking down on the very Tarpeian rock, methought;
 I saw the gradients vast, and I gained by easy stairs
 The place assigned to the common folk, and the women's chairs
 Where these and the men in homely raiment view the show;
 For the statelier places under the open sky below
 Are all for the knights and the tribunes in their snowy dress.
 Even as our sunny valley in the wilderness
 Ringed by these forest ranks that aye reclining seem,
 Flares to the unbroken chain of hills about its brim,
 So there, the arena circuit girds the level ground,
 And the massive hemispheres in an oval vast are bound.
 But how to tell thee all, which I scarce had eyes to see
 In part? For the universal splendor dazzled me.
 And there I stood agape, and as rooted to the spot —
 Though little of all the coming wonders then I wot —
 Till an ancient gaffer on my left hand spake and said:
 "No marvel if all this glory hath turned thy clownish head,
 Who knowest, mayhap, not gold by sight, nor ever saw
 Statelier home than a starveling peasant's hut of straw!
 Why, hoary-headed and shaky as I stand here today,
 Having grown old in the city — I know not what to say!
 All they have shown us in years before is poor and mean,
 Sordid, I tell thee, man, to this bewildering scene!
 Look how the gem-set barriers and gilded loggia shine!
 And down on the marble wall — the arena's boundary-line —
 Where are the foremost seats of all, dost thou discern

The cylinders made of beauteous ivory slabs, that turn
 Smoothly on polished axles, and suddenly let slip
 Claws of the dizzied climber, who tumbles in a heap?
 For him too glitter the nets of golden wire hung out,
 Each from an ivory tusk — the arena round about
 Whole tusks, and all of a size! " And I, Lycotas, deem
 Each one of those tusks was longer than our plowshare beam!
 And what shall I tell thee next? All manner of beasts were there,
 The elk, even in his own native forest rare;
 With snow-white hares, and horrid boars, and bulls galore!
 Some without necks, a hideous hump on the shoulders bore;
 There were shaggy manes and bearded chins. And others yet
 Had rigid dewlaps all with quivering bristles set.
 But the strange, wild forest creatures made not all the show:
 Seals were there, along with the bear, their constant foe;
 And the shapeless being called a river-horse, and born
 Of the stream whose overflowings quicken the vernal corn.
 Awesome it was indeed, to see in the sandy deep
 The wild things out of their subterranean caverns leap,
 Or up from the selfsame hollow places grow amain
 Living arbutus bowers, in a nimbus of golden rain!

Lycotas. Ay, ay! And thou art a happy fellow, Corydon,
 To have seen by grace divine, e'er tremulous eld come on,
 This age of ours! And tell, oh, tell me if by chance
 Thou hadst a right near view of the godlike countenance;
 And how did the dread one look? What manner of garb wore he?
 I fain would know the aspect on earth of deity!

Corydon. Would I had gone less meanly clad! For then, mayhap,
 I had not been balked of a noble sight by a sordid wrap
 And a clumsy brooch! But to me, as I stood afar,
 He carried, unless these eyes of mine deceivers are,
 The part at once of the god of song and the god of war!

Translated by H. W. P.

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS

IDYL OF THE ROSES

SPRING morning! and in all the saffron air,
 The tingling freshness of a day to be!
 The breeze that runs before the sun-steeds, ere
 They kindle fire, appeared to summon me;
 And I went forth by the prim garden beds
 To taste that early freshness, and behold
 The bending blades dew-frosted, and the heads
 Of the tall plants impearled, and heavy-rolled
 O'er spreading leaves, the sky-drops crystalline.
 Here too were roses, as in Pæstum gay;
 Dim through the morning mist I saw them shine,
 Save where at intervals a blinding ray
 Flashed from a gem that Sol would soon devour!
 Verily, one knew not if the rosy Dawn
 Borrowed her blushes from the rosy flower,
 Or this from her; for that the two had on
 The same warm color, the same dewy veil.
 Yea, and why not? For flower alike and star
 Live under Lady Venus, and exhale,
 Mayhap, the self-same fragrance. But afar
 The planet's breath is wafted and is spent,
 The blossom sheds its fragrance at our side;
 Yet still they wear the one habiliment
 The Paphian goddess lent them, murex-dyed!

A moment more and the young buds were seen
 Bursting their star-like sheathings. One was there
 Who sported yet a fairy helm of green;
 And one a crimson coronal did wear;
 And one was like a stately pyramid
 Tipped at the apex with a purple spire;
 And one the foldings of her veil undid
 From her fair head, as moved by the desire
 To number her own petals. Quick, 'tis done!
 The smiling casket opens, and we see
 The crocus therein hidden from the sun
 Dense-seeded. But another flower, ah me!

With flame-like hair afloat upon the breeze
Paled suddenly, of all her glory shorn.
"Alas for the untimely fate of these,
Who age the very hour wherein they're born,"
I cried. And even so, the chevelure
Of yon poor blossom dropped upon the mold,
Clothing it far and wide with color pure!
How can the same sunrising see unfold
And fade so many shapes of loveliness?
Ah cruel Nature, with thy boon of flowers
Too quick withdrawn! Ah youth, grim age doth press!
Ah life of roses, told in one day's hours!
The morning star beholds a birth divine
Whereof the evening star shall find no trace.
Think then upon the rose's endless line,
Since the one rose revisiteth her place
Never again! And gather, sweetest maid,
Gather young roses in the early dew
Of thine own years, remembering how they fade,
And how for thee the end is hastening too!

Translated by H. W. P.

A MOTHER'S EPITAPH

AEONIA, mother, with thy mingled strain
Of blood from Normandy and Aquitaine,
Thine were the graces of the perfect wife!
The busy fingers, the inviolate life,
Thine husband's trust, the empire of thy boys,
A gracious mien, a fund of quiet joys!
Thy long embrace among the peaceful dead
Make warm my father's tomb, as once his bed!

Translated by H. W. P.

CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS

THE BEREAVEMENT OF CERES

From the 'Rape of Proserpine'

ALL in terror, in hope no more, as the mother of nestlings
 Fears for her tender young, in the rowan sapling deserted,
 Fears while she seeks their food, and wearies again to be with them;
 Trembling lest the wind may have smitten the nest from the bough, or
 Cruel man have slain, or the fang of the ravening serpent —
 So she came again to her lonesome dwelling unguarded.
 Wide on their idle hinges yawned the doors, and, beholding
 All the silent space of the empty hall, in her anguish,
 Rent she her robes, and tore the bearded wheat from her tresses.
 Never a tear nor a word had she, for the breath of her nostrils
 Barely went and came, and she shivered in every member.
 Then upon quaking feet, and closing the portal behind her,
 Passed within, and on through the lorn and sorrowful chambers,
 Found the loom with its trailing web and intricate skein, and
 Read with a failing heart the woven story unfinished.
 Vain that gracious labor now! and the insolent spider
 Busily spinning among the threads his texture unholy!
 Never a tear nor a moan; but she fell with kisses unnumbered
 Upon the woven stuff, and the sob of her gathering passion
 Choked with the useless thread: then pressed to her bosom maternal,
 As it had been the maid herself, the delicate shuttle
 Smooth from her hand, and the fallen wool, and the virginal trifles
 Of her delight; surveyed the seats where she loved to linger,
 Leaned o'er the spotless couch, and touched the pillow forsaken.

Translated by H. W. P.

INVOCATION TO VICTORY

From the 'Consulate of Stilicho'

WHAT shouts of our nobles, in jubilant chorus
 Went up to the hero, while over his head,
 Inviolatè Victory, bodied before us
 Wide, wide in the ether, her pinions outspread!

O guardian Goddess of Rome in her splendor!
 O radiant Palm-bearer in trophies arrayed,
 Who only the spirit undaunted canst render,
 Who healest the wounds that our foemen had made!
 I know not thy rank in the heavenly legion —
 If thou shinest a star in the Dictæan crown,
 Or art girt by the fires of the Leonine region,
 Or bearest Ione's scepter, or winnest renown
 From the shield of Minerva, or soothest in slumber
 The War-god, aweary when battles are o'er;
 But come, all the prayers of thy chosen to number,
 Oh, welcome to Latium! Leave us no more!

Translated by H. W. P.

CLAUDIUS RUTILIUS NUMATIANUS

PROLOGUE TO THE 'ITINERARIUM'

READER, marvest thou at one who early departing,
 Missed the unspeakable boon granted the children of Rome?
 Know there is time no more to the dwellers in Rome the beloved,
 Early and late no more, under her infinite charm!
 Happy beyond compute the sons of mortals appointed
 Unto that marvelous prize, birth on the consecrate soil!
 Who to the rich estate of the heirs of Roman patricians
 Add thy illustrious fame — City without a peer!
 Happiest these, but following close in the order of blessing,
 They who have come from afar, seeking a Latian home.
 Wide to their pilgrim feet the Senate opens its portal —
 "Come all ye who are fit! Come and be aliens no more!"
 So they sit with the mighty and share in the honors of Empire.
 Share in their worship too, kneeling where all do adore,
 Thrill with the State's great life, as aye the State and its ether,
 Unto the uttermost Pole, thrills with the being of Jove.

Translated by H. W. P.

BOËTHIUS

ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOËTHIUS was born about 475 A.D. His father was Flavius Manlius Boëthius, a patrician of great wealth and influence, who was trusted by the Emperor Odoacer and held the consulship in 487. The father died before his son reached manhood; and the youth was left to the guardianship of his kinsmen Festus and Symmachus, by whom he was carefully educated. He was remarkable early in life for his scholarship, and especially for his mastery of the Greek language, an accomplishment unusual for a Roman of this period. He entered public life when about thirty years of age, but duties of state were not permitted to put an end to his studies. He had married Rusticana, the daughter of his guardian Symmachus.

The Roman world was now ruled by Theodoric the Ostrogoth. This leader had succeeded to the headship of the Ostrogoths on the death of his father Theodimir in 474. For a time he was a pensioner of the Byzantine court, with the duty of defending the lower Danube; but in 488 he determined to invade Italy and become a sovereign subordinate to no one. By the defeat of Odoacer in 489 he accomplished that end; and desiring to conciliate the Senatorial party at Rome, he called Boëthius from his studious retirement, as one who by his position and wealth could reconcile his countrymen to the rule of a barbarian chief.

In 510 Boëthius was made consul, and he continued in the public service till after his sons Symmachus and Boëthius were elevated to the consulship in 522. Thus far he had enjoyed the full confidence of Theodoric; but in 523 he was thrown into prison in Pavia and his property confiscated, and the Senate condemned him to death. Two years later he was executed. Unfortunately, the only account we have of the causes which led to this downfall is Boëthius' own in the 'Consolations.' According to this, he first incurred Theodoric's displeasure by getting the province of Campania excepted from the operation of an edict requiring the provincials to sell their corn to the government, and otherwise championing the people against oppression; he was the victim of various false accusations, and finally was held a traitor for defending Albinus, chief of the Senate, from the accusation of holding treasonable correspondence with the Emperor Justin at Constantinople. "If Albinus be criminal, I and the whole Senate are equally guilty," Boëthius reports himself to have said. There is no good reason to doubt his truthfulness in any of these matters; but he does not tell the whole truth, except in a sentence he lets slip later. Theodoric's act was no outbreak of barbarian

suspicion and ferocity. Boëthius and the whole Senate were really guilty of holding an utterly untenable political position, which no sovereign on earth would endure: they wished to make the Emperor at Constantinople a court of appeal from Theodoric, as though the latter were still a subordinate prince. This may not have been technical treason, but it was practical insubordination; and under any other barbarian ruler or any one of fifty native ones, Rome would have flowed with blood. Theodoric contented himself with executing the ringleader, and the following year put to death Boëthius' father-in-law Symmachus in fear of his plotting revenge. Even so, the executions were a bad political mistake: they must have enraged and thoroughly alienated the Senatorial party — that is, the chief Italian families — and made a fusion of the foreign and native elements definitively out of the question. We need not blame Boëthius or the Senate for their very natural aspiration to live under a civilized instead of a barbarian jurisdiction, even though they had their own codes and courts; but the *de facto* governing power had its rights also.

In 996 Boëthius' bones were removed to the church of St. Augustine, where his tomb may still be seen. As time elapsed, his death was considered a martyrdom, and he was canonized as St. Severinus.

Boëthius was a thorough student of Greek philosophy, and formed the plan of translating all of Plato and Aristotle and reconciling their philosophies. This work he never completed. He wrote a treatise on music which was used as a text-book even in the eighteenth century; and he translated the works of Ptolemy on astronomy, of Nicomachus on arithmetic, of Euclid on geometry, and of Archimedes on mechanics. His great work in this line was a translation of Aristotle, which he supplemented by a commentary in thirty books. Among his writings are a number of works on logic and a commentary on the 'Topica' of Cicero. In addition to these, five theological tracts are ascribed to him, the most important being a discussion of the doctrine of the Trinity.

The work which has done most to perpetuate his name is 'The Consolations of Philosophy,' in five books — written during his imprisonment at Pavia — which has been called "the last work of Roman literature." It is written in alternate prose and verse, and treats of his efforts to find solace in his misfortune. The first book opens with a vision of a woman, holding a book and scepter, who comes to him with promises of comfort. She is his lifelong companion, Philosophy. He tells her the story of his troubles. In the second book, Philosophy tells him that Fortune has the right to take away what she has bestowed, and that he still has wife and children, the most precious of her gifts; his ambition to shine as statesman and philosopher is foolish, as no greatness is enduring. The third book takes up the discussion of the Supreme Good, showing that it consists not in riches, power, nor pleasure, but only in God. In the fourth book the problems of the existence of evil in the world

and the freedom of the will are examined; and the latter subject continues through the fifth book. During the Middle Ages this work was highly esteemed, and numerous translations appeared. In the ninth century Alfred the Great gave to his subjects an Anglo-Saxon version; and in the fourteenth century Chaucer made an English translation, which was published by Caxton in 1480. Before the sixteenth century it was translated into German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Greek.

It is now perhaps best known for the place it occupies in the spiritual development of Dante. He turned to it for comfort after the death of his Beatrice in 1291. Inspired by its teachings, he gave himself up for a time to the study of philosophy, with the result of his writing the 'Convito,' a book in which he often refers to his favorite author. In his 'Divine Comedy' he places Boëthius in the Heaven of the Sun, together with the Fathers of the Church and the school-men.

OF THE GREATEST GOOD

From 'The Consolations of Philosophy'

EVERY mortal is troubled with many and various anxieties, and yet all desire, through various paths, to arrive at one goal; that is, they strive by different means to attain one happiness: in a word, God. He is the beginning and the end of every good, and he is the highest happiness. Then said the Mind: This, methinks, must be the highest good, so that men should neither need, nor moreover be solicitous about, any other good besides it; since he possesses that which is the roof of all other good, inasmuch as it includes all other good, and has all other kinds within it. It would not be the highest good if any good were external to it, because it would then have to desire some good which itself had not. Then answered Reason, and said: It is very evident that this is the highest happiness, for it is both the roof and the floor of all good. What is that then but the best happiness, which gathers the other felicities all within it, and includes and holds them within it; and to it there is a deficiency of none, neither has it need of any, but they come all from it and again all to it, as all waters come from the sea and again all come to the sea? There is none in the little fountain, which does not seek the sea, and again from the sea it returns into the earth, and so it flows gradually through the earth, till it again comes to the same fountain that it before flowed from, and so again to the sea.

Now, this is an example of the true good, which all mortal men desire to obtain, though they by various ways think to arrive at it. For every man has

a natural good in himself, because every mind desires to obtain the true good; but it is hindered by the transitory good, because it is more prone thereto. For some men think that it is the best happiness that a man be so rich that he have need of nothing more, and they choose their life accordingly. Some men think that this is the highest good, that he be among his fellows the most honorable of his fellows; and they with all diligence seek this. Some think that the supreme good is in the highest power. These strive either themselves to rule, or else to associate themselves to the friendship of rulers. Some persuade themselves that it is best that a man be illustrious and celebrated and have good fame; they therefore seek this both in peace and in war. Many reckon it for the greatest good and for the greatest happiness that a man be always blithe in this present life, and follow all his lusts. Some indeed who desire these riches are desirous thereof because they would have the greater power, that they may the more securely enjoy these worldly lusts, and also the riches. Many there are who desire power because they would gather money; or again, they are desirous to spread their name.

On account of such and other like frail and perishing advantages, the thought of every human mind is troubled with anxiety and with care. It then imagines that it has obtained some exalted good when it has won the flattery of the people; and to me it seems that it has bought a very false greatness. Some with much anxiety seek wives, that thereby they may above all things have children, and also live happily. True friends, then, I say, are the most precious things of all these worldly felicities. They are not indeed to be reckoned as worldly goods, but as divine; for deceitful fortune does not produce them, but God, who naturally formed them as relations. For of every other thing in this world, man is desirous, either that he may through it obtain power, or else some worldly lust; except of the true friend, whom he loves sometimes for affection and for fidelity, though he expect to himself no other rewards. Nature joins and cements friends together with inseparable love. But with these worldly goods, and with this present wealth, men make oftener enemies than friends. From these, and from many such proofs, it may be evident to all men that all the bodily goods are inferior to the faculties of the soul. We indeed think that a man is the stronger, because he is great in his body. The fairness, moreover, and the strength of the body, rejoices and invigorates the man, and health makes him cheerful. In all these bodily felicities men seek one single happiness, as it seems to them. For whatsoever every man chiefly loves above all other things, that, he persuades himself, is best for him, and that is his highest good. When therefore he has acquired that, he imagines that he may be very happy. I do not deny that these goods and this happiness are the highest good of this present life. For every man considers that thing best which he chiefly loves above other things, and therefore he deems himself very happy if he can obtain what he then most desires. Is not now clearly enough shown to thee the form of the false goods;

namely, riches, and dignity, and power, and glory, and pleasure? Concerning pleasure, Epicurus the philosopher said, when he inquired concerning all those other goods which we before mentioned: then said he, that pleasure was the highest good, because all the other goods which we before mentioned gratify the mind and delight it, but pleasure chiefly gratifies the body.

But we will still speak concerning the nature of men, and concerning their pursuits. Though, then, their mind and their nature be now obscured, and they are by that descent fallen to evil and inclined thither, yet they are desirous, so far as they can and may, of the highest good. As the drunken man knows that he should go to his house and to his rest, and yet is not able to find the way thither, so is it also with the mind, when it is weighed down by the anxieties of this world. It is sometimes intoxicated and misled by them so far that it cannot rightly find out good. Nor yet does it appear to those men that they aught mistake who are desirous to obtain this, namely, that they need labor after nothing more. But they think that they are able to collect together all these goods, so that none may be excluded from the number. . . .

Two things may dignity and power do, if they come to the unwise. They may make him honorable and respectable to other unwise persons. But when he quits the power, or the power him, then is he to the unwise neither honorable nor respectable. Has power, then, the custom of exterminating and rooting out vices from the minds of great men and planting therein virtues? I know, however, that earthly power never sows the virtues, but collects and gathers vices; and when it has gathered them, then it nevertheless shows and does not conceal them. For the vices of great men many men see; because many know them and many are with them. Therefore we always lament concerning power, and also despise it, when we see that it comes to the worst, and to those who are to us most unworthy. . . .

Every virtue has its proper excellence; and the excellence and the dignity which it has, it imparts immediately to everyone who loves it. Thus, wisdom is the highest virtue, and it has in it four other virtues; of which one is prudence, another temperance, the third is fortitude, the fourth justice. Wisdom makes its lovers wise, and prudent, and moderate, and patient, and just; and it fills him who loves it with every good quality. This they who possess the power of this world cannot do. They cannot impart any virtue to those who love them, through their wealth, if they have it not in their nature. Hence it is very evident that the rich in worldly wealth have no proper dignity; but the wealth is come to them from without, and they cannot from without have aught of their own. Consider now, whether any man is the less honorable because many men despise him. But if any man be the less honorable, then is every foolish man the less honorable, the more authority he has, to every wise man. Hence it is sufficiently clear that power and wealth cannot make its possessor the more honorable. But it makes him

the less honorable, when it comes to him, if he were not before virtuous. So is also wealth and power the worse, if he who possesses it be not virtuous. Each of them is the more worthless, when they meet with each other.


But I can easily instruct you by an example, so that you may clearly enough perceive that this present life is very like a shadow, and in that shadow no man can attain the true good. If any very great man is driven from his country, or goes on his lord's errand, and so comes to a foreign people, where no man knows him, nor he any man, nor even knows the language, do you think his greatness can make him honorable in that land? Of course it cannot. But if dignity were natural to wealth and were its own, or again if wealth were the rich man's own, then it could not forsake him. Let the man who possessed them be in whatsoever land he might, then his wealth and his dignity would be with him. But because the wealth and the power are not his own, they forsake him; and because they have no natural good in themselves, they go away like a shadow or smoke. Yet the mistaken opinion and fancy of unwise men judge that power is the highest good. It is entirely otherwise. When a great man is either among foreigners, or among wise men in his own country, his wealth counts nothing to either one when they learn that he was exalted for no virtue, but through the applause of the ignorant. But if his power arose from any personal merit, he would keep that even if he lost the power. He would not lose the good that came from nature; that would always follow him and always make him honorable, whatever land he was in. . . .

Worthless and very false is the glory of this world! Concerning this a certain poet formerly sung. When he contemned this present life, he said: O glory of this world! wherefore do erring men call thee, with false voice, glory, when thou art none! — For man more frequently has great renown, and great glory, and great honor, through the opinion of the unwise, than he has through his deserts. But tell me now, what is more unmeet than this; or why men may not rather be ashamed of themselves than rejoice, when they hear that any one belies them. Though men even rightly praise any one of the good, he ought not the sooner to rejoice immoderately at the people's words. But at this he ought to rejoice, that they speak truth of him. Though he rejoice at this, that they spread his name, it is not the sooner so extensively spread as he persuades himself; for they cannot spread it over all the earth, though they may in some land; for though it be to one known, yet it is to another unknown. Though he in this land be celebrated, yet is he in another not celebrated. Therefore is the people's favor to be held by every man for nothing; since it comes not to every man according to his deserts, nor indeed remains always to any one. Consider first concerning noble birth. If anyone boast of it, how vain and how useless is the boast; for everyone knows that all men come from one father and from one mother. Or again, concerning the people's favor, and concerning their applause, I know not why we

rejoice at it. Though they whom the vulgar applaud be illustrious, yet are they more illustrious and more rightly to be applauded who are dignified by virtues. For no man is really the greater or the more praiseworthy for the excellence of another, or for his virtues, if he himself has it not. Are you ever the fairer for another man's beauty? A man is little the better though he have a good father, if he himself is incapable of anything. Therefore I advise that you rejoice in other men's good and their nobility, but so far only that you ascribe it not to yourself as your own; because every man's good, and his nobility, is more in the mind than in the flesh. This only, indeed, I know of good in nobility: that it shames many a man if he is worse than his ancestors were, and he therefore endeavors with all his power to imitate the manners of some one of the best, and his virtues.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD

From 'The Consolations of Philosophy'

 FRAMER of the jeweled sphere,
 Who, firm on thy eternal throne,
 Dost urge the swift-revolving year,
 The stars compel thy laws to own —
 The stars that hide their lesser light
 When Luna with her horns full-grown
 Reflects her brother's glories bright,
 Paling — she too — when he draws nigh,
 In his great fires extinguished quite;
 As Hesper up the evening sky
 Leads the cold planets, but to fling
 Their wonted leash aside, and fly
 At Phœbus' bright awakening; —
 Thou who dost veil in vapors chill
 The season of the leaf-dropping
 With its brief days, rekindling still
 The fires of summer, making fleet
 The lessening nights — all do thy will;
 The year obeys thee on thy seat;
 The leaves that Boreas bore amain
 Return once more with Zephyr sweet;
 Arcturus tills the unsown grain,
 And Sirius burns the waving gold;
 The task thy ancient laws ordain
 All do — the allotted station hold.

Man's work alone dost thou despise,
 Nor deign his weakness to enfold
 In changeless law. Else wherefore flies
 Slink Fortune's wheel so madly round?

The good man bears the penalties
 Of yon bold sinner, who is found
 Enthroned, exultant, apt to grind
 His blameless victim to the ground!

Virtue is fain in caverns blind
 Her light to hide; and just men know
 The scourgings meet for baser kind.
 Mendacious Fraud reserves no blow

For men like these, nor Perjury;
 But when they will their might to show,
 Then conquer they, with ease and glee,
 The kings unnumbered tribes obey.

O Judge unknown, we cry to thee!
 To our sad planet, turn, we pray!

Are we — we men — the meanest side
 Of all thy great creation? Nay!

Though but the drift of Fortune's tide
 Compel her wasteful floods to pause!

And, ruling heaven, rule beside
 O'er quiet lands, by steadfast laws.

Translated by L. P. D.

THE HYMN OF PHILOSOPHY

From 'The Consolations of Philosophy'

UNDYING Soul of this material ball,
 Heaven-and-Earth Maker! Thou who first didst call
 Time into being, and by thy behest
 Movest all things, thyself alone at rest,
 No outward power impelled thee thus to mold
 In shape the fluid atoms manifold,
 Only the immortal image, born within
 Of perfect beauty! Wherefore thou hast been
 Thine own fair model, and the things of sense
 The image bear of thy magnificence!

Parts perfect in themselves, by Thy control,
Are newly wrought into a perfect whole;
The yokèd elements obey thy hand:
Frost works with fire, water with barren sand,
So the dense continents are fast maintained,
And heaven's ethereal fire to earth restrained.
Thou dost the life of threefold nature tame,
To serve the parts of one harmonious frame —
That soul of things constrained eternally
To trace thy image on the starry sky,
The greater and the lesser deeps to round,
And on thyself return. Thou too hast found
For us — thy lesser creatures of a day,
Wherewith thou sowest earth — forms of a clay
So kindly fragile naught can stay our flight
Backward, unto the source of all our light!
Grant, Father, yet, the undethronèd mind!
A way unto the fount of truth to find,
And, sought so long, the Vision of thy Face!
Lighten our flesh! Terrestrial vapors chase,
And shine in all thy splendor! For thou art
The final Rest of every faithful heart,
The First, the Last! of the expatriate soul
Lord, Leader, Pathway, and Eternal Goal!

Translated by H. W. P.





38.

Mar 15

Feb 7

Oct 2



